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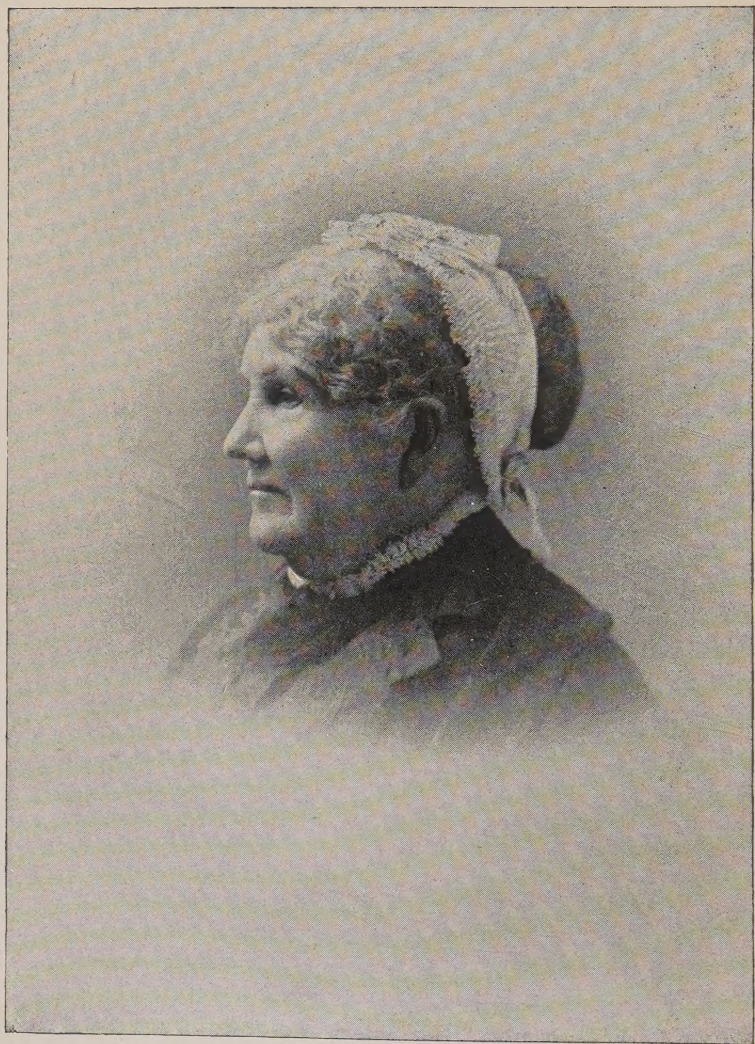
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AMERICAN HEROES

ON

MISSION FIELDS.

EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

BRIEF MISSIONARY BIOGRAPHIES.

v. 2.

REVISED EDITION.

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EDITED BY

HIRAM C. HAYDN, D. D., LL. D.

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PREFATORY WORDS.

IN these pages the attempt is made to sketch briefly the character and life of a few typical American missionaries on both home and foreign soil. European missionaries — their contemporaries — have become household names in the churches of America, and the record of their brave deeds, their consecration, heroism, and repeated martyrdoms, has done much to kindle the flame and sustain the faith of multitudes who from this side the sea have gone forth into the wide field of the world. Nothing is more common than to find the first impulse to a missionary career coming to the birth through reading the story of some forerunner obedient to the Master's call.

We, too, in our briefer history, have had our heroes on mission fields at home and abroad, who have made a record stimulating to the last degree, worthy in every respect with our brethren across the sea to continue the long succession of men and women who through faith subdued kingdoms.

The names that appear in these volumes are gathered from various divisions of the militant Church, and many hands have wrought their style into this mosaic.

Of these twenty-four, ten were born within the nine years, 1798-1807, eight in the first four years of this century.

From many lands, also, these fruits from the tree of life are gathered, though naturally, since only the crowned ones who have finished their course appear here, the older mission fields are the more fully represented. It is by no means supposed that these who, either in this country or abroad, served their Master and their fellows, are more deserving than many others of such recognition, but it is true that they are worthy. And besides the greater part of them were pioneers, doing their work in conditions of exceptional discouragement, when the faith of the Church was weak, and the lands of their sojourn fearfully remote, and the Macedonian cry had to be trumpet-toned to be heard at all, and then only by sensitive and saintly souls. Others have fallen in the way of the editor through the interest and inner knowledge of friends who were willing and glad to furnish the sketches which are here bound up together.

The editor, so far as he might in justice to the whole, has left the several writers to speak for themselves. Abridgment has sometimes been necessary, but it is believed not to the detriment of the narrative, either in interest or trustworthiness. It has been a labor of love on his part and on theirs, not without its immediate reward of spiritual quickening in fellowship with goodly souls, fearless in service and victorious in death; as well the inspiring hope that thereby the moral

wealth of the Church of all ages may be better appreciated, the debt of the later to the earlier workers on the rising temple of God be fairly recognized, and the day for which the Church unceasingly prays the sooner be ushered in.

THE EDITOR.

CLEVELAND, O., November 1, 1892.

THE MARCH OF FOUR HUNDRED YEARS.

REV. HIRAM C. HAYDN, D. D.

WERE it possible to set the world of four hundred years ago in vivid contrast with the world of to-day, the exhibit would seem to justify an optimistic faith for the future. Four hundred years is yet a very brief period in the history of our race. Even so, the greater part of this is seen to be only preparatory to the awakening of the last of these centuries and the rapid and startling movements of the latter half of this. The slow-paced years lead forward to the fleet runners which the eyes of men now living have watched with wonder and praise.

At the beginning of this period but little of the world was known to civilized man. Europe, a part of Asia, and a fraction of Africa, pretty nearly covered the boundaries of geographical knowledge. The maps and charts of that date, put alongside a modern map of the world, are a revelation chiefly of ignorance. The western hemisphere, as such, was wholly unknown. The Norsemen drifted to our shores and retired, making the world none the wiser. Columbus and his immediate followers supposed themselves to have touched the shores of Asia. It took two hundred years to fully discover this continent; a long time, though a less, to

round the Cape of Good Hope and add Africa to the map of the world—but the whole four hundred to fully discover it; no less a time to discover and map the great island world of the Pacific. The mariner's compass was then just beginning to find its way into general use. Not till after Columbus' great venture did timid mariners take courage and push boldly forth into unknown seas.

The art of printing was in its infancy and the revival of learning had just lit its torch when Columbus set sail for India and found, he knew not what. Gunpowder had not yet revolutionized warfare.

The applications of steam to locomotion, of electricity to the transmission of thought, are all of this century and chiefly of the last fifty years.

The Lutheran Reformation was in its birth-throes, translations of the Scriptures into the languages of modern times were only beginning to be made, and civil and religious liberty had no place for the soles of their feet.

Religiously the world was divided between Romanism, the Greek Church, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and rank heathenism. Romanism was supreme and intolerant in Europe. The Christian faith was propagated and supposed error extirpated by force.

The limitations of knowledge, bigotry and intolerance in matters of faith, the absolutism of force, superstition and barbarism unrelieved over the greater part of the world, seas timidly traversed in clumsy ships, and intercourse between distant known parts of the globe slow and uncertain, the decadence of morals, the

corruption of courts, the tyranny of the few, the enslavement of the many—make a picture, at best but faintly apprehended, all whose lines are deeply, gloomily shaded. Spain was in her glory, England not yet upon her feet, Protestantism yet unborn.

We open our eyes upon a world intelligently mapped almost to the poles, all whose seas are familiarly traversed, whose vast continents are penetrated from without in every nook and corner, carved into States, put under law, welcomed into the federation of nations. Civil and religious liberty have not only come to the birth, they have ruined the old intolerant absolutism and ecclesiasticism, and are compassing the earth. The flags of Protestant nations are not only on all seas, they indicate their ascendancy over three-quarters of the world, and that means a reasonable and an intelligent administration of civil affairs, education and the Bible for the masses of the people, with consequent enlightenment, civilization, security for personal rights, and nobler and transforming ideals of life for the human race.

The Europe of 1492 and the Europe of to-day seem ages asunder in the spirit of their institutions, in the recognition of personal rights and the assertion of personal liberty, in the diffusion of intelligence, in the sway of a living faith, in the mastery of man over the forces of nature, and the reign of an army of beneficent and benevolent institutions and organizations.

The Asia of four centuries ago presents a contrast less striking but notable. Brought into close neigh-

borhood with the civilization that England stands for, actually ruled over as to one-quarter its extent and population by England herself, slowly but surely, with steadily increasing pace, the light, liberty, enterprise, culture, and faith of Europe leaven the vast lump.

Africa, then unknown, a continent of savagery, superstition, cannibalism, and slavery, is to-day, at the north and south, ruled by England, the seat of enterprise, schools, homes, a pure faith. In the heart of it are the beginnings of those very agencies which transformed this continent and will yet transform that.

The island world of the Pacific, then unknown, has been picked up out of the deep, beautiful in tropic verdure, but inhabited by a people vile, cruel, and abominable. From Micronesia to Australia, from New Guinea to Hawaii, the moral transformations are among the marvels of all times. And on this far southern horizon rises up a continent of speech, genius, enterprise, and purpose like our own.

What has happened on this continent since Columbus piloted the way to our shores is familiar even to the boys and girls of our time; familiar—and still the stride is a vast one from forests and prairies and deserts primeval, unbroken over this vast domain, from painted savages living chiefly by the chase and the catch of rivers and lakes, improving nothing nor bettering themselves, to populous States, innumerable cities, to homes, schools, churches, institutions of a brainy, intelligent, masterful people, actually occupying this continent, bridging its rivers, tunnelling its mountains, watering its deserts,

making its prairies the granary of the world ; and the process of this wondrous march of transformation is something too prodigious for the human mind to grasp.

But to an effort of this sort we are brought by the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America. For this present our view is limited chiefly to the progress of Protestant Christianity in these four hundred years, specially the occupancy of this land for Christ and what we have done for the world. Subsequent pages in these volumes will sketch the character and the career of typical men and women who gave themselves to the task of evangelizing the world.

Evangelization can only keep pace, it cannot outrun exploration. It must limit itself to the known world. It is also conditioned largely by the spiritual life of the church, which is the evangelizing agency. The era of Columbus begins the era of discovery. The reformation was a spiritual revival within the church itself. The art of printing brought the Bible within the reach of the people, and this fed the spiritual flame and directed the energies of the church. The way was thus prepared for a missionary era which began in earnest with Carey but a century ago ; not, however, to the disparagement of a few brave souls who early in the eighteenth century pioneered the way in India and North America !

Roman-catholic nations were wont to couple conquest with external conformity to the faith. They baptized wholesale, e. g., the natives of West Africa and America ; but without instruction, without the Bible in

the tongue of the people, without the spiritual apprehension of what was meant by the outward signs, the effect was transitory, and at length wholly effaced. This is not, in any proper sense, evangelization. Protestant missions take with them an open Bible and plant Christian institutions upon the basis of conviction and a spiritual faith; and progress is indicated in no way better than by the extent to which the Scriptures are put into the languages of men.

But at the beginning of this century no version of the Bible was in the hands of the natives of this country. Those tribes for whom Eliot translated the Holy Scriptures had become extinct. Now there are more than forty versions in the Indian speech of this continent. In all of Asia there were two pre-reformation versions, now there are over a hundred. When Moffat went to Africa in 1816 there was not a copy of the Scriptures in any living language of the continent. The Coptic and the Æthiopic were dead. Now there are sixty versions of the Scriptures for Africa. In the islands of the Pacific there was no copy of the Bible; now forty versions are scattered among these numerous peoples.*

At the beginning of this century, according to Dr. Cust, there were in the whole world thirty versions of the Bible: possibly there were forty. The last fifteen years have produced over ninety of the total three hundred and twenty-six that have been made. To-day

* That is, in whole or in part; into a multitude of minor dialects only a portion of the Bible has been or ever will be translated.

there is no great language into which the Bible has not been put.*

The issues, too, are enormous. April 1, 1892, the British and American Bible Societies had issued 183,387,489 copies of the Scriptures; all lesser societies 46,612,511 copies; in all, since 1804, two hundred and thirty millions. The total issues of all Bible societies last year were seven millions.†

Think what this means. About one hundred and forty—one-half—of these languages had first to be reduced to writing. Each of them had to be mastered. Then into each the words of life were put: a Psalm, a Gospel, an apostolic letter, the New Testament, sometimes—in all the great languages—the whole Bible. Then hymns, school-books, lexicons, the beginnings of a literature. Think what that means for hundreds of millions of people who had no idea of a written language, and who lacked the words even to convey spiritual ideas! And when you realize what the Bible has done for us and our English speech and literature, imagine what a work this must be and the immense significance of it. But all this implies a consecrated host

* See "Bible Record," June, 1892. The facts seem to be these. Into the principal languages the whole Bible has been put to the number of ninety; eleven of these are known as dead—not extinct—languages; the New Testament into sixty-five more, leaving one hundred and eighty-one into which portions only, more or less, of the Scriptures have been translated. See "Encyclopedia of Missions." Funk and Wagnalls.

† "Christian Union," page 946, 1892.

PHYSIOLOGICAL

of intelligent and gifted people—a long succession of them—many of whom are the brightest names on the roster of Christian heroes. Nay more, it implies perils, hardships, self-denials, the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, the faith that overcomes the world, martyrdoms, moral heroism rising often to the height of the sublime, following close upon the steps of the Master. And this implies, still further, a more immense host following these from afar with prayers and gifts as they traverse seas and face the deadly belt of African jungle or the cruelty of cannibal men, the discomforts of barbarism and the contradictions of sinners, all “in His name.” There is nothing like it under the heaven—the record of the last hundred years since Carey sounded the war-cry of the faith and aroused the church in the language of the ancient seer: “Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitation; spare not; lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes.”

In this country the glory and immensity of our intellectual and material progress is apt to overshadow the quiet, unostentatious work of the kingdom, to which after all the nation owes its chiefest debt. The Spanish occupancy of this continent was providentially limited in North America. What otherwise it might have been can be learned in Mexico and South America to-day, where its influence is still felt, though long ago the authority of Spain came to an end. With the coming of the Pilgrims began a certain missionary endeavor in behalf of the red man on this continent, first

by pastors in Eastern Massachusetts, in Rhode Island and Connecticut, laboring with the Indians in their vicinity. John Eliot is said to have been the first Protestant missionary sent out from England to foreign lands. A Cambridge man, he came with his beautiful wife and devoted himself to the spiritual well-being of the natives of this land, and was the first to translate the English Bible into a heathen language: a typical missionary. It takes something of a man, and a scholar of no mean degree, to do such work as this. It must suffice to say that the work thus begun was accepted by the Church of Christ and emphasized by such men as Brainerd and Jonathan Edwards, by Moravians and Friends, as the Christian's legitimate business. The goodly succession reaches unto our day. It was attended by great hardships and by many perils, partly by reason of the red man's nature, and yet more by reason of the cruelty and injustice of the white man's reign over him. But it has gone on to this day, the only real offset to the wrongs of centuries, almost the only friendly hand extended to mitigate the hopeless fate of a helpless people, robbed and driven from pillar to post by a puissant nation faithless to its treaties, and pitiless as faithless in the perpetration of its wrongs. The Church of God has followed these people and befriended them as she could unto this day. And the record of the fidelity of the Christian Indian and his service to this country is a hint of what might have been had a Christian nation, in dealing with these aborigines, been true to her name and her origin. Nor

should we fail to give due credit to the heroism and self-sacrifice of the French Roman-catholic missionaries through Canada and westward to the Mississippi, a chapter as brilliant as any ever written on this continent.

But besides this, and more immediately entwined with the vital history of this nation from 1620 till now, is the magnificent attempt to carry the school and the church, step by step with the march of civilization, across this continent and to distant Alaska. From the stronger centres of older settlements has gone out a living stream of vitalizing forces unwasting as the sea, fed from the River of Life that flows from the throne of God—missionary in name and spirit, costly as human life, full of courage, faith, and heroism. To separate all this from the stupendous material advancement of these centuries is to eliminate the spirit from the body. This is something that cannot be exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition, but it is not too much to say that without it this would never have been. And the great educational exhibit that will be made springs straight out of this missionary consecration, that no sooner achieved the Christian community than it moved for the Christian college to supplement the school. None the less, history will do ample justice to the consecrated toils and martyrdoms of Protestant Christians and to the signal services of individuals, taming the Indian, calling him from the war-path, rescuing endangered settlers, and, in the case of Oregon, saving it to the United States through the unparalleled devotion of a single man—Dr. Whitman.

But the Christian Church of this land came at length to see that she also must lengthen her cords and enlarge the place of the habitation of her King. She heard the voice of Him who said, Preach my gospel to every creature. She could not hope to be prospered at home while faithless to the Master abroad. Eighty years have gone by since in New England came an awaking like that which attended Carey's uprising in Old England twenty years before that. And what has come out of it? American Christians have planted schools, colleges, and seminaries in Bulgaria, in the Turkish Empire, notably at Constantinople, Beirût, Marash, Aintab, Marsovan, and Harpoot; in Japan, at Kioto, where Neesima did his immortal work, at Tokio and Osaka; in China, at Peking and Canton; in Persia, among the Nestorians; in Northern, Southern, and Central India; in South and West Africa; in Chili, Brazil, and Mexico. Beginning with Hawaii they have wrought mightily through Micronesia, working westward and southward until they met the intrepid Wesleyans, Presbyterians, and Churchmen of England in Fiji and the islands of the South Sea—schools of every grade springing out of evangelizing work, preaching the gospel, planting churches, translating the Scriptures, and gathering Christian communities in the midst of heathen lands—till to-day we are helping to swell the number of laborers from Christian lands to six thousand, and of native teachers, evangelists, and pastors to six times that number.

Nor is this all. Our hand has been stretched out

to struggling evangelical communities in France and Italy, in Austria and Spain—all over Europe. The missionaries of this land have widened immensely the area of knowledge and been the allies of scientific research;* they have been the attachés and interpreters of embassies from this Government to many an Oriental power. They have been the almoners of the world's bounty in time of famine, they have ministered unterrified to panic-stricken peoples when the pestilence was abroad, and have carried over the world a rational treatment of disease, planted hospitals throughout Asia, and gone everywhere healing as they preached.

"Is it nothing," asks Archdeacon Farrar, "that through the labors of Christian missionaries in the translation of the Bible the German philologist in his study may have before him the grammar and vocabulary of 250 languages? Who created the science of anthropology? The missionaries. Who rendered possible the deeply important science of comparative religion? The missionaries. Who discovered the great chain of lakes in Central Africa, on which will turn its future destiny? The missionaries. Who have been the chief explorers of Oceanica and America and Asia? The missionaries. Who discovered the famous Nestorian monument in Si-ngan-fu? A missionary. Who discovered the still more famous Moabite stone? A Church missionary. Who discovered the Hittite inscriptions? A Presbyterian missionary."

A nation, like a man, is to be measured, not so

* See "Ely Volume" for a summary of vast proportions.

much by what it does for itself as by what it does for mankind. So measured, this nation stands among the Christian peoples of the earth, one of the younger, but scarcely second to any.

These eighty years have been full of the great power of God, especially the last fifty. I find it reported that in Burma,* for the last sixty-five years, there has been established one new Baptist church for every three weeks, and a new convert baptized for every three hours of the entire time, day and night; that among the Telugus were baptized 2,222 in one day; in six weeks, 5,000, in ten months, 100,000; in the last year, 10,000. Among this people is the largest church on earth, numbering from thirty to forty thousand. Fifty years among the Karens brought 60,000 to Christ; fifty years in China, about 50,000; fifty years in cannibal Fiji founded 1,300 churches, and out of a population of 110,000, 104,000 are now habitual attendants at places of worship. On this globe there is probably no spot where the hour of morning and evening prayer is so universally observed. When Dr. Geddie landed at Aneityum, another Pacific island, there were no Christians; twenty-four years after, when he left, there were no heathen. John Williams is our authority for saying it took less than twenty years to carry the gospel over a radius of 1,000 miles from Tahiti. And who can forget the marvellous story of Duncan and the new creation at Metlakahtla, or the earlier transformation of the Hawaiian Islands? These are some of the marvels of

* Dr. Pierson, "Missionary Review," October, 1892.

evangelization under the great commission of the Master, and repeated visitations as at Pentecost, in all of which the outgoing heart of the Christianity of this nation has found both a mission and its abundant reward. Next to the Christianization of our own land must stand this of the Christianization of the world.

Beginning this new century, as we count time by epochs, what a vantage-ground we occupy! What possibilities are ours! The last fifty years, on all sides, have been one majestic stride. One hundred years ago, in little Kettering, was one man aflame, a torch amid a nation. There was then a missionary treasury of £13, 2s., 6d., more than a pound each from the little company of a dozen whom Carey had drawn around him. Twenty years later a similar scene is chronicled in New England, starting from the hay-stack near Williams College and issuing in the American Board of world-wide fame. The day of small things—small in numbers and in purse, but great in spirit—has gone by. The day of great things is here. All that there is in patriotism and religion summons us to the front. And religion and patriotism are three-fourths of life. We venture on no flight of 400 years ahead. We dare not speak of fifty. We barely know what is at our doors. We now measure time by days not years—by years not centuries. The skirmish line of the church at home has reached the rim of the continent. Now we start with Joshua, the land apportioned and the tribes in place, but many a stronghold of Canaanites to be subdued—the question still to be settled whether Israelite or Canaanite shall

win. Then the Canaanite won on many a field, through the fascinations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, when he could win in no other way. He crippled, riddled, and undid the great work of Joshua, David, and Solomon by the subtleties and corruptions of a false faith. We stand not much in fear of outside powers. From within, if at all, we are betrayed, ensnared, and broken. And this, never, unless we forget God and are faithless to our trust, growing proud, wanton, and luxurious, recreant to our great mission. We grow hopeful only as we see the Church of Christ applying herself to the evangelizing of cities, to the enlightening of the ignorant, the lifting up of the debased, to the studious and loving care of childhood, and to the serious, thoughtful grappling with the great and menacing problems of our time. Christian leaders, educated, honest, impartial, fearless, and good, must pioneer the way to bring men back to the ethics of the New Testament, and emphasize the brotherhood of man. There is hope nowhere else. It is time that the arbitrament of force was ended, here and everywhere. It is time for a new emphasis upon the fundamental rights of freemen; 1892 ought not to repeat itself in this land of liberty. At once should begin an era of loving, glowing, tireless evangelization at home.

Nor must we forget that we have something to do besides taking care of ourselves. A prosperity that is intentionally ruinous to others is immoral, and a Nemesis is on the track of immorality, be it individual or national. Our nation should stand for everything

great, good, and helpful to mankind. We must share our good or lose it, share our good or be corrupted by it, preach our gospel or it will cease to be a gospel to us. What we sow we reap. Sow to the flesh, reap corruption. Deal righteously and be exalted. Spare the smitten remnant of aboriginal peoples and make amends for the wrongs of centuries. Deal fairly with great China! Be just to puissant Japan! Help dark struggling Africa against the twin devils of slavery and rum! Stand by the nations that stand for right against wrong, anywhere, everywhere, under the sun. Cease to do evil, learn to do well, and keep at it. All the chronicles of time contain no such story as may be written of us if we will do the will of God. No apostasy of past ages among all the nations of the world will equal ours if we fail through unrighteousness. We can fail in no other way. Let the Church of God, thirteen millions strong in her professed membership, hear the summons of the Captain of her salvation and arise, shine, and her light will come, and the glory of the Lord will rise upon her. Let old Isaiah's trumpet-call be heard again by a church counted by millions, and richer in a day than Cræsus in a lifetime, "Enlarge the place of thy tent. Spare not, lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes: for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles and make the desolate cities to be inhabited." O Lord, Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth.

REV. JOHN ELIOT.

BORN 1604: DIED 1690.

BY REV. WILLIAM H. McDOUGALL.

EARLY LIFE.

JOHN ELIOT was born in 1604 in Nasing, a village of picturesque Essex, England. Concerning his parents we may infer that they were of lowly estate, although we know little else than that, doing justly and loving mercy, they walked ever humbly with their God. Their pious concern for the religious welfare of their son seems to have been tempered by a tender discreteness. To the tact not less than to the grace shown in his hearthside schooling we may attribute his ample symmetry of character, his rich health and vigor of heart.

Like the "apostle to the Gentiles," the "apostle to the Indians" was equipped with a scholarly training. In the university, probably of Cambridge, he exhibited the thoroughness that ever marked his work. He especially excelled in linguistic studies. His mastery

of structural philology and of the Biblical languages was an almost prophetic preparation for his subsequent labors in the Indian tongue.

On leaving college he became an usher in the grammar school of Rev. Thomas Hooker, at Little Baddow. Our most honored naturalist was wont to sign himself, "Louis Agassiz, Teacher," and public taste approves the chivalrous homage to his profession. But in Eliot's day pedagogy was in poor repute, so much so that it was held to his discredit, as to Milton's, that he had been a school teacher. However, one not indisposed to regard a Divinity as having to do not only with the shaping of the ends of our lives, but with the rough-hewing of them, may well see in Mr. Eliot's connection with the revered Hooker a divine ordering. In the schoolroom he became "apt to teach;" and in the intimacy of his employer he so "learned Jesus" that thenceforth he called him Master. "To this place," he once wrote, "I was called through the infinite riches of God's mercy in Christ Jesus to my poor soul; for here the Lord said unto my dead soul, Live." He soon became imbued with the opinions of Hooker and inspired with a desire to preach the gospel.

IN EXILE.

Laud was now in his bitterest mood. With equal impolicy and inhumanity he sought, by means the most odious, to stay the tide of religious liberty. Under his intolerance Hooker became, despite the intercession of forty-seven conforming clergymen, an exile

in Holland. Forbidden even to teach in Old England, Mr. Eliot determined to cast his lot with the Puritans of New England.

The harsh reality of his exile was softened "in a pathetic way" by a touch of romance, the threadworn romance of love. Noble in presence and nature, it was quite in God's good ordering of things that he should draw unto himself a gentler nature. With her kiss of farewell, a maiden, graced with beauty of person and the rarer "beauty of holiness," promised to follow him soon. Some of his brethren who also contemplated coming to America exacted from him the promise that in the event of their coming he would serve as their pastor.

He embarked in the ship "Lyon" in the autumn of 1631, and on November 3 landed at Boston. The passengers, among whom were the wife and children of Gov. Winthrop, were received with a wide-hearted good cheer that we are wont to think foreign to the Puritan Fathers.

Mr. Eliot found a field ready for his labor. He at once assumed, at their urgent request, the care of the church of Boston, whose pastor was temporarily absent in England. Scholarly, devout, and high-minded, of commanding bearing, with a simple, wise, and most genial way of being helpful to every one, he soon stood in high esteem.

In the following summer she who had betrothed her hand to him came to redeem her troth, and in October they were duly wedded. To this nameless

•

woman we who have entered into the labors of her husband owe not a little.

SETTLEMENT.

In 1632 the brethren with whom he had covenanted in England settled in Roxbury, the present suburb of Boston. Mr. Eliot was installed as their pastor, November 5. This was his sole pastorate, the base of all his missionary labors.

His parish work was crowned with large and varied usefulness. Several incidents of his life at Roxbury will reveal his character better than description. An incident that created great stir occurred in 1634, and well illustrates the boldness and magnanimity of Mr. Eliot. In that year the Government concluded a treaty of amity and neutrality with the Pequot Indians, then at war with the Narragansets and the Manhattan Dutch. The conclusion of this treaty without the expressed consent of the people was clearly an assumption of authority, but one which, in the absence of any stipulation of the charter as to the vesting of the treaty-making power, has been generally deemed a defensible act of executive discretion. But in the judgment of Mr. Eliot this was a step subversive of popular rights, as to which there was widespread sensitiveness. The pulpit in those simple days was an eminence. When, therefore, the Roxbury pastor from his desk severely arraigned the Government, a shudder struck through the colonial heart. Without doubt the disaffection which persistence in his attack must have fostered

would have threatened good order. The Government appointed three ministers to "deal with" him, which they did so wisely that, convinced of his error, Mr. Eliot made public confession of it.

The following is a good instance of his—often improvident—benevolence. Once, on paying him his salary, the parish treasurer tied it with several hard knots in a handkerchief to prevent Mr. Eliot's giving it away before he reached home. Leaving the treasurer he called on a poor and sick family. While they wept at his kind words Mr. Eliot sought to untie the handkerchief; but the knots were hard. At last he handed handkerchief and all to the mother, saying, "Here, my dear, take it; I believe the Lord designs it all for you."

A just estimate of any character must take account of its defects. In 1636 the versatile Mistress Ann Hutchinson brought from England her notions of spiritualism and antinomianism. As to the former heresy, our generally most sane forefathers and foremothers were not all reluctant to believe that, if the veil of futurity were not rent in twain, yet there were rustlings of it that showed the imminence of Providence, and that through its thin texture came footfalls showing even whither His steps trended. In resisting this error Mr. Eliot exhibited commendable "frankness and sound judgment."* Than the latter heresy, however, scarcely any could have

* *Convers Francis' "Life of Eliot."* This judicious work leaves little to be desired, and the writer is more indebted to it than to any other source.

been more odious to the Pilgrim Fathers with their quite Hebraistic legal temper. In their stern persecution of this ill-fated woman Mr. Eliot seems to have shared, but with more temperate zeal than others.

In 1639 he, together with Messrs. Welde and Mather, was appointed to prepare a new version of the Psalms. This Psalter, issued in 1640, is noteworthy as the first *book* printed in America. Very meet it seems that the first utterance of the printing-press should have been a *Te Deum Laudamus*. The version was homely enough; but, despite ridicule, to its staid rhythm the devotion of generations kept step.

With this hurried limning of the character and parish work of Mr. Eliot we turn for the rest of this sketch to his notable work

AMONG THE INDIANS.

On the seal of the Massachusetts colony was the figure of an Indian with the words graven at his lips, "Come over and help us." The charter affirmed that to "wynn and incite the Natives of the Country to the Knowledg and Obedience of the onlie true God and Sauior of Mankinde," "in our Royall Intencion and the Adventurers free Profession is the principall Ende of this Plantacion."

But though the colony was professedly a missionary institution, the colonists' first, and perhaps too exclusive, concern was with their own welfare. When, therefore, Mr. Eliot began his labors he found the Indian heart quite virgin soil.

The chief tribes of New England were the Penobscots of Maine, the Pawtuckets, the Massachusetts, and the Pokanokets of Massachusetts, the Narragansets of Rhode Island, and the Pequots of Connecticut. Their mode of life was the simplest savagery. Their wigwams were of mats, and "occasionally" of hides, and for food they used chiefly corn and wild meats, the latter often eaten raw.

Their religion was a form of dualism. Far to the sunrise was the Author of Good, and somewhere or everywhere was an Author of Evil. Besides these deities there were an infinite number of *manittos* or "spirits," which were veiled in the mists of the waterfall, in the foliage of the forest, and in the flames of the camp-fire, as the spirits of men were veiled in their flesh. When his birch canoe quivered in the throes of the rising waves the swarthy oarsman would pray the manitto of the lake to still them. There was an order of priests who gave Mr. Eliot serious trouble. They were called *powows*, and were also the medicine-men. The call to this forest priesthood was a peculiar dream of a serpent. When one had experienced such a dream his companions gathered about him, dancing and feasting for ten days, and thus was he ordained.

THE BEGINNINGS: NONANTUM.

The necessary first step in Mr. Eliot's work among the Indians was the acquisition of their language. To this end he took into his family a young Indian who had gained some knowledge of the English tongue.

After a few months Mr. Eliot was able to translate the Lord's Prayer, a few prayers composed by himself, the Ten Commandments, and other portions of Scripture. Although the Indian language was not the anomalous jargon it was long thought to be, yet the mastery of it was no easy matter. Cotton Mather thought the Indian words had been growing since the confusion of Babel. Here is one word :

"Weetappesittukgussunnookwehtunkquoh."

In October, 1646, Mr. Eliot undertook his first mission to the Indians. Accompanied by three others he visited their camp, near the site of the present city of Waltham. There, in the smoky wigwam of the chief Waban, the refined and scholarly evangelist looked into the imbruted faces of his first native congregation; to whom he delivered the first sermon ever preached on the North American continent in a native tongue. His text was Ezek. 37 : 9, 10. The name of the chief, Waban, signified in the Indian language "wind;" so that, when the preacher uttered the words, "Say to the wind," it was as if he said, "Say to Waban." This coincidence seems to have been quite unintended, but produced a marked effect on the Indians. His sermon was an hour and a quarter long, and would seem to have given the whole perspective of Christian doctrine. At its conclusion the Indians were invited to ask questions. Some of these are significant. One was, Could God understand prayer in the Indian language? Another was, How could an *image* (Christ, "express image") of God be worshipped without viola-

ting the second commandment? They inquired whether God is offended with children, who are themselves good, because their father was bad. The questions of the Indians were answered with great tact, and then they were in turn questioned. They affirmed that they were not tempted to doubt the existence of God because they could not see him, for they were able to see him with "their soul within." They answered affirmatively Mr. Eliot's question whether, when they had done wrong, they did not feel trouble within. At the end of three hours they were not, they said, weary, and requested the missionaries to come again. At parting Mr. Eliot presented them with trifling gifts.

Two weeks after the first visit a second was made. A pathetic question of an old warrior, whether it was not too late for him to come to God, gave opportunity to present the fulness of divine mercy. The first marked response to Mr. Eliot's preaching was given at this meeting, when a stolid brave broke down in tears.

A third visit was made in another fortnight, at which the missionaries were met with a new difficulty, one to which they afterwards became sadly accustomed—misrepresentation. The red men had been incited, by the powows it is supposed, against the evangelists. But, despite this, a deep and deepening seriousness was manifest. When the missionaries had gone, Waban gathered his people at the evening camp-fire and solemnly discoursed to them on what they had heard. More than once that night, when the camp-fire had smouldered and the warriors were asleep in their tents,

the voice of their chief was heard praying and exhorting. From the dull ashes a new flame had shot out on his rude heart's-altar, and it would not smoulder. The word was accomplishing that whereto it was sent.

The work was continued through that winter of 1546-7 without remission, being signally favored by the phenomenal weather. "No snow all winter long," he wrote, "nor sharp weather. We never had a bad day to go and preach to the Indians all this winter. Praised be the Lord!"

EFFORTS AT CIVILIZING.

Three theories as to the elevation of savages may obtain as directing Christian philanthropy. One is to Christianize and then to civilize. A second, to civilize and then to Christianize, may have some, though slight, currency. A third is to make the work of Christianizing and civilizing contemporary—or, as it were better, coincident. "Holiness is the symmetry of the soul." The cedar comes to its symmetry and stateliness by striking its roots deeper and broader earthward at the same time that it lifts its suppliant arms higher heavenward. A wise parent will seek to train head and hand and heart in one interrelated growth.

This was the method of Mr. Eliot, and has been well commended by eminent authority as "a model worthy of imitation for all time." The Indians to whom he had preached were gathered into a community on the site of their old camping-ground, about five miles westward of Boston. At the suggestion of

the English they named their settlement Nonantum, which signified "*rejoycing*, because, they hearing the word and seeking to know God, the English did rejoyce and God did rejoyce." The work of social and industrial improvement began with a will. The wigwams were rebuilt, constructed of bark instead, as formerly, of mats, divided into apartments, and furnished with simple articles of taste and convenience. Some of the Indians adopted the dress of the white men. Mr. Eliot gave the women spinning-wheels, to whose use they were trained by Mrs. Eliot. While schooling their fingers to such simple arts, her lips and the more impressive eloquence of her sweet and saintly life schooled their awaking faith and love to nobler arts.

Mr. Eliot went with the men to their fields to encourage the construction of fences and ditches. He furnished them with spades and crowbars, and for each rod constructed they were paid sixpence. Tools were called for faster than he could furnish them. A nursery was started to supply orchards. The spirit of trade was encouraged, the Indians making and selling brooms, staves, eel-pots, and baskets. They also sold venison and berries in their seasons. A simple civil administration was constituted. In 1647 the General Court established a quarterly term of court, presided over by an English magistrate. Inferior courts for the trial of minor offences and administered by the Indians were, and with eminent political wisdom, instituted.

Religious training was pursued unceasingly by Mr. Eliot with some native helpers. His dusky parishion-

ers soon became, and were always afterwards known as, the "praying Indians." An instance of the influence of his teaching may be noted: an Indian returning one Sabbath evening from church found his fire out; to kindle it he split a little dry wood with his hatchet; this act was deemed by many of his companions a breach of the Sabbath, and was formally discussed at their next meeting.

Very perplexing questions of casuistry arose among the reformed Indians. Mr. Eliot's method of adjusting one case is characteristic. The Indians were much addicted to gambling. When one of their number was converted, the question arose as to the binding nature of the debts incurred in gaming. Mr. Eliot went first to the creditor, pressed on him the sin of gambling, and desired him to remit half the indebtedness. To this he consented. There remained the debtor to be dealt with. Upon him Mr. Eliot urged the sin of breaking a promise, and secured his consent to pay the half of the amount due. "This became the established rule of justice in such cases," but was ludicrously misapplied, so as to justify gambling on the understanding that the winner would demand and be paid but half of the forfeit.

NEPONSET.

About three miles south of Roxbury, at a place which still bears its Indian name—Neponset, dwelt a body of Indians under a sachem named Cutshamakin. This chief is said to have been the first sachem to whom Mr. Eliot preached, and with him he had a varied expe-

rience. To him and several other sachems the colony extended the full protection of citizenship upon their expressed submission to the laws and government. This policy of our fathers is in honorable contrast to that of their descendants. The recent decision of the U. S. Supreme Court that the Indian is not a citizen and has no standing in our courts may be unexceptionable law, but as public policy it is an anachronism and a blunder whose correction should enlist every right-spirited citizen. Cutshamakin is connected with an interesting incident. His fifteen-year-old son had been intemperate and disobedient to his parents. Having been reproved for these offences, he confessed his wrong in the former instance, but accused his father of cruel treatment and of forcing him to drink sack. He was obdurate in his disrespect to his parents, always omitting, in his catechetical instruction, the words "and thy mother" from the fifth commandment, and was reluctant to say "Honor thy father." On the next lecture day the missionaries exhorted Cutshamakin to set an example to his son by confessing his own sins. This he frankly did, bitterly repenting his offences. Touched by this, the son's heart softened and he humbly begged his father's forgiveness. So overcome were the parents that they wept aloud. "The board on which the passionate and stern sachem stood was wet with his tears." "It is," says Francis, "delightful to recognize the subduing spirit of love bursting forth in the bosom of the savage, like a beautiful wild-flower from a cleft of the rock."

But the wild-flower in the cleft heart of Cutshama-

kin seems soon to have withered, "because it had not much earth." When he found that the influence of the missionaries lessened his despotic power, his friendship gave place to a resentful hatred. At one meeting he became so violent that Mr. Eliot was put in personal peril. The sachem, in denouncing the proposals of the missionary as to forming a community of all the Praying Indians, grew so fiercely angry that the Indians who had been friendly to Mr. Eliot slunk away in fear. The missionary stood alone facing the enraged and threatening warrior, but fronted him with calm and intrepid bearing. He declared that he was engaged in the work of God, and that he feared neither him nor any other sachem. The spirit of the savage quailed before the noble bearing of the missionary, and his invectives and threats gave way to appeal.

Interest in the work at Nonantum and Neponset soon became general among the neighboring Indians. Tahattawan, a sachem at Concord, induced his people to petition for a tract near the English, that they might be under their instruction and influence. Their request was granted, a teacher given them, and religious services instituted. They adopted a code of rules regulating not only civil and religious affairs, but also neatness of person and social conduct. The aptitude with which the Indians accepted the restrictions of self-government was significant. Impressively significant also was their aptness for some of the highest Christian graces. Their endurance of the most disheartening trials is worthy of note. Wampas—one of rare native

manliness, as of granite in the rough, not squared and finely wrought—thus expresses one peculiar trial: “On the one hand,” he said to Mr. Eliot, “the other Indians hate and oppose us because we pray to God; on the other, the English will not put confidence in us, and suspect that we do not really pray. But,” and his consciousness of honesty is indeed “affecting,” “God who knows all things knows that we do pray to him.” This suspiciousness of many of the English Mr. Eliot admitted, but added, “I and others who are in the habit of seeing and conversing with you have no such suspicion.”

The Praying Indians early found a new flower in their hearts, the sweet exotic of “brotherly love.” They wondered at it. “How is it,” they asked, “that when an Indian comes among us and we find that he prays to God, we love him exceedingly; but when our own brother, dwelling at a distance, visits us, if he does not pray to God, we love him, yet it is not with such a love as we have for the other man?”

WIDENING THE FIELD.

Nonantum, Neponset, and Concord were within a morning’s walk of Roxbury. Mr. Eliot determined in 1647 to enlarge his field of labor. In that year and in 1648 he visited Pawtucket, some thirty-five miles southward. At this place dwelt a powerful chief named Passaconaway, whose fame in arms and the chase was scarcely greater than in magic. He could, his tribe believed, “make a green leaf grow in winter, put trees into a dance, and set water on fire.” At the first visit

of Mr. Eliot this chief feigned fear and fled. The second visit was made in the spring, when a large concourse of Indians had assembled at Pawtucket to fish and to feast; their merry-making reminded Mr. Eliot of the English fairs.

Mr. Eliot's text was Mal. 1:11, which he rendered, "From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same thy name shall be great among the Indians." This certainly ingenious, if not ingenuous, method of interpretation is characteristic of his simple artfulness. At the conclusion of the sermon the question, so vexing to the theological mind to-day, was asked, "whether all the Indians who had died hitherto had gone to hell, and only a few now at last were put in the way of going to heaven." Mr. Eliot's reply is not recorded. Other questions followed, and then at last the venerable sachem spoke. To the joy of the evangelist, who attached great importance to the conversion of the chiefs, he affirmed his belief in the truth of the gospel and his resolve henceforth to live in obedience to it. Two of his sons immediately followed their father's example, professing their faith. The conversion of Passaconaway seems to have been genuine. He entreated Mr. Eliot to come and live with them and instruct them, offering him the choicest location.

"ENDURING HARDNESS."

About the time of his visit to Pawtucket came, from out the wilderness, another appeal for the gospel. A chief living some sixty miles from Roxbury, where the

city of Brookfield now stands, besought Mr. Eliot to come and teach his people. To visit this distant post he would be compelled to pass through a region but recently the scene of several murders. His people shrunk with dread from having their pastor exposed to certain peril. Hearing of this, a sachem, through whose country he must pass, came with twenty of his warriors as a voluntary escort. Thus attended Mr. Eliot set out on horseback. The weather was very unfavorable, and the exposure and fatigue wore severely on his strength. "I have not been dry," he states, "night or day from the third day of the week until the sixth, but so travel, and at night pull off my boots to wring my stockings, and on with them, and so continue. But God stepped in and helped. I have considered the word of God, 'Endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.'"

AID FROM ENGLAND.

Hitherto Mr. Eliot had pursued his labors with little aid or good cheer from others. It is peculiarly to his honor that, despite the apathy of most of the English and the antipathy of not a few to his work, despite the antagonism of many of the Indians, he followed with heroic faith his manifest mission. The sachems, almost without exception, opposed him. They subjected the Praying Indians to indignities and injuries, and even to death, it is said. An Indian of pure blood dying a martyr for the truth as it is in Jesus is a picture that might well be hung in our halls of Congress.

Most distressing to the sensitive and high-souled

missionary were the aspersions of his countrymen. Richard Mather states that "it was declared, both in Old and New England, that the whole scheme was one to make money, and that the conversion of the Indians was a fable." A year's labor, however, won for him the recognition of a gratuity of £10 from the General Court, and in 1649 the fame of his good works so stirred the Christian heart in England that a society, entitled "The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England," was formed and incorporated by Parliament. The same body ordered a general collection throughout England and Wales for the object of the society. The universities of Oxford and Cambridge issued appeals to the clergy to incite their congregations to liberal gifts. As a result of this Mr. Eliot was greatly cheered. There was some delay in forwarding the supplies procured by this contribution, and this was an occasion of deep distress to him. He construed the disappointment as a token of divine disfavor at his dependence on human means. His church observed a day of fasting and prayer on his behalf. While still assembled in prayer word came that a ship had arrived bringing encouraging promise of aid. Mr. Eliot received this as a "fruit of prayer."

NATICK.

The plan of gathering all his converts in one settlement had long lain near the heart of Mr. Eliot. Coöperation, insulation from the unfriendly Indians, as well as the more inimical arts and rum of the white

men, the stimulus of numbers, and the completer civil and ecclesiastical organization possible, were among the leading reasons for this movement. The funds furnished by the English society made this scheme, into which the Indians entered heartily, practicable. A first and very important step was the choice of a site. On one of his several journeys and surveys for this object he was impelled to retire behind a rock and there pray for divine direction. Very soon thereafter he was led, at the suggestion of some of the Indians, to survey a locality on the Charles River, about eighteen miles from Boston. This suggestion was received as another "fruit of prayer." The location and natural features fitted admirably the plans of Mr. Eliot, and accordingly a tract of six thousand acres was set apart and named Natick, "a place of hills."

Thither all the Praying Indians, save the Cohanits, who insisted on forming a settlement of their own at Ponkapog, were gathered in the autumn of 1650. The town was laid out with two streets on the north side of the river and one on the south. A bridge, constructed by the Indians, united the sections, and a block-house was built for defence. To each family was assigned a house-lot, on which some erected houses of the English style, but most of the homes were substantial wigwams. Remains of the cellars of the former houses may still be seen. A large building was erected by the Indians, the lower story to serve as a church on Sabbath and as a schoolroom on week-days. In the upper story a room was set apart and simply furnished for the

use of Mr. Eliot, the remainder of the story being used as a store-room. Orchards were planted, fields sown, and they were ready to constitute a civil government. They had previously entered into the following agreements: "Powowing," wife-beating, profaning the Sabbath, and drunkenness, were to be punished with a fine of twenty shillings. One convicted of theft was to restore fourfold. They also covenanted to "pray in their wigwams and to say grace before and after meals; to cease howling, greasing their bodies and adorning their hair, and to follow the English fashions."

A plan for their permanent organization was at hand, draughted many centuries before. It was that contained in Exodus 18. This form of government Mr. Eliot considered obligatory, *jure divino*. On August 6, 1651, the Indians met in their first town-meeting, and elected a "ruler of a hundred," two "rulers of fifties," and "rulers of tens," or tithing-men. On September 24 they entered into a solemn covenant, professing—"The grace of Christ helping us, we do give ourselves and our children to God to be his people. He shall rule us in all our affairs, not only in our religion and affairs of the church, but also in all our works and affairs in this world." This covenant closed with the prayer, "Lord, take us to be thy people, and let us take thee to be our God."

On October 8 the governor with several others visited Natick to inspect the unique settlement. Their gratification was unmeasured. Gov. Endicott "could scarcely refrain from tears of joy." "Truly," he ex-

claimed, "I account this one of the best journeys I have made these many years." On the occasion of this visit an Indian preached before his excellency "with great devotion, gravity, decency, readiness, and affection;" a Psalm lined by the Indian schoolmaster was sung "in one of our ordinary English tunes melodiously!"

Mr. Eliot soon undertook the training of native preachers and teachers, supposing that "the most effectual and general way of spreading the gospel will be by themselves." Two of these teachers were sent with presents to the Narragansets of Rhode Island. The chief accepted their gifts, but declined their gospel. However, the common people heard them gladly and were helped. A request soon came for other native teachers.

Thriftily and happily the devoted missionary and his wards pursued their peaceful labors at Natick. The palms so lately red with other dye than that of nature came to know no darker stain than the dust of patient toil. Lips but yesterday quivering with the war-cry became with strange readiness attempered to words of charity and songs of praise. A gifted writer has recently declared that Mr. Eliot could not "tame" the red men. She is clearly in error. He, or One mightier than he and kindlier, assuredly tamed them to a marvellous docility. Wholly voluntarily, under no other inducement than a nobler social and moral life, they forsook their wild, fond freedom, their lust, the warpath with all its sweet charm of revenge and daring, and assumed—gratefully, manfully assumed—the restraints and

toils of their new life. "Think on these things," you who account that "there is no good Indian but a dead one."

An exception to the general fidelity occurred in 1654—an exception which was made rather to attest than to discredit the common faithfulness. In the year named three of the Praying Indians procured some of the "strong water" (a delicate euphemism indeed!) of the whites and became drunk. While revelling on the river-bank a young son of one of the chiefs came to get some fish and corn for his father. He seems to have lingered among them, and was at last forced by them to drink some of the liquor. He lay out all night in drunken stupor. When the Indians learned of this misdemeanor their indignation was great and unfeigned. A council was convened; the three revellers were found guilty on four indictments, and sentenced to sit a long time in the stocks and to receive afterwards twenty lashes at the whipping-post.

The boy remained to be dealt with. His father declared that he felt "it was now put to the test whether he loved the religion of Christ better than his child." For "standing in the way of sinners" the son was sentenced to sit in the stocks a short time, and then to be whipped by his father before all the children.

This act of discipline was neither suggested nor directed by the missionary. Its significance is not slight.

THE FIRST INDIAN CHURCH.

With a caution that seems excessive Mr. Eliot delayed from year to year the formation of the Indian converts into a church. For fourteen years they remained, it would seem, simply as catechumens. Of their sincerity he had no question, but suspected himself of partiality. Thrice he convened his brethren in council. The first council was at Natick in 1652, the second at Roxbury in 1654, at each of which the Indians made full statements of their faith and religious experience. The statements made by them were prolix enough, but their answers to questions gave great satisfaction. In reply to the question how they knew the Bible to be the word of God, they said that it was "because they did find that it did change their hearts and wrought in them wisdom and humility." "What is sin?" they were asked. They replied, "There is root-sin—an evil heart; and there is actual sin—a breaking of the law of God."

Despite the soundness of their faith and the test of years of their piety, it was not until 1660 that a church was formed. This was at Natick, and was the first church formed among the natives of North America.

THE TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

Mr. Eliot had long felt the pressing need of a translation of the entire Bible. In the mosaic of Scripture he saw one wide pattern. The portions of the Bible he had had occasion to render into the native tongue, as

mere fragments of the mosaic, could give but very imperfect conception of that one great inwrought design.

The difficulties in the way of translating the Bible were exceedingly great. The task of casting the lofty Oriental imagery, and especially the subtle Greek refinements of thought and phrase, into the clumsy moulds of this savage tongue was one of a magnitude to engage his undivided energy. But the work must needs be done in the intervals of his other exacting labors. It must be prosecuted with slight aid and with the abiding sense that his labor might be in vain through the failure to secure publication.

But the will of this grand man was of heroic fibre. Although his stalwart form was bent with the weight of years, he undertook the task with the aid of some of his Indian converts. The New Testament when completed was, through the patronage of the English Society, issued in 1661. The Old Testament followed in 1663. This was the first *Bible* printed in America. Of this task Edward Everett has said, "The history of the Christian church does not contain an example of resolute, untiring, successful labor superior."

The Bible passed through a second edition in 1685, but this was the last. The language into which it was rendered has become in two centuries a dead tongue, dying with the dusky lips that spoke it. Fifty years ago Convers Francis said that "probably not an individual in the wide world can read the Indian Bible." There is, however, one person still living who can read it, Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford. But, as

Francis has affectingly said, "When we take that old dark volume in our hands we understand not the words in which it is written, but it has another and beautiful meaning which we do understand. It is a symbol of the affection a devoted man cherished for the soul of his fellow-man; it is the expression of a benevolence which faints in no effort to give light to those who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death."

This Bible, translated into a dialect of the language common to all the New England Indians—the Mohegan—is of recognized and invaluable worth to the science of language. It is also, or was, an object of intense bibliomania in England.

Mr. Eliot made several other translations, among which were the "Call to the Unconverted" and "The Practice of Piety" of his friend Richard Baxter. His original works were "A Catechism," an "Indian Psalter," "Primer," and the "Indian Grammar," in the native language; and in English "The Communion of Churches," and others.

CLOSING LABORS.

Amid his varied literary labors his missionary activity did not slacken. His plan of gathering all the converts as they were made to the one mission at Natick was found inexpedient, and thirteen other towns of Praying Indians were formed. The industrial and educational work was pursued with ample success, except only in the matter of higher education, which was soon abandoned.

The number of Praying Indians under Mr. Eliot's immediate care was, in 1674, 1,100—a gratifying result of his thirty-eight years of labor. About 2,500 others, scattered through Massachusetts and on Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, and who were under the special care of Messrs. Cotton, Bourne, and the Mayhews, may be attributed to the activities set moving and largely directed by Mr. Eliot.

But the havoc of war was at length let loose. Sparing nothing, it wasted sadly this wide, ripe field in whose midst the old apostle toiled at his twilight reaping. In 1675 King Philip began his policy of extermination. "The white man is in our way, therefore the white man must go." The strict equity and humanity of this political casuistry is seen by us with some difficulty when the edge and not the hilt of the sword is towards us. The story of the dark days that followed is the old one, told with quivering lip and heart from age unto age, of this cruel and insane thing—war. When at last, as Increase Mather says, the English had "prayed the bullet into Philip's heart," they found six hundred of their number slain, thirteen towns wasted, hundreds of homes in ashes, and in sore bereavement thousands of them that mourn.

In this war the Praying Indians fared sadly. Hated and hunted to the death by the red men, they were cruelly distrusted by the white men. Mr. Eliot, who bravely plead for them, was himself reviled and suspected by the English. So cruel is suspicion: when once the boat in which he was sailing was upset by a

larger vessel and his life put in imminent peril, from which he was barely rescued, one, "full of the popular fury," said he wished he had been drowned. His noble co-worker, Mr. Gookin, feared even to walk the streets.

This fanaticism laid its heaviest hand on the converts themselves. At last those of Natick were exiled to Deer Island, a measure to which they "sadly but quietly submitted." At midnight on October 30, 1675, the aged missionary knelt with them on the shores of the Charles. Fervently they prayed while they wept that God would give them to look with charity upon their white brethren and with faith unto God. Then, at the ebbing of the tide, they were borne to their exile.

A crueller wrong was done to the Christian Indians of Wamesit. They were falsely suspected of having set fire to a barn. Fourteen armed men went to their camp and summoned the Indians to come out of their wigwams. Wholly unsuspecting they obeyed, only to be shot at like beasts. One was killed, five women and children wounded. Terrified they fled. When besought to return they refused, adding to their refusal these words, whose simple pathos is as affecting as it is unaffected: "We are not sorry for what we leave behind, but we are sorry that the English have driven us from our praying to God and from our teacher. We did begin to understand a little of praying to God." Numerous similar instances of injustice are recorded. The suspicions of the English had of course a slight pretence. A few of the Praying Indians had joined the

party of Philip; but the greater part were staunchly faithful. Some of them enlisted in the English army and exhibited marked courage and efficiency.

The harshness of their treatment by many of those who were called Christians gave a shock to their faith from which they never recovered. Returning from exile they took up their former life, but much disheartened and embittered.

Nothing, however, could embitter their sweet revering love for Mr. Eliot. Well deserved he their devotion, rare, brave old knight! With the sensitiveness of a mother's love he felt the wrongs of his rude children in the faith, and with the chivalry of a large and Christ-like manhood he sought their redress.

And his was too like the charity of Jesus not to bear the griefs and carry the sorrows of others than his followers. Utterly compassionate, he could not see the captive Indians of Philip's army sold into the hateful West Indian slavery without a burning plea in their behalf—a plea all unheeded, it would seem.

THE LAST DAYS.

With his native vigor conserved by a well-ordered life, Mr. Eliot had now attained the age of eighty-four. But while December wasted his frame, May lingered sweet and fresh and full of song in his large heart. In his simple home his last days wore peacefully to their end, solaced by the companionship of his aged wife. She was ever his good genius. In his deep concern for others' welfare he had a ludicrous unconcern

for his own. Small as was their earthly store, so little thought had he about it that when his wife once pointed to some of his cows before the door and asked him whose they were, he answered in good faith that he did not know.

Four times he and his wife had stood beside a new-made grave and laid a loved child there. In the harsh winds of March, 1687, he stood alone by the grave of his wife, and, weeping, longed to be with her.

Soon after this he wrote to his friend, Mr. Boyle, "I am going home," and on the 20th of May, 1690, the light from that home broke into the gray solitude of his old age. With the words "Welcome joy!" on his lips he

"Gave his being up, and went
To share the joys that wait a life well spent."

DAVID ZEISBERGER:

THE MORAVIAN APOSTLE TO THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

BORN APRIL 11, 1721: DIED NOVEMBER 17, 1808.

BY REV. WM. H. RICE.

THE report was spread through the city of New York on February 22, 1745, that two spies had been arrested in the Mohawk Valley, where they had been found as guests in the lodge of Hendrick, the king of the Mohawk tribe; that they had been brought to Albany, and forwarded thence, under military guard, to the capital, which they had reached on that day, and had been committed to the jail of the City Hall.

The report added fuel to the excitement which already filled the mind of the authorities and of the public over the apprehended outbreak of Indian hostilities.

Men breathed more freely when they knew the two Moravian Brethren, Charles Frederick Post and David Zeisberger, to be safely in the hold of the Government of the Province of New York.

On the next day Gov. Clinton and his august Council ordered Zeisberger to be brought before them. He was the younger of the two spies, a man of slight stature, not yet twenty-four years old.

"How long have you been in this Government?"

"Since last New Year's day, when we passed through here."

"How far did you go into the country?"

"As far as Canajoharie."

"Who sent you thither?"

"Our church."

"What church is that?"

"The Protestant Church of the (Moravian) United Brethren."

"Do you all do what she commands you?"

"With our whole heart."

"But if she should command you to hang yourselves, or to go among the Indians and stir them up against the white people, would you obey in this?"

"No, I can assure your Excellency and the whole Council that our church never had any such designs."

"What did she command you to do among the Indians?"

"To learn their language."

"Can you learn this language so soon?"

"I have already learned somewhat of it in Pennsylvania, and I went up to improve myself."

"What use will you make of this language? What is your design when you have perfected yourself in it? You must certainly have a reason for learning it."

"We hope to get liberty to preach among the Indians the gospel of our crucified Saviour, and to declare to them what we have personally experienced of His grace in our own hearts."

"Did you preach while you were among them now?"

"No, I had no design to preach, but only to learn their language."

"You will give an account to your church when you go home [Bethlehem, Northampton County, Pennsylvania] of the condition of the country and of the land?"

"I will. Why should I not? But we do not concern ourselves about the land; we have land enough of our own—we do not need that."

"You observed how many cannon were in the Fort [William's], how many soldiers and Indians in the castle, and how many at Canajoharie?"

"I was not so much as within the Fort, and I did not count the soldiers or the Indians."

"Whom do you acknowledge for your king?"

"King George of England."

"But when you go up among the French Indians, who is your king then?"

"I never yet had any mind to go thither."

"Will you and your companion swear to be faithful subjects of King George, acknowledge him as your sovereign, and abjure the Pope and his adherents?"

"We own ourselves to be King George's faithful subjects; we acknowledge him as our sovereign; we

can truly certify that we have no connection at all with the Pope and his adherents, and no one who knows anything of us can lay this to our charge. With regard to the oath, however, I beg leave to say that we are not inhabitants of this Government (colony), but travellers, and hope to enjoy the same privilege which is granted in other English colonies, of travelling unmolested without taking the oath."

"You design to teach the Indians, and we must have the assurance that you will not teach them disaffection to the king."

"But we have come, at this time, with no design to teach."

"Our laws require that all travellers in this Government shall swear allegiance to the king and have a license from the governor."

"I never before heard of such a law in any country or kingdom of the world."

"Will you or will you not take the oath?"

"I will not."

The clerk of the court then read to the prisoner the recent enactment of the New York Colonial Assembly against "Every Vagrant Preacher, Moravian, Disguised Papist, or any other person presuming to reside among and teach the Indians" without having taken the oath of allegiance and secured the governor's license. Every such an one "shall be treated as a person taking upon him to seduce the Indians from his Majesty's interest," and shall be punished with fine and imprisonment.

"Do you understand this?"

"Most of it, but not all."

"Will you take the oath now?"

"I hope the honorable Council will not force me to do it."

"We will not constrain you; you may let it alone if it is against your conscience; but you will have to go to prison again."

"I am content."

After his companion, the intrepid Post, had undergone a similar examination, there followed seven weeks of imprisonment. During this time they were cheered in their prison life by visits from their fellow-Moravians, Thomas Noble, a godly merchant of the city, and his young clerk, Henry Van Vleck, and by Rev. Peter Boehler (John Wesley's friend). Christian people of other denominations visited them in prison who were not in sympathy with the enemies of the missionary work which the Moravian Brethren had been carrying on for the past five years, with marked success, in the border counties of the provinces of Connecticut and New York—the present counties of Dutchess and Litchfield.

The signal triumph which had attended the preaching, by Christian Henry Rauch, of the word of the cross to the Indians of Shekomeko in Dutchess County, the conversion of their Chief Job (sometimes written Tschoop), a drunken profligate, and the conversion to Christ of many of his fellow-Indians, had awakened the bitter hostility of the white neighbors who traded upon the vices of the red men, especially by the sale of rum.

Advantage was taken of the public alarm as to impending Indian hostilities, and the apprehended plottings of Jesuit missionaries, to excite public sentiment against the work of the Moravian missionaries.

During the session of the New York Colonial Assembly in the preceding fall this sentiment had found expression in the enactment of a law which placed Moravians in the same category with Jesuits, who were said to be preparing the Indians for a general massacre of the English colonists.

Gov. Clinton, when ordered by the Board of Trade in London to state the reasons why a law had been passed against the Moravian missionaries residing among the Indians, described the Moravians as "Simple illiterate persons infatuated with a certain degree of Enthusiasm or Folly, Sufficient for Qualifying them for the plantation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," "though unqualified as to the knowledge of the Indian language or any other but their own Mother-tongue."

The persecution of these Moravian missionaries by the government and people of the New York and Connecticut colonies led to the parliamentary enactment in England, of March 12, 1749, formally acknowledging their church, exempting them from taking the oath, allowing simple affirmation, and excusing them from military and jury duty.

Meanwhile the success which had attended the first preaching of the gospel to the Indians of Shekomeko stimulated the Foreign Missionary Board of the recently established congregation at Bethlehem to plan for a

vigorous prosecution of the work in the large field that seemed to lie open before them.

Within three years after the first settlement of Bethlehem, in February, 1744, a class of candidates for the Indian mission was formed under the tutelage of Rev. John C. Pyrlæus, a recent graduate of Leipsic University. He had come from Germany eager to help the work begun by Rauch at Shekomeko in 1740. After his marriage in Philadelphia to Susan, youngest daughter of the merchant John Stephen Benezet, Pyrlæus had spent a summer in the log cabin of a German settler in the Mohawk County, with his youthful bride, to learn the Mohawk language. Of the young men constituting this class, Pyrlæus soon found the aptest linguist to be David Zeisberger.

Zeisberger followed his parents to America in 1737, when but a youth of sixteen. David and Rosina Zeisberger had left their home and kindred in Austrian Moravia for conscience' sake. One night in July, 1726, taking their five-year-old David by the hand, father and mother left their house and farm with all their belongings and fled to the mountain border which separates Moravia from Saxony. They sought a refuge at Herrnhut, the newly founded settlement of the exiled descendants of the old Moravian and Bohemian Brethren's Church. Ten years later, 1736, they joined a party of Herrnhut colonists, who went to Georgia and founded a colony near the present site of Savannah.

The child David was left behind, a schoolboy at Herrnhut, to finish his studies. He was the brightest

Latin scholar of his class, a diligent student who showed a natural facility for acquiring languages.

Soon after his parents had left for America, David was sent to Holland, to a new church settlement near Utrecht, to be an errand boy. The quick-witted lad soon acquired the use of the Dutch language. He was distinguished by his alert, cheerful ways and the punctuality with which he attended to all his duties. He soon became a favorite with all except his immediate superiors. They deemed it their duty to stem the natural outflow of the bright lad's disposition. When falsely accused, upon occasion, of an act of theft, David was mercilessly beaten with the rod.

For having won the good-will of a gentleman visiting Heerendyke—whom David was directed to accompany as a guide to the neighboring Ysselstein, and who at parting from the lad insisted upon his accepting a handful of silver coins as a reward for his very satisfactory services, the lad was accused on his return home of having stolen the money, on the ground that it was incredible that any one would pay a mere boy so liberal a reward. In spite of his protestations he was to receive due punishment for his suspected dishonesty. This act of injustice finally decided the boy to leave his employers.

After secret preparation for his departure, having secured as a companion one of the other lads of the establishment, named Schober, he left Heerendyke. The fixed determination of Zeisberger to join his parents, who had gone to America the year before, de-

cided Schober to change his plan of a return to Saxony. The two lads made their way to London, where Zeisberger quickly made himself friends who introduced him to Gen. Oglethorpe as a youth desirous of joining the Moravian colonists in Georgia. Furnishing them with clothing and money, he forwarded the youthful immigrants by a ship just ready to sail.

David's unexpected arrival was a great joy to his parents in their wilderness home. He had almost grown out of their recollection, so that they barely recognized their son when he first stood before them. He arrived in August, 1737. Born April 11, 1721, he was a little more than sixteen years old.

It was a great change in his surroundings which was wrought by the sudden transition from the soft luxuries of European civilized life to the hard privations of a settlement in the primeval forests of America. But it fell in with the free spirit of the determined youth. It was a providential preparation in the school of frontier life for the calling to which Providence had destined Zeisberger.

In reference to this period in his early life it is pleasant to hear him say in after years, as he casts a backward glance upon the way by which the Lord led him, "From the day I left Heerendyke to the time of my arrival in Georgia the Lord preserved me from all harm to body or soul in the face of great temptations into which I might have fallen. He held his hand over me. I often thank him for his protecting care amid the dangers which then I did not realize. In all those expe-

riences I now see the guidance of the Lord's good hand."

One feature in his life in Georgia was the intimate association into which it brought him with the devoted leader of the colony, the apostolic Peter Boehler, who had come to this church colony fresh from his blessed intercourse and fellowship with the Wesleys at Oxford and in London.

The formative years of the boy's mental and physical constitution, from sixteen to twenty-two, were thus spent in outdoor life, amid the trials and privations of an early settler's home. In less than three years he left Georgia with the rest of the Moravian colonists, for Eastern Pennsylvania, landing at Philadelphia in April, 1740. He did his share of the hard work incident to the clearing of the land and the building of the first houses on the Whitefield tract, and in connection with the beginning of the Bethlehem settlement in 1741. In this school of rough experience was developed and strengthened that intrepid will which "no wilderness, however tangled, could keep from the Indians, and no peril, however imminent, could keep from duty."

In January, 1743, when Zinzendorf was about to return to Germany after his fourteen months' stay in Pennsylvania, David Zeisberger was notified by the Elders of the church that it had been determined to send him back to Europe. As the ship "James," on which the company was to sail from New York, was about to cast off its lines, Bishop Nitschmann, Zeisberger's countryman and namesake, came up to say good-by to Da-

vid. He noticed the young man's downcast look and made inquiry, "Are you glad to go back to Europe?"

"No! I am not! I would much prefer to remain in America. I long to be thoroughly converted to Christ and to serve as a missionary to the Indians in this country."

Surprised, and no doubt delighted, Nitschmann said,

"Then, if I were you, I'd at once go back to Bethlehem!"

Without another word Zeisberger jumped ashore, saved a second time to the work for which he was destined.

He returned to Bethlehem in a state of deep spiritual concern and of longing for the assurance of the pardon of his sins. Brother Büttner, whose work among the Indians of the Shekomeko Mission had been so abundantly blessed of God to the conversion of souls, was on a visit to Bethlehem about this time. The encouragement which Zeisberger received from a searching and tender interview with Büttner, only four years his senior, greatly forwarded the seeker on his way towards the light. Some days thereafter, during the singing by a company of young men in the Single Brethren's house at Bethlehem of a familiar hymn of praise to Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, a great light came into his soul, and Zeisberger realized the joy of thorough conversion in the assurance that his Saviour had taken all his sins away. He spent all that day in tearful ascription of joyous praise and thanksgiving to his Redeemer.

From that day forth Zeisberger consecrated himself, body, soul, and spirit, to his Saviour's service. And now this bright, resolute, active young man, thoroughly consecrated to the service of his newly found Redeemer, gave in his name to the Elders as a candidate for mission service among the Indians.

As such we find him, in February, 1744, at the head of the class of young missionary candidates whom Pörlæus was instructing in the language of the Mohawk Indians, one of the Six Nations of the great Iroquois Confederacy. For several years he had been exerting his natural gift in the acquisition of the Delaware Indian language, by intercourse with the Indians who visited Bethlehem. So rapid was his progress in this labor of love that he soon came to act as official interpreter for the civil authorities of the neighborhood, as well as for the Elders of the church.

Zeisberger's first appointment upon any mission into the Indian country was that which took him into the Mohawk Valley, as the companion of the illustrious Christian Frederick Post, with a view to perfecting himself in that language in which Pörlæus, the Leipsic graduate, had already given him considerable instruction. It was on this journey that the youthful missionary enthusiast was arrested, and after having been subjected to shameless treatment at the hands of the officials, suffered seven weeks' imprisonment in New York city, being at last set free as a vagrant Moravian preacher.

These experiences only served to bring out the fine

grain of the texture of this resolute and consecrated spirit. He was learning the lesson of intrepid obedience to his Master's guidance, and of absolute dependence upon Him amid appalling dangers and grievous deprivations. The Rev. John Heckewelder (his illustrious associate in the care of the Indian church, some twenty years his junior), says of him in his Manuscript Biography of Zeisberger, that to the end, through all the subsequent sixty years of heroic missionary service, in the wilderness of Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, and Canada, he bore himself with unflinching steadfastness and unchallenged consistency as a humble, joyous servant of the crucified Jesus, gaining many rich trophies for the Master among the aborigines of the land. He called the converts his "brown Brethren." For their conversion he spent more than sixty years of toilsome missionary service, equalled by few laborers in the annals of Christ's kingdom and surpassed by none.

Zeisberger was ordained to the gospel ministry in 1749. During the four years which intervened since his first journey to the Mohawk Valley he was the companion of Bishop Spangenberg, Mack, and Watteville, in longer and shorter journeys of exploration of the wilderness. With Spangenberg he paid his first visit to Onondaga, the capital of the Iroquois Confederacy in what is now Onondaga County, New York. Their journey from Bethlehem, in Eastern Pennsylvania, led them through the very sparsely settled regions of Central Pennsylvania, as far as Shamokin, on the Susquehanna—the present town of Sunbury in Westmore-

land County. Thence they made their perilous way through the wild region which now constitutes the counties of Lycoming and Tioga, and crossed the New York line into what are now the counties of Tompkins, Cayuga, and Onondaga. Their way is described as leading them through forests in many parts impenetrable to the sun, with thick undergrowth entangling the travellers on every side, the ground, for miles, a morass into which the horses sank up to their knees; tall trees, uprooted by the storm, were often found lying across the trail. They nearly perished with hunger, their provisions having given out, and their almost miraculous deliverance from death by starvation is recorded.

During their stay at the Iroquois capital Zeisberger was "adopted" into the tribe of the Onondagas and the Clan of the Turtle; he received the Indian name Ganousseracheri (On the Pumpkin).

On his tour with Mack along the upper branches of the Susquehanna they came upon deserted Indian villages that had been depopulated by the small-pox scourge.

In the laying out of Gnadenhuetten (Tents of Grace), a village settlement planned by the Bethlehem Mission Board for the accommodation of the exiled Indians of Shekomeko, Zeisberger took an active part. The site of this Christian Indian village was fixed at the confluence of the Mahoning Creek and Lehigh River, in what is now Carbon County, on a tract of land of about 1,400 acres, purchased by the Board. The town lay on the

declivity of a hill upon whose gently rising slope the houses of the Indian converts were built, along three streets, arranged in the form of parallel arcs. A fourth street bisected these arcs ; in the middle of this street stood the church and parsonage. The farm-buildings, with grist and saw-mills, stood at the foot of the hill, which was crowned by the God's acre, the burial-place of their dead. In December, 1754, the flourishing community of Christian Indians—an oasis in the desert—numbered 137 Mohican and Delaware communicants, besides 86 converts residing in the outlying districts. In November, 1755, it was destroyed by a band of hostile Indians who massacred most of the missionary brethren and sisters in charge, drove away the converts, and burned the settlement. David Zeisberger made a hairbreadth escape from being massacred.

After his ordination in 1749, Zeisberger was stationed at Shamokin, on the Susquehanna. Here he began the preparation of an Iroquois dictionary, for he had acquired by this time great fluency in the use of the Mohawk language. The future of missionary operations among the Indians seemed very promising, immediately after the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, and this quickened the ardor of the Bethlehem Mission Board in the endeavor to push forward their missionary operations.

In 1750 Zeisberger was again sent to visit the Iroquois capital, in company with Bishop Cammerhof. They took a new route, planned by Zeisberger. They started from Wyoming, on the eastern branch of the

Susquehanna, proposing to ascend the river in a canoe built by Zeisberger. A Cayuga chief, Hahotschuanquas, acted as their guide, and with his wife Gajahene, their boy Tagita, a lad of fourteen, and Gahaca, their little four-year-old daughter, accompanied the two missionaries, in his own canoe. For ten days they paddled their canoes against the current of the winding river. At night, tying up to the shore, they slept in the shelter of hastily-constructed bark tents.

At one point in their inland voyage they came upon a settlement of Indians, among whom they met some of their Indian converts. To the consistent steadfastness of these Indian Christians their heathen comrades bore testimony by their indignant inquiry, "What have you done to our brothers that they are so entirely different from us and from what they once were? What is this baptism which has made them turn from our feasts and dances and shun all our ways?"

At Tioga, at the confluence of the Chemung River with the Susquehanna, they turned their canoes into the former river. Soon thereafter they took up the overland trail through Tompkins County to the lower end of Cayuga Lake, and thence to Onondaga, where they were welcomed to the Grand Council House and received with marked distinction. Their further negotiations with the Grand Council for a treaty allowing two or three missionary brethren to take up their residence at Onondaga, in order to learn the language and customs of the Iroquois, were delayed by the circumstance that the majority of the members of the Council

were too much under the influence of rum. During the interval the two missionary envoys paid a brief visit to the capital of the Seneca tribe, a village of forty large huts, in what is now Livingston County, beautifully situated, and rarely visited by any white man other than the traders. Here too they found the Indians, men and women, under the influence of rum, and our two brethren barely escaped with their lives from the drunken fury of the frenzied braves and squaws, who would insist upon their taking part in their hideous excesses. But the Lord's hand was over them. On their escape under cover of a thick fog from Seneca town, they reached Onondaga, where they resumed their negotiations, and secured a treaty arrangement permitting two resident missionaries to be sent to the capital to learn the language.

Returning to Bethlehem in August of that year, 1750, Zeisberger was commissioned to visit Herrnhut, in Germany. He returned from this voyage across the sea in September of the following year, to resume his missionary labors among the Indians with renewed determination and zeal. He preached in the lodges of the Indian converts in the region extending from Wyoming to Shamokin, which latter post he again occupied as his permanent headquarters. In a letter to the Mission Board at Bethlehem, dated February 28, 1752, he writes: "I rejoice to hear of the awakening among the Indians at Gnadenhuetten on the Mahoning; but I shall rejoice still more when a church of believers like that has been established among the Iro-

quois. I will not be satisfied until this is accomplished. I am on their side. Who knows what the Lord will do!"

Zeisberger was now appointed to take up his residence at the Iroquois capital, to perfect himself in the Mohawk language and dialects, and to gain a more thorough knowledge of their usages. He was to be "nationalized" among them, so that he might preach the gospel to them as a brother in name and in fact. His companion was Rundt. Onondaga was reached in one month after leaving Bethlehem. They travelled by way of New York city, Albany, and the Mohawk Valley. To the message of the Bethlehem Mission Board, of which Zeisberger and his assistant were the bearers, the Council said, "We are well pleased that you have sent Brother Ganousseracheri and the brother whose name we cannot name, in order to learn our language. We believe that this is a good work. It shall be as you desire. All the chiefs of the Iroquois are so minded. These two brothers shall live some years among us and learn our tongue, that we may tell one another the thoughts of our hearts. They may begin here at Onondaga; they may then go to the Cayugas, and next to the Senecas."

Zeisberger with his assistant took up his abode in the lodge which was formally assigned to them by the Council. During their stay here the manner of the Indians' daily life became an object of familiar inspection. Zeisberger was afforded every opportunity to learn the mode and the significance of the interchange of belts of

wampum. He learned too the painful facts of the moral degradation of the Indians, especially in respect to drunkenness and licentiousness and murderous cruelty. He devoted himself to a diligent study of their language with a view to the completion of his dictionary.

On the occasion of a friendly visit to the neighboring Cayugas, Zeisberger was almost killed in a murderous attack upon him by a Dutch trader. He returned to Bethlehem in the late fall.

He spent the following year, from spring to autumn, at Onondaga, with Henry Frey as his assistant. He acquired a complete mastery of the Mohawk tongue and spoke fluently several of the dialects.

In the fall of 1754 Zeisberger paid his fifth and his last visit but one to the capital of the Iroquois. He, with Charles Frederick as his assistant, proceeded to erect a substantial mission-house, with the purpose of establishing a permanent church at Onondaga. In this he was seconded by the good wishes of his Iroquois friends. The Grand Council gave him a most distinguished proof of their implicit trust and confidence in him and his mission, by depositing in the Mission-house the Council's entire archives, comprising many belts and strings of wampum, written treaties, letters from colonial governors, and other similar documents. Zeisberger was appointed Keeper of the Archives of the Grand Council.

His return to Bethlehem, on a short visit, in June, 1755, marks the close of Zeisberger's missionary activity among the Six Nations. The breaking out of the

"French and Indian War" put an end to the promising work of evangelization which he had been permitted to begin at Onondaga as a centre. When, after an interval of comparative inactivity on account of the war, he resumed his life-work as a missionary among the Indians, he took up his work among the Delaware Indians of Pennsylvania and Ohio. As a proof, however, that the zeal of the Mission Board at Bethlehem was unabated, on the very eve of the outbreak of Indian hostilities, the fact is cited that a Missionary Conference was held at Bethlehem (after the defeat of the English under Braddock at Fort Duquesne in July, and just about the time, in September, of the defeat of the French, under Dieskau, near Lake George), which was attended by sixteen missionary brethren and eighteen missionary sisters, who made hopeful reports of their operations. But war in all its horrors put an end, for seven years, to active missionary operations in their chosen field, in which the Lord had blessed them with many gracious ingatherings of souls.

Seven years of war were seven years of enforced cessation from active gospel work among the Indians. Zeisberger was frequently employed to facilitate the establishment of peace relations, by treaty, with the various Indian nations.

Soon after the close of hostilities, in May, 1763, Zeisberger gave joyous and eager response to a call which came to him from the Indian settlement of Machiwihilusing (in what is now Bradford County, Pennsylvania, some two miles below the present Wya-

lusing, on the Susquehanna) to preach to them. Afoot, with Anthony, a Delaware Indian convert, as his companion, Zeisberger left Bethlehem to resume once again his apostolic life-work. For two days, amid drenching rain, in the pathless forests and swamps of the Broad Mountain, in what is now Monroe County, these two messengers of Jesus crept for miles on hands and feet, beneath and between laurel-bushes whose tangled mazes made walking impossible. Their only guide was a pocket-compass. After two days they struck the trail to Wyoming. They reached Machi-wihilusing after more than seven days, on the evening of May 23. Although thoroughly exhausted by the toil of the journey, Zeisberger at once began to preach the gospel. "The Indians flocked from every side" to hear his blessed message. Next morning, after a short night-rest, the work was resumed, and for three days he preached Christ with great power. A deep impression was made upon the hearts of his hearers. Tears rolled down their cheeks and their whole frames were convulsed with emotion as they listened to the preached word. The Mission Board appointed him as resident missionary, at the request of the Indians of Machiwihi-lusing. Once again he was in his element, preaching to his beloved Indians, calling them to repentance and explaining to them free grace in Christ Jesus. He taught the converts to sing the hymns which he translated into their native Delaware Indian tongue.

The visiting Quaker evangelist, John Woolman, attended his services and prayed that "the great work"

which Zeisberger had undertaken might be crowned with success. One day their foremost "prophet," Papunhank, who had been converted by Zeisberger's preaching, was to be baptized. All the town came together in solemn assembly. After singing a hymn in the Delaware language, he preached on Baptism. He then examined Papunhank, the candidate for baptism, as to his faith and experience. After answering the questions addressed to him, Papunhank added this voluntary confession: "The Saviour has made me feel my misery and my utterly depraved state. I used to preach to you; I imagined myself a good man; I did not know that I was the greatest sinner among you all. Brothers, forgive and forget everything I have said or done." The "prophet" was then baptized by Zeisberger, receiving the name John. Rev. John Heckewelder, in his Manuscript Biographical sketch, says, "Had Zeisberger inherited a kingdom, his joy would not have been as great as it was over the conversion of the Indian 'prophet,' the first one whom he brought into the church of Christ." At an afternoon service of the same day a second Indian convert was baptized, receiving the name Peter. Thereupon Zeisberger joyfully exclaimed, "Now my heart is light; before it was heavy, so heavy that I could scarcely endure it!" An awakening in a neighboring Indian town engaged his labors for the next three days. But the outbreak of Pontiac's War cut short this renewal of his missionary work and compelled his speedy return to Bethlehem.

Now came a time of terrible ordeal for the Indian Christians and their Moravian pastors. The government of the Pennsylvania colony under the stress of public sentiment ordered the transfer to Philadelphia, as prisoners of war, of all the Indian converts, men, women, and children, who had fled the wilderness and had sought refuge within the Moravian settlements of Bethlehem and Nazareth in Northampton County. On their first arrival in Philadelphia they almost became the victims of the murderous violence of a mob. Ordered to be led to New York city, they were halted on their toilsome march through New Jersey and turned back again to Philadelphia, where for sixteen months these Indian Christians were imprisoned. In that time nearly one-half their number died of small-pox. During this time of captivity, Zeisberger and his colaborers, Grube and Schmick with their wives, shepherded the persecuted sheep of the wilderness in a way worthy of the followers of the Good Shepherd, sharing in all their perils and ministering to them in all their distresses.

In the spring of 1765, like a flock of partridges that have been cooped up in the winter-quarters of a farmer's barn-yard and are set free, this company of the "children of the forest" were allowed to return to their forest home, Machiwihilusing on the Susquehanna. Rev. John Heckewelder, the young assistant of Zeisberger in the leadership of the Indian Christians, says that when they went out to the chase or fished in the river, when they roamed the woods gathering roots and herbs, the game they found, the fish they caught, and every

product of the ground seemed to them as specially given by the hand of Providence. With praiseful song men, women, and children busily engaged in building a town. "Behold," says Zeisberger, "this is making a right use of their liberty. Beginning their work in this way, God will abundantly bless them. Under these circumstances it is a joy to work among the Indians."

The new town on the Susquehanna, to which the Mission Board gave the name Friedenshuetten (Tents of Peace), is thus described. It had twenty-nine log-houses with windows and chimneys, like the homesteads of white settlers, and thirteen huts. These were built along one street, in the centre of which stood the church, thirty-two feet by twenty-four, with shingled roof, and a wing used as a schoolhouse. The missionaries' house stood opposite the church, on the left-hand side of the street. Each house-lot had a frontage of thirty-two feet. A ten-feet-wide alley ran between every two lots. Gardens and orchards stocked with vegetables and fruit-trees lay to the rear of the homesteads.

A post and rail fence inclosed the town. In summer time the street and alleys were kept scrupulously clean by a company of women, who swept them with wooden brooms and removed the rubbish.

Two hundred and fifty acres of meadow and farm land, between the town and the river, were inclosed with two miles of fencing. A canoe for each household was tied at the river bank. Hundreds of cattle and hogs, and poultry of every kind, were raised in abund-

ance. More time was given to farming than to hunting, and plentiful crops were raised. Corn, maple-sugar, butter, and pork, together with canoes of white pine, were sold to the white settlers and to visiting Indians.

But greater than the material prosperity was the spiritual blessing which rested upon the Indian church in the wilderness. The first baptism of an Indian convert, in October of the first year, marked the beginning of a great revival. Visiting Indians, who came from near and from far—Mohawks, Cayugas, Senecas, Onondagas, Mohicans, Wampanoags, Delawares, Tutelas, Tuscaroras, and Nanticokes—heard the story of Jesus. Zeisberger wrote: "For several months a great revival has been prevailing among the Indians who visit us. All who attend our services are deeply impressed and listen as though they never had enough of the message of a Saviour. Often while I am preaching the power of the gospel message makes them tremble with emotion and shake with fear, until they almost lose consciousness and seem about to faint. This shows with what violence the powers of evil within them oppose the work of the Cross. As a rule when such a paroxysm is over they weep in silence. We have many candidates for baptism. Anthony, our native helper, enjoys the particular esteem of his unconverted countrymen, and he sets forth the Saviour's love with such feeling that not infrequently his hearers burst into tears, and he is constrained to weep with them."

Without waiting for the inevitable crisis—which

came in 1772—when the land upon which this Christian community was located should be sold to the white settler, the Mission Board sent Zeisberger, who had come to be the recognized leader in all missionary work among the Indians, on a journey of exploration to the western part of the Pennsylvania colony. “Intelligence reached us that there were Indians living on the Allegheny River who desired to hear the gospel.” The purpose of this perilous journey was to find out “whether anything could there be accomplished for the Saviour.”

Zeisberger set out with the helpers, Anthony and Papunhank, as his companions, on foot, with one pack-horse, in September, 1767. From Friedenshuetten they made their way by canoe and on foot through the almost impenetrable wilderness of northern and north-western Pennsylvania, where doubtless no white man had ever travelled, to the head waters of the Allegheny River, in what is now Potter County.

On their journey they came to the lodge of a Seneca chief. “Whither is the pale-face going?” “To Gosch-goschünk” [a Monsey Indian town on the Allegheny, near the mouth of Tionesta Creek, in what is now Venango County]. “Why does the pale-face come on so unknown a road? This is no road for white people, and no white man has come this trail before.” “Seneca, the business that calls me among the Indians is very different from that of other white people, and hence the roads I travel are different too. I am here to bring the Indians good and great words.” For two

hours the host and his guest kept up a cross-fire of attack and defence of the missionary's purpose. At length he demanded his guest's name. Zeisberger's response, "I am Ganousseracheri," acted like a charm. The chief's stern face relaxed, breaking out into smiles. He grasped his guest's hand, called him his brother, said he had often heard of him, and begged him to excuse his cold reception of him. He warned Zeisberger, "The Indians of Goschgoschünk will not hesitate to murder you." But nothing could keep the intrepid messenger of the cross from continuing his journey to its destination. He reached it on the 16th of October.

Of the effects of his first preaching service, on his arrival, he says, "Never before have I seen both the darkness of hell and the invincible power of the gospel so clearly depicted in the faces of Indians." After a stay of seven days, during which Zeisberger secured permission to establish a permanent mission at this point—a matter which was only settled favorably after a fierce conflict with the Indian "prophet" Wangomen—he returned to report to the home Board. In June of the next year, 1768, Zeisberger and Gottlob Seuseman and wife, together with three families of Indian Christians, the Helpers, Anthony and Joanna, Abraham and Salome, Peter and Abigail, arrived on the Allegheny to begin the new mission. Subsequently it was transferred to a second site and finally to a third site, within what is now the "Oil Region" of Pennsylvania, in Lawrence County, on the Beaver River, between the Shenango River and Slippery Rock Creek.

The missionaries encountered the fierce opposition of heathen Indians in their attempts to Christianize those who came to hear the gospel. Twice did Providence prevent the carrying out of a plot deliberately laid to murder Zeisberger, "the man in a black coat," who wrote at this time in his Diary: "They will certainly not succeed, for He that is with us is stronger than they." The most signal triumph in these years of hard campaigning under the banner of the cross, in the Allegheny region, was the conversion of the eloquent Indian warrior, Glikkikan, who had never yet met his equal among whites or Indians. He came to the mission to confound the heralds of Christ, but like Saul at Damascus was himself confounded. His conversion marked the turning of the tide in favor of the mission. A revival broke out at the new mission station, named Friedenstadt (City of Peace). In the house of Abraham, the Helper, inquiry meetings were held every evening, sometimes lasting until midnight. Even the children were impressed and talked of Jesus.

Among the converts who were baptized was Glikkikan, who received the name Isaac. Zeisberger says of him that he was the wisest counsellor and bravest captain of his Chief, and that when the latter reproached him for having gone over to the missionaries, saying, "In good time you will discover how miserably you have been deceived," Isaac Glikkikan replied, "You are right; I have joined the Moravians. Where they go, I will go; where they lodge, I will lodge; nothing shall separate me from them. Their people shall be

my people, and their God my God." One day after listening to a sermon on sin and grace, Glikkikan, deeply moved, walked to his hut through the village sobbing aloud. "This is wonderful," writes Zeisberger; "a proud war-captain sheds tears in the presence of his former associates. Thus the Saviour by His word breaks the hard hearts and humbles the pride of the Indians."

So complete was the triumph of the gospel over its enemies that on their own proposal Zeisberger was adopted into the Monsey tribe of Indians, and the religion of Jesus was recognized as that of a majority of the tribe.

In March, 1771, an urgent invitation from the Grand Council of the Delaware Nation led Zeisberger to visit their capital situated in what is now Oxford township, Tuscarawas County, Ohio. Here he was entertained as the guest of the head-Chief Netawatwes. It was his first visit to Ohio, the theatre of his most successful missionary activity and of his most appalling trials during the next thirty-seven years of his career. He was just fifty years old when he first came to the Western territory.

In accordance with Zeisberger's recommendation, on his return, the Foreign Mission Board determined to accept the formal invitation of the Grand Council of the Delawares. It was resolved that the entire body of Indian converts (at Friedenshuetten on the Susquehanna and at Friedenstadt in the Allegheny region) be removed to a new settlement to be begun in

what is now northern Ohio, in the Tuscarawas Valley.

In the valley of the Muskingum River, in what is now Tuscarawas County, near the "Beautiful Spring" pointed out to them by Chief Netawatwes, who made them a grant of land in its immediate vicinity, the first settlement was begun by Zeisberger and Heckewelder in the spring of 1772. He gave it the name Schön-Brunn, the German for the Indian name which signified Beautiful Spring.

In the course of a few years this had grown into a cluster of Christian communities: Gnadenhuetten (Tents of Grace), Lichtenau (Meadow of Light), New Schön-Brunn, and Salem. Here were dwelling in peace and plenty hundreds of Indian converts and their families, and a corps of devoted missionary Brethren and Sisters who labored under the superintendency of Zeisberger, Rev. John Heckewelder and wife, Rev. Gottlob Seuseman and wife, Rev. John G. Jungmann and wife, Rev. John Roth and wife, Rev. John J. Schmick and wife, Rev. Michael Jung, and Rev. William Edwards, and at a later time Rev. Benjamin Mortimer and Rev. Abraham Luckenbach.

So complete was the success which crowned these gospel labors, and so commanding became the personal influence of Zeisberger, that just before the breaking out of the War of the Revolution the Grand Council of the Delawares solemnly adopted an edict of which the following is the principal part:

"Liberty is given the Christian religion, which the

Council advises the entire nation to adopt. The Christian Indians are on an entire equality with the Delawares, all constituting together one nation. Christian Indians have like property rights in the nation's lands with the rest of the nation. Only converts may settle near the towns of the Christian Indians."

The following statutes for the government of his Indian communities were drawn up by Zeisberger, and in accordance with them were all their affairs regulated :

"We will know no other God but the one only true God, who made us and all creatures, and came into this world in order to save sinners; to him alone we pray. We will rest from work on the Lord's day, and attend public service. We will honor father and mother, and when they grow old and needy we will do for them what we can.

"No one shall have leave to dwell with us until our Pastors have given their consent, after due examination by the Helpers. We will have nothing to do with thieves, murderers, whoremongers, adulterers, or drunkards. We will not take part in dances, sacrifices, heathenish festivals or games. We will use no witchcraft in hunting.

"We will obey our Pastors and the Helpers appointed to preserve order in our public services, and in the towns and in the fields. We will not be idle, nor scold, nor beat one another, nor tell lies. Whosoever injures the property of his neighbor shall make restitution.

"A man shall have but one wife, shall love her and shall provide for her and for his children. A woman shall have but one husband, shall obey him, care for her children, and be cleanly in all things. Young persons shall not marry without the consent of their parents and their pastor.

"We will not admit rum or any other intoxicating liquor into our towns. If strangers or traders shall bring intoxicating liquors, our Helpers shall take it from them and not restore it until the owners are ready to leave the place.

"No one shall contract debts with traders or receive goods to sell for traders, without the consent of the Helpers. Whoever goes on a hunt or journey must give due notice to the Pastors or Stewards. Whenever the Stewards or Helpers appoint a time to make fences or to do other work for the common good, we will assist and do our part. Whenever corn is needed to entertain strangers, or sugar for lovefeasts, we will freely contribute from our supply. We will not go to war and will not buy booty taken in war."

The government of these towns was administered by the Missionaries and the Helpers, who constituted a municipal Council. Whenever the question of removal came up after the dispersion in 1781, the decision was always left to the vote of the people. Agriculture and stock-raising were what mainly employed these communities of Indian converts, although hunting was not given up altogether.

The material and spiritual prosperity of this re-

markable cluster of Indian towns in the valley of the Tuscarawas, under the superintendency of Zeisberger and his devoted assistants, excited the wondering admiration alike of the white man and of the red man. Many came long distances to visit these habitations of peace and plenty upon which rested the smile of God.

The church at Schön-Brunn, the oldest settlement, had room for five hundred hearers, yet it often proved too small to hold the people who crowded to hear the gospel message.

Among the converts were many chiefs of the various tribes of the Delaware Nation, together with Mohicans, Nanticokes, Shawanese, and others, who constituted a part of the abundant ingathering of this most prosperous Indian mission.

On Easter morning, 1774, Zeisberger led the people in the praying of the beautiful Easter Morning Litany of the Moravian Church, which he had translated into the Delaware Indian language.

The six years from 1771 to 1776 mark the time of Zeisberger's greatest success in his life-work of evangelizing the Indians. It can be said with truth that no man has ever reached an equal degree of success in evangelizing the American red man.

With the beginning of the American Revolution began the troublous years of Zeisberger's missionary work, culminating, in 1781, in the destruction of the fair fabric of Christian Indian civilization in the Tuscarawas Valley and the dispersion of his Indian church. Thereafter for more than twenty years he shepherded his

little flock of "brown brethren" in the face of appalling perils, and amid fearful privations, in its wanderings hither and thither in the wilderness, until, within ten years of his death, he was recalled to the Tuscarawas Valley.

The flourishing settlements in northern Ohio were about half-way between the American and British frontier lines, with the American headquarters for all that Western territory at Fort Pitt (Pittsburgh), and the British at Fort Detroit. As an apostle of peace Zeisberger was helpless in the face of these bitter antagonists, and was open to assault from either as the supposed favorer of the other. The Indians among whom he was laboring were the objects of rival diplomacies and plottings, that they might be secured as allies of the one against the other. It is easily understood that at such a time of war and intrigue the work of the missionary must either cease for the time being or be annihilated.

The crisis came in the summer of 1781 when the emissaries of the British commandant at Detroit appeared at Schön-Brunn, in the month of August, with three hundred Indian warriors, under the leadership of the British captain, Elliott. It had been determined that the presence of this body of neutral Indians, under the leadership of Zeisberger and his fellow-missionaries, could no longer be tolerated. To this end the order was given to remove the missionaries at any cost. This fell in with the plans of the heathen Indians, who always found in these settlements a barrier against their maraudings and murderous assaults.

In his Diary Zeisberger describes how this was carried out. "They laid hands on me and Brothers Heckewelder and Seuseman, and led us away captive. They stripped us, taking away all our clothes. We were then brought to the Englishman's tent, where they gave us some old clothes, so that we were not entirely naked. Mrs. Seuseman with her babe, only three days old, was forced to get up out of her bed at night, and together with Mrs. Zeisberger and Mrs. Jungman, all in their night-clothes, these Christian women were carried down the creek in a canoe to the rendezvous near to their imprisoned husbands. Mrs. Heckewelder, with her five-months'-old baby daughter, was undisturbed until the following morning. After plundering the missionaries' houses and ruthlessly destroying their effects (cutting open their pillows and feather-beds, etc.), shooting their cattle and swine and poultry, they compelled the missionaries and their wives to set out on foot upon a toilsome march through the wilderness in the direction of Detroit." Bishop de Schweinitz, in his *Life of Zeisberger*, says: "It was a sad journey. Zeisberger and his fellow-missionaries were turning their backs upon the scenes of more than eight years' industry (1772 to 1781), and of a Christian community never equalled in the history of missions among the American Indians. They were leaving behind rich plantations with five thousand bushels of unharvested corn, besides large quantities stored in barns; hundreds of young cattle and swine roaming the woods; poultry of every kind; gardens stocked with an abundance of vegeta-

bles; three flourishing towns, each with a commodious house of worship; all the furniture of their homes; the implements of husbandry; in a word, their entire property save what could be carried on pack-horses or in canoes."

But more than all the material loss was the terrible blow to the prestige of the work of the mission among the Indians. Its glory was gone. The independence of the Indian Christians, as recognized in their relations to the nation of Delaware Indians, and which secured to them Indian rights and immunities at the hands of all the other Indian clans and nations, was destroyed.

Zeisberger, at the age of sixty, after having given more than thirty of these years to unremitting labors in behalf of the evangelization of the red man, saw the shipwreck of his life-work. For well-nigh twenty following years of laborious and harassing leadership he was the Moses of the remnant of the Indian Church, guiding it with all the firmness and gentleness and intrepid devotion of the Hebrew leader, hither and thither through the wilderness of northern Ohio and southern Michigan and the adjacent parts of Canada, until, in 1798, he was permitted, in God's good providence, to return to the Tuscarawas Valley, and near to the "Beautiful Spring" and the site of Schön-Brunn, to found his last Indian settlement, Goshen, in the seventy-eighth year of his pilgrimage.

The record of these seventeen years of leadership of the Indian Church in the wilderness has been recently

published by the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio, in an English translation, by Eugene F. Bliss, of the German Manuscript Diary of Zeisberger.

It tells how the news of the "Gnadenhuetten Massacre" was brought to the captive missionaries at their first halting station at "Captives' Town" [in what is now Antrim township, Wyandot County, Ohio], near Sandusky, in March, 1782, after their first winter in captivity. Ninety Indian Christians, men, women, and children, had returned to their former homes in the Tuscarawas Valley, in early springtime, to recover a portion of their still unharvested corn-crop. A force of American militia-men from the vicinity of Pittsburgh, under the command of Colonel Williamson, surprised them at their labors in the field and murdered them in cold blood!

We will let Zeisberger tell the story, as he records it in his Diary under date of March 23, 1782. "To-day we have the first trustworthy news of the horrible murder of our Indian brethren at Gnadenhuetten and Salem, March 7 and 8. Our Indian brethren (who had been driven away from the Tuscarawas towns when the missionaries were driven off and had shared the captivity of their pastors) during the whole winter had suffered great hunger, for in this neighborhood nothing was to be had. Since now they heard that there was corn enough in our towns and that they had nothing to fear to go there and get it, they made ready and went away. For they saw nothing else before them, if they remained, than that they and their children must starve.

"We advised them at Christmas and at New Year's to go there, for as long as snow remained there was the least danger. But they did not go until the snow melted, and then it was too late and dangerous. When they were there they believed themselves quite secure. Instead of hastening to get away again, they stayed several weeks in the towns and fields, having then enough to eat.

"The militia, some 200 in number, as we hear, came first to Gnadenhuetten. Our Indians were mostly in the cornfields and saw the militia come, but no one thought of fleeing, for they suspected no ill. The militia came to them and bade them come into town and no harm should befall them. They trusted and went, but they were all bound, the men being put into one house and the women into another. The brethren began to sing hymns and spoke words of encouragement and consolation one to another, until they were all slain. The sisters soon afterwards met the same fate. Christina [a widow who had been educated at Bethlehem], the Mohican (who spoke English and German fluently), fell upon her knees before the colonel and begged for life, but got for answer that he could not help her. The brethren and sisters of Salem were bound in like manner, led into town and slaughtered. The militia, before murdering them, had made our Indians bring out all their hidden goods, and then took them away. They had to tell the soldiers where the bees were and help get the honey out. Other things also they had to get for them before they were

killed. They prayed and sang until the tomahawks of the militia-men stuck in their heads. The young man Jacob (who brought the news), who was scalped and got away, said the blood flowed in streams into the cellar of the house. They burned the bodies together with the houses, which they set on fire [a day or two after the massacre].”

Thus were butchered in cold blood twenty-nine men, twenty-seven women, eleven boys, eleven girls, and twelve babes at the breast, members of the Indian church now in captivity.

Zeisberger adds: “This news sank deep into our hearts, so that these our brethren and sisters, who as martyrs had all at one time gone to the Saviour, were always, day and night, before our eyes and in our thoughts, and we could not forget them. But this in some measure comforted us: that they passed into the Saviour’s arms in such a resigned disposition of heart, where they will for ever rest protected from the sins and all the wants of this world.”

On April 8, 1782, he writes in his Diary: “Nowhere is a place to be found to which we can retire with our Indians and be secure. *The world is all too narrow.* From the white people, or so-called Christians, we can hope for no protection, and among the heathen we have no friends left, such outlaws are we! But, praise be to God, the Lord our God yet lives, who will not forsake us. He will punish us if we deserve punishment, that afterwards he may be the more merciful to us.”

“Our Indian church,” dispersed and persecuted,

like sheep that have no shepherd, knowing not whither to turn or whom to trust—prayer for them was the burden of all his petitionings.

At length in July, 1782, by permission of the Detroit commandant, Major Schuyler de Peyster, Zeisberger began a settlement for the scattered remnant of the Indian church in what is now Clinton township, Macomb County, Michigan, and named it New Gnadenhuetten. It was situated some twenty-three and a half miles from Detroit. After four years of quiet and measurable success, the peace between Great Britain and the United States seemed to open the way for the return of the veteran Missionary Superintendent and his reunited remnant of the Indian church to the Tuscarawas Valley. Here Congress had made a large grant of land for the abode and the support of the Moravian Indians. But the complications with the various Indian nations in the Northwestern Territory, who refused to submit to the virtual confiscation of their land, rendered such a return inadvisable.

Their Chippewa neighbors urged upon them the fact that they had been granted an asylum on their territory only until peace should be reëstablished. Accordingly Zeisberger determined upon a return to Ohio territory. In two sloops they were conveyed across Lake Erie, and after many "perils in the waters" and "perils in the wilderness" they were landed at the mouth of the Cuyahoga, where Cleveland is now built. "Pilgerruh," a temporary abiding-place, was built in what is now Independence township, Cuyahoga County,

on the eastern bank of the river, "probably not far from the northern boundary."

After only a year's sojourn at this "lodge in the wilderness," Zeisberger transferred his settlement to what is now Milan township, Erie County, Ohio, a few miles from the mouth of the Huron River. De Schweinitz locates the site as probably near to that of Milan. They reached the site of the new settlement in May, 1787. It bears the name of New Salem in the records of the Indian mission.

Until March, 1791, this Indian settlement flourished with a degree of material and spiritual prosperity that seemed to bring back again the golden days of blessed and fruitful missionary activity on the Lehigh and the Susquehanna in Pennsylvania, and in the Tuscarawas Valley before the Gnadenhuetten massacre. Many conversions attended the faithful preaching of the gospel message. Gelelemend, "the great chief of Goschgoschünk" (the former capital of the Delaware Indians) "came like any other sinner, weeping and begging for grace at the Saviour's feet." He was baptized after months of probation, and became a faithful Helper in the church.

Here the faithful Brother Schebosch entered his rest, aged sixty-eight. Identified since 1742 with the Moravian mission among the Indians, he had been one of Zeisberger's most trusty and efficient helpers. He says of him in his Diary, under date of Friday, September 5, 1788, the day of his burial, "He was serviceable to every man without distinction, white or Indian, at all

times ready to help when he could. He bore his cross with patience, for in this life he seldom had things easy and good. But he was never heard to complain or fret, even if things went hard with him, and he had not even enough to eat. He loved and was loved. We shall long miss him among us. His stay here below will remain with us and with the Indian brethren in blessed remembrance."

Of a female helper, the Indian woman Agnes, who died in peace at New Gnadenhuetten, in Michigan, 1783, who had been baptized in September, 1751, at the station Gnadenhuetten, on the Mahoning, in Carbon County, Pennsylvania, he says: "She went through all the fatalities, difficulties and changes through which the Indian church passed: at the burning of the first Gnadenhuetten in 1755, then at Nain, and in imprisonment in Philadelphia; in 1765 at Friedenshuetten on the Susquehanna, in 1772 at Friedenstadt on the Allegheny, and thence to the Tuscarawas Valley. In the year 1781, when the Indian church on the Muskingum was carried away captive, she had part in all the hardships we encountered. After 1782, when the Indian church had been altogether robbed of its missionaries, she took the first opportunity to rejoin us at New Gnadenhuetten, in Michigan, where she died in peace. She is a clear example and proof that whoever has a true heart the Saviour helps through all tribulations and upholds to the end."

To "our dear old Abraham," who died a few years later, in 1791, Zeisberger pays this tribute (he was

one of the fruits of the Friedenshuetten revival, on the Susquehanna, in 1765): "By the grace of the Saviour he made himself free altogether from Indian superstition and gave himself entirely to the Saviour. He proved this in his life, and through all these years to the very end he remained true to the church, and he is therefore a rare example. He was formerly one of the greatest drunkards and fighters, so that all had to flee before him. But he had put off the old man with his works and had put on Christ who lived in him. During all opposition, amid reproach and persecution from the savages, he freely acknowledged Christ and praised him as the Redeemer and only Saviour of the heathen. He often ended his exhortations to the savages with these words: 'Now, my friends, I have told you how you will be happy and can attain to eternal life. I have also told you what you have to expect in case you do not receive it. I have spoken everything which one must know who wishes to be saved. It is a comfort to me to have had this opportunity of saying this to you, so that you cannot on that day accuse me, We were with the believers, but they told us nothing of this.' He filled the office of Overseer in the Indian church for many years unweariedly, in perfect fidelity day and night. He went through much suffering and hardship with the Indian church. In his last illness he said that if it were the Saviour's will that he should depart it was well. He should go to him with joy as a poor sinner, who had nothing good to show but only Jesus' blood and righteousness. He was conscious to the last.

When the Lord's blessing had been imparted to him, he said, 'Now I am happy.' We have had but one Abraham. We shall miss him, but we do not begrudge him his blessed call to rest in Jesus' wounds. We thank the Saviour for lending him to us so many years. May he be pleased further to think of us and to send us more such true helpers, supplying them with grace, courage, and strength to his praise."

Of William, a national Helper, who died in 1791, Zeisberger records: "In his youth he was much with the late Sir William Johnson, whose interpreter he was at the treaties. He was honored by the Indians and by the whites as a man of consequence. He joined the church at Friedenshuetten in 1770, and at once formed the resolution to live all his life in the church and to say good-night to the world, Indian councils, the chiefs and their affairs. He kept this resolution to the end. He came to Ohio in '72 and soon became a national Helper and our interpreter, for which he had a fine talent. He had a fine gift, when preaching Christ to the heathen Indians, to make them understand plainly, after the Indian way and manner of speech, what served for their salvation; and his words found acceptance, for he was loved and respected by all in and out of the church. His intercourse with the brethren was upright, straightforward, and for their blessing and edification: As often as we had to treat with the chiefs about our affairs we always employed him, for we could depend upon it that our purpose would be attained. More than others he had a successful hand in such transactions. He con-

sidered well what he had to accomplish, and he knew well the manners and customs of the chiefs, and the Saviour was with him. The last business of this sort which he undertook was to take back the hatchet sent to our Christian Indians from Fort Wayne (Gigeyunk) summoning them to war. He did not want to go, but went from obedience; for he was not well, and the matter was unpleasant to him. But in this affair also he was so successful that since that time we have had no further trouble about this. He came back from his errand to Fort Wayne so sick that he was scarcely able to give an account of his journey and what he had done. He said to Brother Samuel, who was also sick, 'We cannot know which of us two will first go to the Saviour, you or I. If you go first, be assured that I will remain faithful to the Saviour; if I go before you, do thou remain faithful, so that we may see each other again.' He fell asleep calmly and happily, conscious to the last."

Rich fruitage of the veteran missionary's life-labor! Happy indeed amid all the countless trials and poignant sorrows that clouded his career, in the triumph of the Saviour's grace over the powers of darkness, in the salvation of hundreds and thousands of precious souls.

In the midst of the fruitful activity of the settlement at New Salem came the "foreboding" of another enforced pilgrimage. The warlike relations of the new Government with the Indians of that Western territory made it no longer safe for the Indian church. Again the mournful plaint finds a place in his Diary: "The

world, which yet is large and contains land enough, will soon be too small for them, a handful of believing Indians, who because they believe in Jesus Christ are despised, of whom the world is unworthy."

"We have had an inkling for some time that we must soon again take the pilgrim's staff, after dwelling here for four years," he writes under date of Wednesday, January 12, 1791. They had been four fruitful years in another important respect. Zeisberger found leisure to prepare a translation into the Delaware language of the "Harmony of the Four Gospels," and a hymn-book in the same language. Time for the establishment and conduct of schools was also given, and three schools were kept with a hundred pupils, children and adults, who were anxious to learn to read and write.

On Sunday, April 10, 1791, the day before the seventieth anniversary of his birth, Zeisberger preached the farewell sermon preparatory to the breaking up of the settlement. The removal began next day, and by Thursday, the 14th, the last canoes left, carrying with them the patriarchal Zeisberger and the rear-guard of twenty helpers.

Again did the hostilities between the American Government and the Indians compel the sorely distressed Indian church, under the guidance of Zeisberger, to seek an asylum under the British flag.

Their pilgrimage led them to a temporary halting-place or "night-lodge" near the mouth of the Detroit River, on the Canada side, near the present Amherst-

burg, where they established themselves for one year. In May, 1792, they took up their abode in Oxford township, Canada West, on the River Thames. Here Zeisberger founded the settlement of Fairfield, upon a tract of land granted them by the British Government, twelve miles long and six miles broad. The new settlement soon grew to be a flourishing town with forty houses, regularly built, a church, and parsonages for Zeisberger and his fellow-laborers, Brother and Sister Gottlob Seuseman, and the Brethren Edwards and Jung. Here he labored in the gospel for six years among his beloved "brown brethren," until August, 1798. In that year the Mission Board commissioned Heckewelder and Edwards to lead a colony of converts back to the Tuscarawas Valley, where a new Indian settlement, named Goshen, was founded. Hither the venerable and apostolic Zeisberger was called to spend the last years of his long life of labor for the salvation of the red man. Here at Goshen, on November 17, 1808, he entered on his eternal rest, in his 88th year.

John Heckewelder, next to Zeisberger the most illustrious name in the annals of Moravian missionary labor among the Indians, gives us this picture of one with whom he was associated in these labors for many years, and whom he loved as "Brother David."

"Zeisberger was endowed with a good understanding and a sound judgment; a friend and benefactor to all men, and justly beloved by all who knew him, with perhaps the exception of those who were enemies of the gospel which he preached.

"As the result of the peculiar circumstances of his life, we note his reticence. He undertook many solitary journeys, and in the first half of his life he lived at places where there either was no society or such as was not congenial. Hence he withdrew within himself and lived in close communion with his unseen but ever-present heavenly Friend.

"In the formation of his judgments he was very thorough, not impulsive. He did not suffer himself to be carried away by outside influences. He gave expression to his opinion only after he had come to a positive and settled conclusion in his own mind. Experience usually proved the correctness of his judgment. To this his fellow-missionaries all bear witness.

"Receiving as it were a glimpse of the future through the deep thoughts and silent prayers in which he was engaged, he stood up, on most occasions, full of confidence and knew no fear. Amid distressing and perilous circumstances his fellow-missionaries and his Indian converts invariably looked to him. His courage, his fearless readiness to act, his comforting words, cheered them all.

"Brother Zeisberger would never consent to have his name put down on a salary-list, or become a 'hireling,' as he termed it. He said that although a salary might be both agreeable and proper for some missionaries, yet in his case it would neither be the one nor the other; that he had devoted himself to the service of the Lord among the heathen without any view of a

reward other than such as his Lord and Master might deign to bestow upon him."

Benjamin Mortimer, his youthful associate in the last years of his service, says: "Father Zeisberger was fully persuaded that from his earliest youth God had called him to preach the gospel to the heathen. In this assurance he gave up all the vanities of a worldly life, the comfort and ease so highly esteemed among men, and took up his life-work in the assured faith that the Lord would grant his blessing and help. With joyousness of spirit he stood up courageously in the face of reproach and scorn, persecutions and threatenings; he gladly took up his daily task, enduring hunger and varied perils, assured of victory over every foe, in the attainment of his one great object, the winning of souls from heathendom for Christ. Great were his zeal and his perseverance in all the long years of his faithful service.

"He was never happier than when assured that the souls to whom he preached the gospel had sought and found the forgiveness of their sins and could rejoice in Jesus as their Saviour. To win one soul for Christ, and help it to come into the blessed experience of pardon, was more to him than to have gained the whole world. It is impossible to describe adequately the joy he always manifested when some wandering sinner would return in penitence and find his way back again to the fold of the Shepherd.

"His record of missionary service among the Indians in the eighteenth century is unequalled. For sixty years,

amid many and varied trials, he preached the gospel among them. During the last forty of these years he was not absent from his post, at any one time, for a period of six months. Only three times in the same period was he a visitor in the home churches. The last visit of this sort he made almost thirty years before his death.

“With his boldness in God, and fearlessness in the face of the greatest perils, he combined to a rare degree meekness of spirit and a lowly mind. He was a transparently unselfish man, who never thought highly of himself. He was a prudent man, who, although constantly exposed upon his incessant journeyings and wanderings in the wilderness, never sacrificed his health needlessly. He never used intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

“In all the work of his ministry he never lost sight of the fact that he was contending with the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience, but he ever remembered that he had God on his side to secure to him the victory. And indeed he did overcome Satan by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of his testimony, and loved not his life unto death.”

A few days before his departure, as he lay upon his dying bed, the saintly man gave this testimony: “As my weakness is continually increasing, I believe that the Saviour intends to take me to himself. During the many sleepless hours of the past days and nights, I have been going over all my past life, with the Saviour,

and have found so much occasion to ask his forgiveness that nothing else was left me. I know I am his. I trust in his blood, which covers all my sins. He is mine. His meritorious sacrifice avails for me.

"Some of our brethren and sisters depart with great joyousness of heart. This is not so in my case. I can only depart as a poor sinner. God will take unto himself my spirit. This I know. The sinful part I leave behind."

This was modestly spoken, but with greatest assurance of faith in the Lord his Redeemer.

In the library of Harvard University, in a case provided for this special purpose by the donor, Edward Everett, under lock and key, are preserved fourteen Zeisberger manuscripts, including a dictionary of the Delaware Indian language, a grammar, a "Harmony of the Four Gospels," a hymn book, a volume of Litanies and Liturgies, of sermons to children, all in the Delaware Indian language. Other manuscripts are deposited in the library of the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, the property of the American Moravian Church, whose own archives contain many more equally valuable manuscripts and records of the labors of Zeisberger. These literary remains are an illustrious memorial of the patient scholarship of the man who forgot self in his indefatigable service of the despised American Indian.

But more glorious and imperishable memorials of the endurance and unswerving devotion of David Zeisberger to his call as a herald of the Saviour's cross to

the Indians of America are garnered in the upper sanctuary—the host of precious souls that he was permitted to lead out of the darkness of heathendom into the light of the salvation through Christ.

Side by side in the old Goshen graveyard rest the bodies of the brother missionaries, Zeisberger and Edwards. A stone marks each grave.

A monument has been placed within the enclosure, the inscription upon which tells the simple story of Zeisberger's heroic devotion:

DAVID ZEISBERGER,

BORN APRIL 11, 1721, IN MORAVIA;

DEPARTED THIS LIFE NOVEMBER 17, 1808;

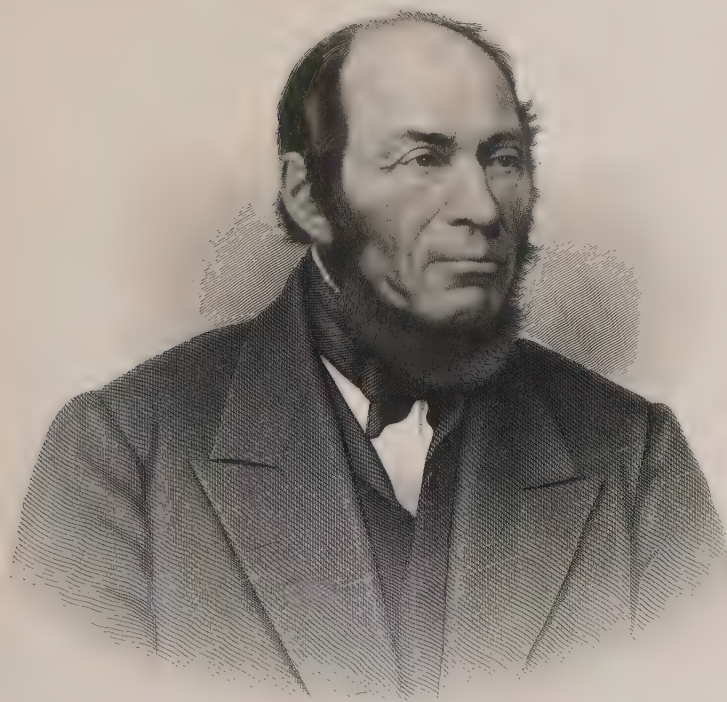
AGED 87 YEARS, 7 MONTHS, 6 DAYS.

THIS FAITHFUL SERVANT OF THE LORD LABORED

AMONG THE AMERICAN INDIANS AS A MIS-

SIONARY DURING THE LAST SIXTY

YEARS OF HIS LIFE.



Thos. S. Williamson

THOMAS SMITH WILLIAMSON, M. D.

BORN MARCH, 1800; DIED JUNE 24, 1879.

BY REV. ROCKWOOD MACQUESTEN.

DR. WILLIAMSON, the subject of this sketch, was born in Union District, S. C., March, 1800. His father, William, was a clergyman, a graduate of Hampton-Sidney College, and a soldier in the war of the Revolution. His mother was Ann Newton, a distant relative of Sir Isaac and Rev. John Newton. He himself was born into an inheritance of slaves and received further acquisitions of the same by both his first and second marriages. Desiring to set them free, he removed to Adams County, Ohio.

Thomas, his son, early manifested a love for the study of the divine Word, and showed his sympathy for the oppressed in a very practical way. Besides a godly parentage, he had the further boon of the companionship and influence of five earnest Christian sisters, four of whom were older than himself. While pursuing his studies at Jefferson College he was led to

give his heart to God. Soon after his settlement at Ripley he was married to Miss Margaret Poage, a daughter of Col. James Poage, proprietor of the town. She proved to be a lovely, quiet, and faithful wife, who, with her cheerful Christian companionship for forty-five years of perfect harmony, was a helpmeet in his labors.

To this young couple the future seemed full of promise. Children were born to them; they were prosperous, and an honorable name was being secured through the faithful discharge of the duties of his profession and of Christian citizenship.

Soon, however, there commenced that series of providential dealings and inward spiritual experiences which resulted in the life that entitles the subject of this sketch to a place among "American Heroes on Mission Fields."

> Heroism has been defined as "the self-devotion of genius manifesting itself in action." Weighed in this balance Dr. Williamson is not found wanting. Abraham was written among the heroes of faith because, being called, he went out into a land which he knew not, but which he should afterwards receive as an inheritance. None the less does Dr. Williamson deserve to be so written since, being called, he also obeyed—going into a land that he knew not, where he expected no inheritance save one of perils, persecutions, and contempt.

The call came to Dr. and Mrs. Williamson by the messenger of death. They thought themselves happily

settled for life. But God, having better things in store for them, "as the eagle stirreth up her nest," unsettled them and called them forth. To the first whisperings of the Macedonian cry they excused themselves on account of their children. God removed this seeming obstacle. The little ones were called to the arms of Jesus. "A great trial!" A great blessing also! The tears of bereavement watered the springings of faith, whereby both father and mother were enabled to say, "Here we are; send us." "This decision," says an intimate friend, "neither of them ever after for one moment regretted; neither did they doubt that they were called of God to this work, nor did they fear that their life-work would prove a failure."

In the spring of 1833 Dr. Williamson placed himself under the care of the Presbytery of Chillicothe, as a candidate for the ministry. In August he removed with his family to Walnut Hills and entered Lane Seminary. He was licensed in April, 1834, in the Presbyterian church of Red Oak. He was already under appointment by the American Board to visit the Indians of the Upper Mississippi, especially the Sacs and Foxes. He was also to gather what information he could concerning the Sioux or Dakotas, the Winnebagos and other Indians. He went as far north as Fort Snelling, at the mouth of the Minnesota, or, as it was then called, the St. Peter's River. This region then was almost a foreign country and Fort Snelling was the only port of entry. Only now and then did a steamer find its way thither on Government business or

for trade. It was more remote than many parts of Africa or India.

Two hundred years had passed since the first white man, Capt. Hennepin, had looked upon the Falls of St. Anthony. The military post at Fort Snelling, a dozen or so scattered trading-posts, a few mission stations in the Lake Superior region, marked the advance of the white man into the region of the Chippewas and the Dakotas. Fort Snelling was the only postoffice within the present limits of the State of Minnesota and the only white people therein were gathered around it. Those who were engaged in the fur-trade were French Canadians, ignorant of the English language, and in the near vicinity—within the present limits of Minneapolis—were two brothers, laymen, who had come at their own charges from Connecticut to work for the civilization and salvation of the savages.

While the steamer on which Dr. Williamson made his first trip was "laying to" at Winona, he had his first sight at the Dakotas. Of them he gives the following graphic account: "While the men were assembling for a talk (with the Indian agent, who had brought supplies) I started for a walk through the camp. The half-naked children, and women with cloth leggings, scanty cloth skirts, and calico short gowns, so covered with dirt and grease that the original color was not apparent, and dirty threadbare blankets with which the younger ones covered their heads and most of their faces, standing near their tents gazed at us. The wolf-like, starved-looking dogs,

EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

FORT SNELLING, AT THE MOUTH OF THE MINNESOTA.



which appeared to be as numerous as the people, barked at us fiercely." Returning to the council, he found the braves "smoking from one or more of their stone pipes, with wooden stems nearly a yard long, each taking a few puffs and then passing the pipe to his next neighbor. Wapashaw, the chief, was eating, evidently with excellent relish, some bread and meat brought him from the boat. No part of his clothing, which was scanty, was either new or clean. He was probably about seventy years old and small of stature, but a man of good sense, wide awake, and deeply interested in the welfare of his people."

At Prairie du Chien, on his return, Dr. Williamson met a half-breed trader named J. B. Renville. He was located at Lac-qui-Parle, at the head-waters of the St. Peter's River. It was this providential meeting that led Dr. Williamson to locate his mission at that point.

On his return from this trip of exploration Dr. Williamson was ordained as a missionary, on the 18th of September, by the same Presbytery that licensed him. In the spring of 1835, commissioned as a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., he set out by steamboat for Fort Snelling. The party was composed of himself, his wife and one child, his wife's sister, Sarah Poage, afterward Mrs. Gideon H. Pond, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Huggins and two children. On the 16th of May they arrived at Fort Snelling. During his brief stay he presided at the organization of the first church in Minnesota. Old Major Loomis of the garrison had been instrumental in winning some of the soldiers to Christ.

Some of the officers were already professing Christians. These made a membership of twenty-two.

About five weeks thereafter they set out to ascend the St. Peter's by a "Mackinaw" boat as far as Traverse des Sioux, where now stands the town of St. Peter's. Of this trip Dr. Williamson has left some interesting reminiscences, from which we quote: "The fur-traders had agreed to take the women and children and our supplies on their boat as far as Traverse. The boat was a large skiff, carrying about five tons. When it came to the landing at the fort it appeared to us more than full of Indian goods. The boatmen picked up such of our supplies as they could find a place for, and by passing the wheels of our wagon, which were first taken from the axles, down just inside the gunwales, were able to pile on more than at first seemed possible, though they left more than half of what we wished to take. They put the wagon-box on top of all, near the middle of the boat, and the women and children, with Mr. Huggins to take care of them, were embarked in it. Every place about them where there was room to sit was occupied by Indian or half-breed women and children. I travelled by land, with the horses."

The first night they encamped at Blackdog's village, still in sight of the fort. The next night was passed at Sixes' village, two or three miles below the present town of Shakopee. The third night-station was where Carver now is. The following night found them not far from the present site of St. Lawrence. The next morning the two parties separated, to meet

no more until they reached Traverse. For more than a month it had been raining almost every day, and the trail through "the big woods" was almost impassable. The land company succeeded in making about half the journey from Belle Plain to Le Sueur and encamped for the night. The next day being the Sabbath, Dr. Williamson refused to travel, and the rest of the party went on, leaving a young Indian as guide. On Monday afternoon they reached Traverse, having swum the horses across the stream at that point. Two days later the boat arrived, and on comparing notes it was concluded that the river journey was more wearisome than that by land. They were nine tedious days on a route now traversed in less than three hours.

On the first of July, 1835, Dr. Williamson and his party started across the prairie for Lac-qui-Parle. Into a rather small two-horse wagon they had to put three women and three children, with the personal baggage of the party, besides bedding, cupboard, cooking furniture, and provisions. The two men travelled on foot. Owing to the previous rains it was a tedious journey, the horses often getting "mired" so that all had to be unloaded, the wagon often sinking to the hubs. When the Sabbath again overtook them the party of missionaries was left alone, while the traders and their followers went on. "We enjoyed the rest, for we needed it; though there was not a tree nor a bush within several miles of us." Starting again on Monday, and following the cart tracks of those who had gone before, they came to the trading-post on the

8th. During the latter part of this journey they secured wood and water by tying the one in bundles under the wagon and carrying the other in their hands.

Commenting on this journey Dr. Williamson says: "We had expected hardship and trials and were not disappointed. We believed Jesus died to save Indians as well as ourselves, and we were willing to suffer somewhat to save them for whom he had suffered so much. Neither then nor amid the severe trials of later years did we regret having left friends and the comforts of civilization to give to these savages a knowledge of the way of life." She who suffered most in later years could say, "I only regret that I have not been able to do more and serve Jesus better."

AT LAC QUI PARLE.

They arrived at the trading-post of J. B. Renville at Lac qui Parle, July 8, 1835. This man warmly welcomed the missionaries, gave them a temporary home, and was helpful in many ways. He acted as interpreter, assisted in the translating of the Scriptures, and was instrumental in removing from the Indians many of their prejudices against the white man's religion. In his possession was found a large French Bible, which had been the means of his conversion and preparation for the coming of the messengers of the Lord.

In a little sketch of a party of Indians who had been led by the agent to undertake farming at Lake Calhoun, "I could see," he says, "in their chiefs noth-

ing of that dignified haughty bearing that I had observed in the Sacs and Foxes and supposed to belong to all Indian chiefs. The day being warm, their scant threadbare blankets, which had never been washed, were suffered to fall from their shoulders, leaving the upper part of their bodies naked. Their leather leggings and moccasins were neither new nor clean. The truth of their assertion that they were very poor could not be doubted. They were not ashamed to beg, nor were the people unable or unwilling to dig. While the chiefs were begging, both men and women were digging for food, with their toes, in a marsh only a few hundred rods away, where the water was up to their waists." They were digging for the tuberous roots of the sagittaria, and the water was so deep they could not reach them with their hands. And he adds, "This first effort to teach the Dakotas agriculture was not in vain; they soon learned to grow more potatoes than they could eat.

"The other Dakotas could raise none until they felt the power of the gospel. The officers of Fort Snelling gave them hundreds of bushels to plant, which they received joyously, but the hungry children gathered them from the ground and ate them before they had time to sprout."

Of these two chiefs he says, "They did not oppose Christianity, as most of the natives did, but they never embraced it. Most of their descendants became members of Christian churches. One of the daughters became the wife of an Indian trader, who a

few years after was converted and chosen a ruling elder in the first church ever organized in Minnesota. Two of the granddaughters became wives of white men, ruling elders in Presbyterian churches. One of the grandsons became a ruling elder in the Pilgrim Church and another a teacher in the mission-school of the Santee Agency."

Of the Sioux at Lac qui Parle he says, "Their extreme poverty impressed me at first sight, and further acquaintance did not relieve it." "Their clothing was dirty and nearly worn out. The blankets and cloth skirts of such as were able to own them were scant and threadbare, having been worn incessantly for six or nine months. The skirts of many of the women were of dressed skins, stiff and in many places glossy with dirt and grease. Some of the men might be seen with a calico shirt or a coat of coarse, flimsy, unlined cloth; but most had neither; and as their leggins and blankets were often dispensed with, it was no uncommon sight to see a man with no clothing on except his breech-cloth and moccasins, and the boys were seen about the village with no clothing except a string tied around the body." "The want of food was felt even more than that of clothing. Six or eight weeks before, Mr. Renville had bought the last remnants of their corn for his family and employés. Meanwhile the Indians, without bread or grain or flesh, had subsisted chiefly on roots and wild fruits, with an occasional mess of fish or eggs of wild fowl. Birds they might have eaten, but for want of ammunition they could not be got.

Edible roots were scarce and fear of their enemies kept them from going where an abundance might be found. Sometimes a family would subsist on green gooseberries or wild cherries, and sometimes on the new pith of a coarse grass which grew in the marshes. Subsisting on such food and annoyed by mosquitoes, it is not strange that many of the men and women and some of the children were shrivelled by starvation."

At an early day Dr. Williamson, writing to the Prudential Committee of the Board of Missions, named among the difficulties of his work: (1.) The language; (a) its acquisition; (b) its defects, e. g., no word for the idea of "authority" save that for "chief" or "brave;" no names for domestic animals save for "dogs" and "hogs." No words for abstract ideas, e. g., "time," "space," "goodness," "wickedness," etc.; none for qualities, e. g., "colors," "weight." (2.) The ignorance of the savages. (3.) Their religious superstitions. Besides the superstitions connected with the "medicine men" and their great variety of dances, there was the everywhere-present worship of almost every visible object, even stones of all sorts, beasts, and reptiles; stones especially, "because they were so plenty." (4.) The roving habits of the Indians, necessitated by moving from hunting-ground to hunting-ground, and by their terror of the everywhere-present Chippewas, who were constantly watching for them on their eastern and northern borders.

Opposition also was met on the ground of doctrine.

"It was the white man's religion and not that of the Dakotas. The gods of their ancestors must not be forsaken. And what did they want of the knowledge of letters? If the book brought them tobacco or potatoes, when they begged of the white man, it was good; if not, it lied. And what did they want of anything that was not true?"

"The presence of the missionaries dried up the lakes on the prairie and made the muskrats scarce. Their sacred men—their conjurers, dreamers, and war prophets—were troubled by our presence, and their young men were no longer successful on the war-path. So the warriors were stationed along the paths; children were compelled to stay away from school; the women who dared to come to the mission to pray and sing had their blankets cut up, and the cattle of the mission were killed and eaten." The winter of 1838-9 was remarkable for its religious interest, and some ten women were added to the church. But the previous summer a war party had "made a path" into the Chippewas' country and returned without scalps. This failure was laid at the door of the mission, and the "braves" took vengeance on the cattle.

In less than a year from the arrival of the missionaries a church was organized, which, in 1837, consisted of seven Dakotas, besides half-breeds and whites, and within five years had enrolled forty-nine. Of this church Mr. Huggins and Mr. Renville were the ruling elders.

With the assistance of Mr. Renville, Dr. William-

son perfected himself in French, and translated into Dakota parts of the Old Testament. He also translated several hymns, some of which are still in use. Of Dr. Williamson as a writer of hymns, Dr. Riggs says, "He was naturally neither musician nor poet, but he evidently took delight in the song service of the family and of the house of God. He may have attempted to write poetry in his college days, as many young men do, but coming into the Dakota land the circumstances and necessities were all changed. In the first year of mission-work 'words of song' were a great desideratum, and Dr. Williamson's knowledge of rhythm, both in the Latin and English, served him well in his effort to construct Dakota hymns."

The very first beginnings in constructing a written language and in teaching the Indians its use were made by the two brothers, Gideon H. and Samuel W. Pond. At their own charges they left Connecticut in 1834 and settled among the Indians at Lake Harriette, near Minneapolis, not as ordained preachers, but simply as teachers in the arts and industries of civilization. Mr. S. W. Pond says of their work: "In the spring of 1835, while my brother and myself lived at Lake Harriette, a young Dakota came to our house and asked whether we thought Dakotas could learn to read. There was then nothing printed in the Dakota language. We had a short time previously arranged an alphabet in which it could be written, but we could furnish him letters only by writing them. It was little trouble to teach him, for he learned rapidly both to

read and write, and he was soon able to write letters which we could understand very well, so far as we were acquainted with the language."

The first school for teaching to read and write Dakota was begun at Lac qui Parle, December, 1835, in a conical Dakota tent about twenty feet in diameter and height. At first the Indians objected that their language was not like that of the white man, and that the words could not be represented by marks. They were, however, persuaded to make the attempt. The school apparatus was primitive and for the most part extemporized on the spot. Progress was slow, the attendance small and irregular, but in the course of three months they began to write to each other on birch bark. As he says, the teacher while teaching was himself taught to write the language correctly, and those who learned to read and write became interested also in the gospel. The first five men who were gathered into the church were pupils in this first school. Of the next twenty, three were in the school and fourteen others were related to the pupils. Among their descendants and near relations were three Dakota pastors and many of the most faithful and industrious communicants.

In less than two years after Dr. Williamson's arrival he was preaching to the Indians in their own tongue. The work was hindered by the hostility of the "braves," who opposed the "white man's religion" because, as they said, it made the men women, and they had "a woman's church." The medicine-men

also opposed the gospel, being willing to receive the white man's God among their own, but not as the only God. Fire-water and the influence of unprincipled whites in the vicinity of St. Paul were also serious hindrances.

Dr. Williamson himself lived in a story-and-a-half log house with two rooms below, one of which was occupied by the family and the other was both school-room and church for several years. Of three rooms one sheltered Dr. Riggs and family, another Mr. G. H. Pond and wife, and a third served as store-room or study. Under this roof the missionaries met for conference, study, and translation, and here was organized, September, 1844, the original Dakota Presbytery, of four members. A church of unburned brick was erected in 1841, which for thirteen years met the needs of this people. In its belfry was hung the first church-bell in Minnesota. The services of the church were usually in the native language. The hymns were sung to French tunes, which were still the more popular. At the outset translations from the French of a portion of Scripture and some remarks in explanation were made by Mr. Renville. These also furnished moulds of thought and modes of expression which it would have required years to have secured in the usual way of learning a language.

During these years of beginnings Dr. Williamson made the acquaintance of Stephen R. Riggs, then a lad, which ripened into a life-long alliance of love and service. During the young man's seminary course he

received a letter from his missionary friend, to which in later years he refers as follows: "It seems to me now quite strange that he should have indicated in that letter the possible line of work open to me, which has been so closely followed. I remember especially the prominence he gave to the thought that the Bible should be translated into the language of the Dakotas. Men do yet sometimes write as they are moved by the Holy Ghost. That letter decided my going westward rather than to China." Mr. Riggs joined the mission in 1837.

For several years most of the church members were women. "Feasts" were often made in order to get an opportunity to reach the men and interest them in school and church. Once in the new but then unfinished church more than a hundred Dakota men were present. When told of the good news of salvation and urged to accept it, they replied that the church was made up of women. Did the missionaries suppose they were going to follow women?

Meanwhile the doctor's medical skill was pressed into the service of the kingdom, and then, as now, was found to be efficacious in opening the way for the gospel. From the beginning it obtained for him an entrance to the half-blood population and their near of kin. The Indians, and even the so-called "medicine-men," were quite ready to use oils and plasters. "I suppose more than one-third of my time for a year past," he writes to the Board, "has been occupied in preparing medicine and in administering it to the sick.

This is more truly missionary labor than at first might be thought, for we cannot persuade the people to listen to the gospel till we convince them that we have more power over disease without the idolatrous incantations of the devil than they have with them. With those who live in this neighborhood—with the blessing of God on the medicine given—I have succeeded in producing this conviction; and there is scarcely a family within reach who do not now come to me for medicine, though some still employ the conjurors also.”

Such was the efficacy of “medical missions” some twenty-five years before their formal recognition by the American Board. For more than a quarter of a century his medical practice must have taken up a fourth of his time.

While superstition and prejudices were thus being overcome, patiently and wisely the work was being carried forward. Support received from the Board was very meagre, the entire income of the mission, including Government aid to the schools, being less than a thousand dollars a year. Upon this, two mission-stations, including three ordained missionaries, two mission-teachers and farmers, six women, with eight or ten children, were maintained. This also covered travelling expenses, books and printing. Within their reach was no smithy and no mill until they built one; there was no post-office within a hundred miles, and all supplies, after being brought up the river, had to be hauled overland one hundred and twenty-five miles, for the most part across the open prairie. These jour-

neys were always attended with great toil, often with great suffering and peril, and sometimes with loss of life.

Efficient helpers were Mrs. Riggs and Mrs. Huggins. From sunrise until noon, each day, as many girls as they could care for were received and taught. The boys were excluded because of their want of respect for the teachers, and for lack of room. The girls were taught to sew, spin, and knit, as an inducement for them to learn to read, and as a means of bringing them to a knowledge of Christ. In these things they were quick to learn and soon became expert; but in learning to read they were very slow. In writing also they were not as apt as the boys. In the afternoon men and boys were allowed to come; but their attendance was quite irregular and never large. They were preoccupied with their sports, games, and feasts.

The first cloth ever manufactured in Minnesota was made by these Indian woman, on a loom made by Mr. Huggins. They were greatly pleased to be able to make their own clothing. All this was utilized for their spiritual instruction and was regarded simply as a means to an end.

Missionary life at this time and place has been vividly sketched by a son of a missionary, John P. Williamson: "My first serious impression of life was that I was living under a great weight of something, and as I began to discern more clearly, I found this weight to be the all-surrounding, overwhelming presence of heathenism, and all the instincts of my birth and all

the culture of a Christian home set me at antagonism to it at every point. . . . Without doubt our mothers felt it all as keenly as we did, but they had a sustaining ambition for souls which we had not yet gained.

"This feeling of disgust was often accompanied with and heightened by fear. The very air seemed to breathe dangers. At times violence stalked abroad unchallenged, and dark, lowering faces skulked about. Even when we felt no personal danger this incubus of savage life all around weighed on our hearts. Thus it was day and night. Even those hours of twilight, which brood with sweet influences over so many lives, bore to us on the evening air only the weird cadences of the heathen dance or the chill thrill of the war-whoop.

"Ours was a serious life. The earnestness of our parents in the pursuit of their work could not fail to impress in some degree the children. The main purpose of Christianizing that people was felt in everything. It was like garrison life in time of war. But this seriousness was not ascetical or morose. Far from it. Those Christian missionary heroes were full of gladness. With all the disadvantages of such a childhood was the rich privilege of understanding the meaning of cheerful earnestness in Christian life."

We are also given a glimpse of family life when the annual estimates were made out and, later, the goods were received: "These supplies were in reality, perhaps, very small affairs, but we thought them of fabulous value. Indeed they were everything to us. With

the opening of the new year the list of purchases began to be arranged. Each item was carefully considered, and the wants of each of the family remembered. This was no small task when you had to look a year and a half ahead. What debates as to whether B—— could get on with one pair of shoes or must have two; whether C—— would need more gingham aprons or could make the old ones serve. And then it was so hard in January to remember mosquito-bars and straw hats; but if they were forgotten once the next January found them on the list. It was fun to make up the lists, but not so exhilarating when, on summing up the probable cost, it was found to be too much, and then the cruel pen ran through many of our new-born hopes. The letter went on its way to Boston, or maybe to Cincinnati, and we waited its substantial answer. Sometimes our boxes went around by lazy sloops from Boston to New Orleans; thence the laboring steamboats bore them almost the whole length of the Father of Waters; then the flatboat-men sweated and swore as they poled them up the Minnesota to where our teams were met, to carry them for another week over the prairies. Now it was far on into rosy June. After such waiting no wonder that everything seemed precious—the very hoops of the boxes and the redolent pine that made them; even the wrappings and strings of the packages were carefully laid away. And thanks to the kind friends who cared for this work at our several purchasing dépôts, our wants were generally capitally met; and yet sometimes the packer

would arrange it so that the linseed-oil would give a new taste to the dried apples, or turn the plain white of some long-desired book into a highly 'tinted edition.' "

KAPOSIA.

For the first seven years mission-work at Lac qui Parle was prosecuted with marked success in spite of all hindrances. But for the next four years, 1842-1846, the work was seriously checked. The crops failed, and the savages charged their misfortunes to the missionaries. They became "ugly" and commenced a series of petty persecutions. The children were forbidden to attend school, while the women who were favorably disposed to the work or had united with the church had their blankets cut to pieces and their tasks increased, or were shut up, away from contact with the mission. The cattle and horses of the mission were killed, until the firewood had to be hauled by the milch cows.

About this time came an invitation from Little Crow, a somewhat belligerent chief, to establish a mission at his village near St. Paul. Though somewhat disheartened by the outlook at Lac qui Parle, they had no idea of giving up the work. The invitation was accepted and to this new station Mr. Williamson carried the same energy and hopefulness shown at the beginning. Here he remained six years, serving not only the Indians of Little Crow's band, but the white settlers at St. Paul. In 1837 a Methodist mission had been commenced here which was afterward moved to

Red Rock, and finally, after large expenditure, abandoned.

In 1846 the site of the present city of St. Paul was chiefly occupied by a few shanties owned by "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort," sellers of rum to the soldier and the Indian. Despised by all decent white men, it was known to the Dakotas as the place where "minnewaka" or "supernatural water" was sold. The chief of the Kaposia band in 1846 was shot by his own brother in a drunken revel; but surviving the wound, and apparently alarmed at the influence of these modern harpies, he went to Fort Snelling and requested a missionary. The agent wrote to Dr. Williamson soon after the request was made, desiring him to take charge of the school, as being well qualified and an excellent physician.

In November, 1846, Dr. Williamson, as requested, became a resident of Kaposia. While disapproving of their practices, he felt a kindly interest in the whites of "Pig's Eye," now beginning to be called St. Paul, after a little log chapel erected by one of the voyageurs. Though a missionary to the Dakotas, he was the first to promote the education of the whites and half-breeds of Minnesota. In a letter to Ex-Gov. Slade, then President of the National Popular Education Society, Dr. Williamson gives a very interesting account of what has since become the capital of the State. The object of this letter was to secure a teacher for the children of these whites and half-breeds. Miss H. E. Bishop came to the mission in response to this request,

and was presently introduced to the citizens of St. Paul.

The treaty of 1851, of great import both to the white man and the Indian, followed. As early as 1838 the Dakotas had ceded a small portion of their land, lying east of the Mississippi, where the towns of St. Paul, St. Anthony, and Stillwater were already located. By this new treaty the fertile valley of the Minnesota was opened for settlement, together with the broad prairies of the South and West. This took away from the Sioux their hunting-grounds, their cranberry marshes, their deer-parks, and the graves of their ancestors.

"So the Dakotas of the Mississippi and of the lower Minnesota packed up their teepees, their household goods and gods, some in canoes, some on ponies, some on dogs, and some on the women, and slowly and sadly took up their line of march to the reservation." No sooner had the Indians moved than Dr. Williamson prepared to follow them, and as a result we have the new mission at

PEJIHOOTAZE, OR YELLOW MEDICINE.

In his journey thither Dr. Williamson and family traversed again the route of more than fifteen years before. The only "improvement" in the route was the cutting of a bridle-path through the woods.

At Yellow Medicine he remained until the Indian outbreak of 1862. This broke up the work, which was reopened within prison stockades on the banks of the

Missouri. They were years of small results and great discouragements. But nothing daunted the subject of this sketch, for "he trusted not in an arm of flesh."

The first winter there was "a fight for life." "The house was unfinished, the winter began early and was very severe, the snows were deep and the drifts terrible; the teams that were to bring up supplies were snowed in; the animals perished, the provisions were left for the wolves, and the men reached home in a maimed and half-frozen condition. But as God would have it, the fish gathered in shoals near the mission, and both Indians and missionaries lived." Some flour and other provisions were hauled on a hand-sled from Lac qui Parle by the Rev. Mr. Adams. Two years later the mission-houses at Lac qui Parle took fire and were destroyed. A consolidation of the mission force was about this time effected at Hazelwood, two miles distant from Yellow Medicine. A schoolhouse at this point was also used for a church. A small boarding-school was soon opened by Mr. Adams, and a chapel erected. The chief Government agency was at Yellow Medicine, and efforts for the civilization of the Indians began. Heretofore those who adopted the white man's dress indicated thereby a change of religion. These were gathered around the mission-stations. With civilization came new wants. They now desired pantaloons and coats. This led to the formation of a separate band known as the "Hazelwood Republic," electing their own chief. From that time onward the general influence of the Government was directed to the cut-

ting of hair and the wearing of trousers. This was hard work for both parties. But there was power in oxen and wagons and brick houses. So the external civilization went on. The white man's axe, the white man's plough and hoe, had been introduced. The red man was learning to use them. But the great and prominent force was in the underlying education, and especially in the vitalizing and renewing power of Christian truth. So far as the inner life was changed, civilized habits became permanent; otherwise they were mere shadows. This was the NEW DEPARTURE. "*Evangelization* was working out *Civilization*." Dr. Williamson was about this time called into deep affliction by the death of his son, Smith Burgess, "a brave and manly boy;" and hard upon this summer of 1847 came what is known as the Spirit Lake Massacre.

These deplorable events directly affected the mission at Yellow Medicine, and indirectly influenced the outbreak in Minnesota some four or five years later.

INDIAN OUTBREAK, 1862.

Some time after the Spirit Lake massacre, the northern Indians gathered at Yellow Medicine for the yearly reception of goods from the national Government. There was some delay in the matter, and an evil spirit seemed to possess the young men. They battered in the doors of the Government warehouse and seized the provisions. They were stopped by turning upon them a small howitzer which was managed by a few soldiers. A conflict was imminent. "If there is any-

thing between the lids of the Bible, bring it to bear upon them now!" exclaimed the agent to the missionaries. The danger was averted; for a time the shadow passed. But the storm burst in 1862.

Sending away the younger members of the family with Dr. Riggs, Dr. Williamson, his wife, and Miss Poage remained. But the next day they were constrained to follow. The mission families, with the greater part of the settlers far up in the country, reached places of safety. At the Red Wood, or Lower Sioux Agency, some escaped to Fort Ridgely; but many were killed. From settlements across the Minnesota white women and children were taken captive. A month after the outbreak Little Crow wrote, "I have one hundred and fifty-five prisoners."

As in the case of the outbreak in Iowa, the civilized and the Christianized Indians were active in relieving and releasing the captives; and though at first swept away by the war tide, they effectually checked the movement by withdrawing from it, and even aiding the United States Government.

When the missionaries fled, John B. Renville, a licentiate of the mission, remained on the field. Mr. Renville's presence became a necessary factor in producing the counter-revolution which resulted in breaking up the rebellion and delivering the captives. The Christianized Dakotas left their houses and pitched their tents close together. They named it Friendly Camp, and it became a rallying-point for all who were opposed to the outbreak. It was to this camp that

Dr. Williamson, his wife and sister, came when leaving their home at Yellow Medicine. While there it was thought that they were in special danger from men who were seeking their lives: "Well, if they kill me, my home is in heaven," was the saying of "Aunt Jane," as Miss Poage was familiarly called. But they were preserved and sent safely on their way by "the brethren."

As the lines became sharply drawn between the war-like and the peaceful, these Christian Dakotas became more and more the nucleus around which the latter gathered. The place of their rallying was named Camp Hope, changed after the flight of Little Crow's band to Camp Lookout. Two days later, when Gen. Sibley's troops arrived, it was named Camp Release. For many days fear had possessed the minds of the people, and it was a glad day when hope revived. Then it was that the captives, a hundred and more, were restored, mainly through the efforts of the Christianized Indians. A few only of the captives were taken North with the fleeing Indians, and some of these were afterwards rescued. Of this period Dr. Riggs wrote: "What has since come to be all luminous was very dark then. We were passing through a great trial of faith." The churches were scattered, the work disintegrated, but nothing could discourage Dr. Williamson. He had, in the midst of this great trouble, the satisfaction of knowing that all the Christian Indians had continued, at the risk of their own lives, steadfast in their loyalty, and that they had been

instrumental in saving more than their own number of whites. They had also influenced for good many of their own blood, and those of them who were afterwards unjustly imprisoned spent much of their time in laboring for the conversion of the heathen confined with them.

One Indian, John Other-day, saved sixty-two whites at Yellow Medicine. One elder of the church restored a captive white woman, and three out of eight captive children. Still another brought, in a canoe, a captive woman and children and a family of half-breeds.

These facts were, for the most part, ignored by the whites in the vicinity, and the bitterest feeling was manifested, not only against the Indians, but against the missionaries and all who were disposed to befriend them or even to insist that justice should be done.

When the first native Indian preacher, John Baptist Renville, was licensed, the Dakota Presbytery was holding its spring meeting, 1865. Unfortunately on that very day a party of hostile Dakotas, raiding from the British Possessions, massacred a family in the vicinity. Meanwhile the opening sermon before the Presbytery was being preached by Dr. Williamson. In his discourse he enforced the duty of dealing justly with inferior races—the African and the Indian. That very evening one John Campbell, a half-breed, was captured. There was abundant evidence that he had participated in the murder. The next day, without trial, Campbell was taken by the mob and hanged on a

tree not far from the church where the Presbytery was in session. This raid was, by the populace, connected with Dr. Williamson's presence in the village. It was also alleged that on a previous occasion he had passed through the town, and immediately thereafter a massacre had occurred in the vicinity. It was decided that Dr. Williamson should not be allowed to remain. Thereupon a committee of the leading men came to the church and demanded the immediate departure of Dr. Williamson. Some members of the Presbytery were disposed to resent the visit of the committee; but Dr. Williamson yielded to their unreasonable demand and departed.

MANKATO, DAVENPORT, AND NIOBRARA.

“When the earth opened her mouth and swallowed up Korah, the wives and little ones went down also. When four hundred Sioux were imprisoned for participation in the Minnesota massacre, fifteen hundred women and children were left helpless, to be tossed hither and thither for four years, stung by reproach and pinched by want.” Of these four hundred, more than three-fourths were Lower Sioux, who had stoutly resisted the outbreak; yet were they involved in the catastrophe and swept into prison and to the gallows. The real desperadoes—Little Crow's band—fled to the British Possessions. The captive men were put in chains and placed in a prison-camp at the mouth of the Blue Earth, near Mankato. The women and children were marched to Fort Snelling and cooped up

for the winter, with soldiers to guard them. They were fed on the meanest of food.

In the spring they were transported down the Mississippi to St. Louis, then up the Missouri to the mouth of Crow Creek. There they were landed and told to make their homes. The company was now reduced to thirteen hundred, and by June 1st of the same year to a thousand. For a time every teepee had one or more sick, and it was a rare day when there was not a funeral. The hills around were soon covered with graves. "The very memory of Crow Creek became horrible to the Santees, who still hush their voices at the mention of the name."

Along with these calamities came noticeable visitations of heavenly grace. Rev. John P. Williamson, who had but lately joined the mission, took quarters near Fort Snelling, and spent the winter ministering to the temporal and spiritual wants of the captives. He at first met the former members of the churches in one of their own teepees. Gradually the interest widened and deepened. When the news of the awaking at Mankato came, no tent could contain the listeners. The meetings were held in the open campus, and when it became too cold for this they met in the upper rooms of a warehouse. "In that low garret, where hundreds crouched among the rafters, only the glistening eyes visible in the dark, the silence was sometimes breathless." As a result of this work of the Spirit more than a hundred adults were baptized. The work continued while moving to Crow Creek and did not culminate

until the captives released from Mankato reached Niobrara, whither the women and children were finally transported.

In November, 1862, the Sioux captives were located at Mankato. Here thirty-eight men were executed. These were visited by Dr. Williamson and his sister. "I remember," he says, "feeling a great desire to see and preach to them, mingled with a kind of terror, partly from a sense of grave responsibility in speaking to many whom I had long known and whose probation was so nearly closed, and partly from an apprehension that they would say to me, 'Go home; when we were free we would not hear you preach, and when you were in our power we did you no harm, we only went from you; why do you come here to torment us when we are in chains and cannot go away?'" It was a great relief to find them patiently listening to all I said." The prisoners were supplied with Bibles and other books, and for a time the prison became a school. They were all eager to learn. The more their minds were directed towards God and his Word the more they became interested in secular studies. In their minds books and religion were united. Soon after the visit above mentioned the Indians, of their own accord, began holding meetings every morning and evening, in which they sang and spoke and prayed. Before the execution Dr. Williamson received the names of thirty who had thus led in public prayer. Soon after, sixty more were added to the praying ones. Of those who were executed about thirty were baptized. On the Sabbath following the exe-

cution, by permission of the commanding officer, the prisoners assembled to attend divine service. About a foot of snow had fallen during the night, but, with only a few exceptions, all, chained two and two, gathered to sing and pray and listen to the words of eternal life. This work continued, "deep and powerful," all winter, so that of the three hundred and fifty left from the execution only a few were unbaptized. Of this work Rev. G. H. Pond wrote at the time, "There is a degree of religious interest manifested by them which is incredible. They huddle themselves together every morning and evening in the prison and read the Scriptures, sing hymns, confess one to another, and pray together. They say that their whole lives have been wicked. . . . They declare that they have left their superstitions for ever, that they do and will embrace the religion of Jesus."

From Mankato these prisoners were removed to Davenport, and thence finally settled at Niobrara. Of this sad story it may be said, "The outbreak and the events that followed, have, under God, broken into slivers the power of the priests of devils which have hitherto ruled these wretched tribes. They have been like the earthquake, to shake the foundation of their prison, and every one's bonds have been loosed. . . . They say that they believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, trust in him, and will obey him." While at Mankato and at Davenport, through the continual ministry of Dr. Williamson and his son, the Indians added to their knowledge of the Word and in many cases developed into a true Christian manhood. A great majority held

out true to their profession and after their release came to be teachers and evangelists among their own people.

In the spring of 1866 the prisoners were released from Davenport and met their families from Ft. Thompson, at the mouth of the Niobrara in Nebraska. Here the two churches, which had been organized in the prison at Mankato and in the camp at Ft. Snelling, were united into one of more than four hundred members, and named "Pilgrim Church."

AT ST. PETER.

Dr. Williamson being now sixty-four years of age, and having been for thirty years actively engaged in the toils and exposures of missionary life without intermission, he began to feel the infirmities of age, and sought a measure of relief from the cares of the mission, now fallen into younger hands. He made his home upon the edge of the prairie, on the banks of the Minnesota, not far from St. Peter's, and in the vicinity of Traverse des Sioux. After the Indians were established at Niobrara, he spent the summer in missionary tours with Dr. Riggs, visiting the churches and strengthening the brethren. These tours embraced the territory lying between the western border of the State of Minnesota and the Missouri River. Thus he visited the various Dakota camps, receiving members, organizing churches, selecting and licensing preachers, and ordaining and installing native pastors. This continued for several years.

Of these journeys Dr. Riggs reports: "We trav-

eled many thousand miles together and preached to many of the then wild tribes—the Brulés, the Two-kettles, the No-Bows, the Minnekanjoos, and the Yanktonais of the Missouri. These are now receiving the gospel and coming into Christian fellowship. During these many and long journeys, in our days and nights of converse on all subjects, I marvelled that Dr. Williamson never once made the slightest reference to any ill-treatment he had received at the hands of the whites. He could not have forgotten having been shut out of the prison at Davenport by the whim of the commanding officer, and having been ordered in no polite fashion, by the chief men of Mankato, to leave the town; but he had so deeply learned the lessons of charity that no bird of the air heard a whisper from him about either.”

During the later years of his life he was compelled to curtail his labors, but he was efficient in the organization of a Native Missionary Society; and the plan of sending one of the native pastors to labor among the “Dakotas of the Dispersion” in Canada originated with him. He also obtained a small grant from the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, by means of which a missionary was sent into the country of Bear-Paw Mountain. He also entered into a correspondence which resulted in the employment, by the Presbyterian Mission Society of Canada, of another Sioux preacher, who labored in the vicinity of Fort Ellice, where was organized a native church.

During the fall of 1877, while the Synod of Minne-

sota was in session, he was supposed to be at death's door. Telegraphic messages of farewell were exchanged between him and that body; but he was raised up, as he himself said, to aid in the completion of the cherished hope of his life—the translation of the Bible, which was finished in the winter of 1878-9. He died at his home near St. Peter on the 24th of June, in the eightieth year of his age. During the month of May preceding, Rev. Dr. Riggs visited him on his way to the "land of the Dakotas," and reports him as "now in his eightieth year and very feeble. His feeling seems to be, that as the great work of giving the Bible to the Dakotas is completed, there is not much left for him to do. He remarked that he had, during the last forty years, built several houses—one at Lac qui Parle, one at Kaposia, one at Yellow Medicine, and one near St. Peter. The two on the Upper Minnesota had fallen to pieces or been destroyed by fire, and the others were old and would not long remain after he was gone. But the building up of human souls that he had been permitted to work for, and which, by the grace of God, he had seen springing up unto new life through the influence of the Word and the power of the Holy Ghost, he confidently believed would remain."

When the critical condition of his health was made known to his Dakota friends "a great prayer-cry" arose from all the churches for his recovery. This was reported to him, but he sent back by the hand of his son Andrew this message: "Tell the Indians that

father thanks them very much for their prayers, and hopes that they will be blessed both to his good and theirs. But he does not wish them to pray that his life may be prolonged, for he longs to depart and be with Jesus."

Dr. Riggs thus closes his memorial discourse: "Thomas Smith Williamson has heard the voice of the Master calling him up higher. How many of his godly ancestors have gone before him! John Newton and Sir Isaac are among them. Of his own family, more went before than remain. Besides those going in infancy, there was Smith Burgess, and the quiet matronly Lizzie, and the sainted Nannie, and the patient mother; and besides a multitude of Dakotas. While he lived he estimated that nearly one thousand had already died in the faith of Jesus. I seem to see them as they are gathered near the gate of the beautiful city to greet him. And among them is the little seven-year-old boy, Abraham, son of Solomon (a Sioux minister), who had gone up from Middle Hill only a little while before. And I hear the songs they sing as they walk together under the trees by the side of the River of God."

REV. HENRY HARMON SPALDING,

AND

MRS. ELIZA HART SPALDING.

BY REV. F. F. ELLINWOOD, D. D.

IN the year 1832 the Flatheads and Nez Percés of Oregon determined to send four of their number to "the Rising Sun" for "that Book from heaven." They had learned something of the Bible and a Saviour from the Iroquois. Lewis and Clark, visiting Oregon in 1804-6, had also told them much more and promised to send them teachers. These four dusky "wise men," one of them a chief, had ceased to wait for the fulfilment of the white man's promise, and they found their way to St. Louis. It is significant of the perils of this long overland journey that only one of them survived to return. They were received by Gen. Clark, who, with Lewis, had travelled extensively in the regions of the Columbia River. He was a Romanist, and he took

them to his church in St. Louis, and by way of entertainment he also escorted them to the theatre. How utterly he failed to meet their wants is revealed in the sad words with which they departed: "We came to you"—and the survivor repeated the words years afterwards to Mr. Spalding—"with one eye partly opened, we go back with both eyes closed and both arms broken. Our people sent us to obtain that Book from heaven. You took us where your women dance as we do not allow ours to dance; and the Book was not there. You took us where we saw men worship God with candles; and the Book was not there. We are now to return without it, and our people will die in darkness." With these words they took their leave. But this sad lament was overheard. A young man wrote about it to his friends in Pittsburgh. They showed his account to Catlin, the well-known writer on Indian customs, who had just come from the Rocky Mountains. He said, "It cannot be; those Indians were in our company and I heard nothing of this. Wait till I write to Clark before you publish it." He wrote. The response was: "It is true. It was the sole object of their visit—to get the Bible." Then Catlin said, "Give this fact to the world." The Methodist Church at once commissioned Rev. Jason Lee and his nephew Daniel Lee to go and find this tribe who had so strangely broken out of their darkness towards the light. Mr. Lee found the Nez Percés, but so fearful were the ridges and ravines of the path eastward over the Cascade Mountains that he estab-

lished his mission on the Columbia River near the Dalles.

The American Board at Boston also heard the Macedonian call of the Nez Percés, but preferred to try the overland route of the fur-traders. In 1835 it sent out Rev. Samuel Parker and Marcus Whitman, M. D., on a tour of exploration and as pioneer missionaries. The two advanced under the protection of some traders of the American Fur Company as far as Green River, a branch of the Colorado, and the rendezvous of that company. They found there a large number of Indians of various tribes from both sides of the Rocky Mountains who had assembled for trade, and who furnished to the two missionary explorers a large amount of important information. So great was the encouragement given as to the feasibility of an overland route, the friendly disposition of the Indians, and their expressed desire for missionaries, that Dr. Whitman left Mr. Parker to continue his journey under a friendly Indian escort, while he returned to the States at once for missionary recruits. Two young Indians accompanied him to his home in Rushville, N. Y., where, having arrived on a Saturday night, his appearance in church on Sabbath morning with two Nez Percés was a startling surprise even to his own family. With his wonted zeal he began at once his search for recruits, but not without making it perfectly clear to those whom he met that crossing the Rocky Mountains and establishing a mission in the wilds of the Pacific slope was no holiday pastime.

It was in the winter of 1836 that this enthusiastic young pioneer was seen hurrying along a snow-covered road in Western New York in sharp pursuit of a young gentleman and lady, who in a sleigh, or rather a wagon fitted up for the time being with runners, were on their way as missionaries to the Osage Indians. The objects of his pursuit were Rev. Henry H. Spalding and his wife, Eliza Hart Spalding, who had recently been appointed by the American Board, and who, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Spalding had only a month before risen from a bed of sickness, were now setting out for their mission in mid-winter.

Few explanations of Dr. Whitman's sudden summons could be given in the cold wintry air by the wayside, but something like the following dialogue occurred :

"How long a time will be required for the journey which you propose?" asked Mr. Spalding.

"The summers of two years," replied Dr. Whitman.

"What convoy shall we have after passing the bounds of civilization?"

"The American Fur Company as far as the Divide."

"What shall we live on?"

"Buffalo meat till we can raise our own grain."

"How shall we make the journey?"

"On horseback."

"How cross the rivers?"

"Swim them."

As this short dialogue closed, Mr. Spalding promptly turned to his wife and said,

"My dear, my mind is made up. It is not your duty to go; but we will leave it to you after we have prayed."

By this time they had reached a tavern in the town of Howard, N. Y. Taking a private room, they each prayed in turn, and then Mrs. Spalding was left to herself. In a short time she appeared with a beaming face and said,

"I have made up my mind to go."

"But your health, my dear!"

"I like the command just as it stands—'Go ye into all the world'—with no exceptions for poor health."

"But the perils in your weak condition. You don't begin to think how weak you are."

"The dangers in the way and my weak condition are *His*. Duty is mine."

"But the Indians will take you prisoner. They are frantic for such captives. You will never see your friends again." And the strong man broke down and began to weep.

Her answer was a paraphrase of that given by Paul to the tearful remonstrances of his brethren of Ephesus: "What mean ye to weep and to break my heart? I am ready not only to be bound, but also to die among the benighted Indians of Oregon for the name of the Lord Jesus."

Mr. and Mrs. Spalding continued their journey. Dr. Whitman, who was engaged to be married to a

daughter of Judge Prentiss of Prattsburgh, N. Y., wrote her of his success, and asked her to make ready while he returned to his home for the two Indian youths. There was a hasty wedding at Prattsburgh and then the bridal tour began.

But with the Spaldings the strife of parting was not yet over. At Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis, all along the way, hands were stretched out to hold them back. Catlin, at Pittsburgh, assured them that women could not get through. The hostile Indians that hovered about the convoy would fight against any odds to capture them. One woman had tried it, but the company was massacred and she was dragged away and never heard of again. Mrs. Spalding was especially beset with these tales of horror. "But," said her husband afterwards with an honest pride, "it did n't move her a hair."

An incident by the way should be noted as illustrating still further the character of our missionary heroine. The party took boat at Pittsburgh. Saturday night found them between Cairo and St. Louis. "Mrs. Spalding, who seems to have had a good share of both the courage and the conscience of the company, insisted that they should be put on shore to spend Sunday. The captain and the passengers laughed at her scruples. But she said, "Out on the plains we shall be at the mercy of the Fur Company and must go on; here we can stop."

"But no boat will ever call at such an out-of-the-way place as this to take you off."

"We'll take the chances of that. Put us on shore."

The home missionary stationed at that point marked that day in white which brought such a rare accession to his little meeting in the schoolhouse. He said it was like an angel's visit. Early Monday morning a great puffing was heard on the river below, and a grand steamer, better than the one they had left on Saturday night, rounded to at their signal and took them on board. Sixty miles farther on their way they overtook the other boat hopelessly stranded on a sand-bar.

It may seem to the reader that these sudden decisions on the part of Mrs. Spalding were but the rash impulses of an immature judgment, and indications of a light and trivial character incident to her youth, but as the narrative of her career proceeds there will appear abundant evidence of a depth and stability of purpose that were phenomenal and sublime. It may be doubted whether finer instances of moral heroism are to be found in men or women of any age. The principle of her action was fully comprehended when she said, "I like the command just as it stands, 'Go ye into all the world'—making no exceptions." She had placed herself at her Master's command, to live or die in his service. She believed that unto him all power in heaven and in earth is really given, and that nothing short of a divine support is pledged to his servants always, "even unto the end of the world." From the day that she framed her response, after that short season of prayer in a little room of the country

tavern, the downrightness of her consecration never flagged.

Dr. and Mrs. Whitman had in due time joined the Spaldings. At St. Louis the missionaries, now four in number, found the American Fur Company fitting out their annual expedition for the mountains. But as there were two ladies in the company they could not have secured a place in the caravan had not Dr. Whitman been in special favor owing to his professional services rendered to the company the year before. It seems that, on his previous trip, a few days out from Council Bluffs, the cholera had broken out, and the demoralized traders, dropping their packs, began to flee in a perfect rout. But Dr. Whitman, who, added to his great strength, had skill and tact, was equal to the emergency. Throwing off his coat, he sweated the patients over the boiling camp-kettles, administered well-chosen remedies, and so stayed the pestilence and restored order. The men were now as grateful as they had been cold and contemptuous; and when an arrow's head had been extracted from behind the festering spine of one of their comrades and his life was thus saved, their admiration knew no bounds.

Having secured the company's pledge of protection, the missionaries pressed on by boat up the Missouri to Liberty Landing. Here Mr. Spalding purchased several mules, fifteen or twenty horses, as many cows, and two wagons, not forgetting a quart of seed wheat. With this outfit he started for Council Bluffs, while Dr. Whitman waited, with the women and the goods, for

the company's boat. After some days the boat passed, purposely leaving them behind. Through this bad faith Dr. Whitman was obliged to send forward to Mr. Spalding for horses, and to overtake him as best he could by land. This part of the trip was peculiarly trying. Meanwhile Mr. Spalding, who, on account of his wife's health was not yet altogether happy in going, seemed to be the sport of ill-fortune. Yet when thirty-four years later he gave this account—which we are largely quoting—to the editor of "The Advance" in Chicago, even he could see a comic side to his mis-haps. First of all, a mule kicked him: then he was terribly shaken by the ague: in crossing a ferry an unruly cow, which he had laid hold of, jumped overboard, taking him "along for ballast:" a tornado scattered his cattle, swept away his tent, tore his blankets from him while an ague fit was on him, and left him "to be drenched by the rain, with the usual consequence to one who takes calomel for his medicine."

It did not help the case to learn, before reaching Council Bluffs, that the fur company's convoy had started on, and were already five days out on the plains.

"'T was a poor chance for us greenhorns," said the veteran Spalding when narrating these adventures in 1870; "they were old trappers with fresh horses, while our teams were already jaded. And feeling terribly ill, I said, 'We can't overtake them; we shall have to go back.' But my wife with characteristic courage constantly affirmed, 'I have started for the Rocky Mountains, and I expect to go there!'"

As the fur company's boat had gone on without the missionaries, they were obliged to extemporize a boat out of a wagon-box in order to cross the Missouri River near Omaha.

Their line of march was as follows: They left Liberty, Mo., April 27, and travelled most of the way on horseback for the remaining two thousand miles. They followed the Missouri rather closely till they reached the Platte; thence along that river to its forks; thence along the North Fork to near its source in the Rocky Mountains, thence by Green River, one of the branches of the Colorado of the West, to the head waters of the Lewis River, the great southern branch of the Columbia, then to Ft. Walla Walla, a trading-post of the Hudson Bay Company, which they reached September 3, 1836. They were thus four months and six days on the journey from Liberty to that place. They left Walla Walla in a boat on the Columbia, September 4, and arrived at Ft. Vancouver, September 12.

Mr. W. H. Gray, who had been selected by the American Board to accompany the Whitmans and Spaldings as a lay agent of the mission, and who in 1870 published his "History of Oregon," describes this chase of the fur-traders by the missionary party in graphic language: "Haste," he says, "was indispensable, and all baggage that could be spared was thrown out." Gray was placed in charge of the cows and the mule-teams. Spalding drove a light wagon with the ladies, while Whitman led the march with the four-horse farm wagon and its heavy load. Within two

hours from the start messengers hastened on to inform Dr. Whitman that Mr. Spalding had driven his wagon into deep mud and broken an axle. Mr. Gray returned and helped to put in a new one. Soon heavy rain came upon them and rendered the soil well-nigh impassable. Reaching the Platte River, they were compelled to construct a boat by stretching buffalo skins on wooden frames. This would only carry one lady and two trunks at a time. The men of the party were obliged to swim their horses by the side of the boat back and forth all day in order to get their goods over safely. All the horses, mules, and cattle were made to swim the river. Some of the heavier portions of the baggage had to be abandoned. The list of articles which were formerly supposed to be indispensable was again reduced, owing to the extreme difficulty of transportation and the serious question whether the deserted band would be able to overtake the traders or not.

But now began a series of marked interpositions in their favor. "It was pure faith," says Mr. Spalding's narrative, "and no sight at all, that led us to push on after that cavalcade. The trappers evidently designed to keep ahead and so induce the missionaries to turn back. But to secure the protection of the convoy was indispensable, and God took care of his own. It was a desperate race," he continued, "but we won it. They had to halt and fill up ravines and make roads, preparing the way of the Lord. This detained them four days. Just where He stopped these same traders

the year before with the cholera, and compelled them to welcome Dr. Whitman's medical aid. He stayed them again; not, as at the Red Sea, by taking off the wheels, but by setting the axles on fire. In their haste to get away from us they had forgotten to take sufficient axle-grease. To burn wood for the ashes, going ten miles out of their way to find it, and to kill two oxen for the fat necessary for this compound, took four days more. And then at Loup Fork were lost still four other days in finding the ford and drying their goods which had been wet in crossing. Meantime we were pressing on behind, and the Lord helped us. The day before we reached Loup Fork we rode from daylight—it was late in May—till two o'clock the next night. One horse broke down and was turned loose, and my wife fainted by the way. A signal gun at the ford brought answer from the other side, and we camped. The convoy started early in the morning, but left a man to show us across, and late that night we missionaries filed into their camp and took the place reserved for us, two messes west of the captain's tent, and so we won the race by two lengths!

“Once among them, nothing could exceed the kindness of the men. The choicest buffalo morsels were always kept for the ladies. But sick or well, we had to go on. We were altogether two hundred souls and six hundred animals. Everything was kept in the strictest military order, for hostile Indians continually hovered on our flanks. At night we camped, with the animals solid in the centre. The tents and wagons

were disposed around them, and outside of all sentinels marched their steady rounds. Each day two hunters and two packers went out for buffalo. Each night, save when we had lost the way, they overtook us at the appointed camp with four mule-loads of meat. This was our only subsistence. Only once or twice we suffered from hunger.

"On the 6th of June we were at Ft. Laramie. My wife was growing weaker and weaker. 'You must stay here,' said the captain; 'Mrs. Spalding will die for want of bread.'

"'No,' said she, 'I started to go over the mountains in the name of my Saviour, and I must go on.'"

On Independence Day, July 4, 1836, the cavalcade entered the South Pass. Mrs. Spalding fainted that morning and thought that she was about to die. As they laid her upon the ground, she said, "Don't put me on that horse again. Leave me and save yourselves. Tell mother that I am glad I came."

"But the caravan stopped on the Divide and sent back for her. She soon revived, and three hours afterwards they saw the waters of a small stream trickling towards the Pacific. And there—on Independence Day, six years before Frémont, following in the footsteps of these women, gained the name of the 'Pathfinder'—they alighted from their horses, and kneeling on the other slope of the continent, with the Bible in one hand and the American flag in the other, took possession of it as the home of American mothers and of the Church of Christ."

Just beyond this point was Ft. Hall, on Snake River, the great mountain rendezvous, the end of the American convoy's route, and a kind of neutral ground, where multitudes of Indians were gathered for trade. There were rough mountaineers there who had not seen a white woman since they had left the homes of their childhood in the East. Some of them came to meet the missionaries, and wept as they took the two ladies by the hand. "From that day," said one of them afterwards, "I was a better man." But best of all, here they were met with welcome greetings by a large party of the Nez Percés, who seemed to be the happiest of men. Their women took possession of Mrs. Spalding, and the gladness they showed, not less than the "biscuit-root" and the trout with which they fed her, revived her spirits. From that hour she began to mend; and from that hour her future and theirs were one.

After ten days of rest at Ft. Hall the journey was resumed. The remainder of the way, though shorter, was no less perilous, and they had severe trials from thirst and fatigue.

Gray's "History" gives some amusing accounts of the persistence and the ingenuity of Dr. Whitman in getting through the one wagon which survived all its fellows till the caravan had passed the Divide. His personal toil in cutting roads through sage-brush, filling up quagmires, and rafting his vehicle over streams, his drenchings and perils, and his stubborn and unconquerable opinion that success was possible, though the

whole party tried to dissuade him, constitute an interesting chapter of this remarkable history. He had a great purpose in view, and that was to demonstrate the feasibility of conducting bands of immigrants over the Rocky Mountains, and of employing wheeled vehicles for the purpose.

At Ft. Hall the American fur-traders, with whom the missionaries had travelled so far, terminated their journey; but it so happened fortunately that a party belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company were about to proceed from that station westward to Ft. Walla Walla, and were willing to afford protection for the remainder of the journey. This seemed a special providence, as this was not a regular but only a chance expedition of the traders. Dr. Whitman's old wagon however was a great eye-sore. The agents of the company had hitherto succeeded in arresting every wheeled vehicle at that point. It was their interest to show to the people of the United States that the passage of the mountains by immigrants was not feasible. But the persistence of Dr. Whitman, and the respect shown for the two delicate and refined young brides, once more carried the day, and the historic old wagon moved on.

At Ft. Boise, ten miles below what is now known as Boise City, all the opposers made a sort of final protest against any further attempt to transport this most stubborn vehicle. They insisted that if Dr. Whitman would still attempt to carry it through, it should be taken apart and packed piece-meal on the mules.

But this would never do. Having come so far, this travelling object-lesson should not be so humiliated as to be taken from its wheels and packed as mere useless baggage on the backs of mules. A compromise was finally agreed upon: namely, that the party should move on, leaving the wagon for the time only, it being understood that when they should reach their destination, Dr. Whitman and Mr. Gray should return with the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, with whom they were now travelling, and take the wagon honorably and triumphantly through to their journey's end. This was subsequently done, and so the doctor's great problem was solved.

As the company started on after leaving the wagon, all the goods were placed on the tallest horses and they were led across the Boise River. Mrs. Spalding and Mrs. Whitman were ferried over on a raft made of bulrushes for the purpose by the Indians. The tops of the rushes were tied with grass ropes and spread upon sticks until the mass was sufficient to float the two ladies. They were compelled to lie flat upon their newly constructed craft, but made a safe passage with only a slight wetting of their garments.

From the river they followed a trail till they reached the Grand Ronde; thence they moved over a range of mountains, down a deep cañon, through some thick timber-lands, over another mountain, and finally came out on the Umatilla.

As they descended the Blue Mountains on the western slope the view as described was inexpressibly

grand. Before them was the valley of the Columbia, and on the west in full view stood Mt. Hood in the Cascade Range, ninety miles distant. To the south of Mt. Hood rose Mt. Adams, and to the north, Mt. Ranier. It was late in the evening when they reached their camp on the Umatilla not far from Walla Walla.

"And now," in the words of Mr. Spalding, "they were at home amid a nation that had no home; they had found a resting-place among restless wanderers. But faith had become sight; the first battle had been fought and won. The white women had come safely over the mountains; cattle and horses had been kept secure from Indian raiders; a wagon had been brought through—the first wheels that had ever pressed the sage-brush. Dr. Whitman had demonstrated to himself that an emigration could cross from Missouri to Oregon; and when, six years afterwards, he led a company of nearly a thousand along the same track, he demonstrated it to the world and saved Oregon, and with it California, to the United States."

Dr. Whitman settled among the Cayuses at Waiilatpu (Wy-ee-lat-poo), near Walla Walla; Mr. Spalding camped one hundred and twenty miles farther up the Snake River, among the Nez Percés.

Mr. Spalding has left on record this grateful acknowledgment of blessings even amid the many trials: "We travelled 1,700 miles to Liberty, Mo., mostly by water, 1,300 from Liberty to the Black Hills, all by land, and thence 600 to the Umatilla. Our food

after we reached the buffalo country, 300 miles from the mouth of the Platte, on the first of June, was nothing but buffalo meat of the poorest kind, as buffalo were very scarce that year. But the mercies of God to us were without number. Frequently, when nothing but darkness surrounded us, the arm of God was stretched out wonderfully for our deliverance. We received the greatest kindness and attention from the American company after we joined them. We wanted for nothing which was in their power to furnish us."

Still more hearty was the kindly welcome of the Nes Percés which Mr. Spalding thus acknowledges:

"The Nez Percé Indians, on learning that we were with the company, came two days to meet us, and received us with great kindness and apparent satisfaction. They said that many of them had talked with Mr. Parker and Dr. Whitman the year before, and they had promised to meet the latter at this place, and had now come agreeably to that promise, and for no other reason than to conduct us to their country; that they rejoiced to see our faces, and were happy to learn that we were to live with them, for they wished to learn how white people lived." Special mention was made of the care and kind nursing which were given by the Indian women to the two ladies, and especially to Mrs. Spalding. Her every want was attended to so far as it could be under such circumstances. Proper food could not be obtained even with the utmost painstaking, yet there was great improvement; the choicest edibles were reserved for the invalid, to whom the hard journey had

been so nearly fatal. And although the remainder of the journey was rough and great thirst as well as fatigue was experienced by the party, the plucky invalid rather improved under the care of her newly-acquired friends.

There is a special reason for stating thus particularly the details of this remarkable journey. It seemed necessary, in order to demonstrate the feasibility of overland emigration to the Pacific coast, not only that a wheeled vehicle should be taken, which Dr. Whitman persisted in taking for an object which is clear enough now, but also that women, and white women, notwithstanding their delicacy and peculiar need of comforts, should test this question. Many hardy men had said what they could to dissuade Mrs. Spalding and Mrs. Whitman from the attempt. They had portrayed the difficulties of the way, the great and long - continued fatigue, the roughness of the country in which there were no roads, the utter absence of anything like hotel accommodations, the fact that in cases of sickness the march of the caravan could not be stopped, and that there would be no alternative but to leave the sick and enfeebled to die by the way. They had shown that the food supply was extremely uncertain, main reliance being placed on the proceeds of the hunt, and that to live upon fresh buffalo meat alone had been found to be unwholesome and even dangerous; that the supply of water was uncertain; that in case of any long delay winter would overtake the travellers with all its rigor, and indeed Dr. Whitman had given Mr. and Mrs. Spalding to understand that two summers would be re-

quired for the journey. They were told that in the attempt of four Nez Percé Indians, in full vigor of youthful manhood, to make the journey to St. Louis and back, three of the four had perished; that there were constant dangers of being cut off by ambuscades of Indians; that in such a case white women were sure to suffer a fate far worse than death, and as above stated, they confirmed their assertion by citing an instance of the most harrowing character. Had these opinions and statements remained unrefuted by a better record of success, emigrants would doubtless have been deterred from the attempt to enter the country till the British, coming from the north or across the sea, had taken full possession of the country, and Oregon had been lost to the United States for ever. The heroism of Mrs. Spalding, who replied to all this, "I have started for Oregon to make known the gospel to the benighted, and go I must," had therefore a national significance. It was fraught with important consequences for the Pacific coast.

Before proceeding with the narrative of the life and missionary work of Mr. and Mrs. Spalding it may be well to gather up the fragmentary incidents and illustrations of character which their long journey has afforded, and present a very brief sketch of each.

Henry Harmon Spalding was born in Bath, Steuben Co., N. Y., November 3, 1804. He had been bred in his boyhood amid rural surroundings where he seems to have lacked the advantage of high culture in manners though he had received deep spiritual impressions.

His early intellectual vigor and earnest Christian spirit soon turned his thoughts towards a liberal education. He was converted during a revival in Prattsburgh in 1836, and his mind from that time was set upon the gospel ministry. He was led to choose the missionary work by the perusal of a tract which set forth in strong light the great needs of six hundred millions of benighted heathen.

After spending two years in Western Reserve College he studied theology at Lane Seminary.

It is not the purpose of this sketch to invest Mr. Spalding with an ideal character. He had some conspicuous faults, but he possessed some peculiar traits which fitted him for a great pioneer work amid untold hardships and privations. He was a man who made a strong impression, even on first acquaintance, upon those he met, though the reason for that impression could not be assigned. He was awkward in manner, and was described by the traders and worldly-wise settlers as "green." He was of medium size, a little inclined to stoop, and was prematurely bald. His voice was penetrating yet flexible. He was sometimes passionate and undignified, but withal earnest and practical in his instructions to the Indians. His correspondence was characterized by enthusiasm, and his reports, especially in his last years, were sometimes a little apt to be overdrawn. His memory of details was not always accurate, especially after the terrible hardships endured at the time of the massacre of 1847, but as to the main facts of his remarkable history and the events of which

he had been an eye-witness, they were, so to speak, burned into the depths of his soul, and no man who listened to his words or read his descriptions could doubt the truth of his statements.

Mrs. Spalding, whose maiden name was Eliza Hart, was born in Berlin, Conn., August 11, 1807. Her parents removed while she was a young child to Holland Patent, N. Y. The family belonged to a circle of devoted Christian pioneers who had laid the foundations of religious and educational institutions in Central New York, where Hamilton College constitutes a lasting monument to the interest felt for the elevation of the Iroquois. Miss Hart was educated at a Young Ladies' Seminary in Clinton, and for a time she engaged in teaching. Before she had thought of becoming a missionary she was looked upon as a young woman of uncommon devotion.

As I gather up these few threads of her history there come back to me lost remembrances of my early childhood, which was spent in the same town in which Eliza Hart was educated, and of the conversations of my mother and grandmother, of whom she was a near relative, concerning the missionary letters received from their young niece and cousin beyond the Rocky Mountains. The period referred to was from 1836, the year in which she started for her mission field, on to 1840. She died on the mission field January 7, 1851, as a result of the exposure, hardship, anxiety, and grief resulting from the Whitman massacre and her own flight from Lapwai. Gray's "History of Oregon" says

of her that she was remarkable in acquiring the Nez Percé language, so much so that she was able to converse with the people fairly by the time that she reached her final station at Lapwai. She could paint indifferently in water colors, an art which aided in illustrations, and had been taught when young all the useful branches of domestic life. She was generally sociable, but not forward in conversation with gentlemen. In this respect she was quite the opposite of Mrs. Whitman, who had seen more of society and was less timid. She was remarkable for her firmness and decision of character in whatever she or her husband were called upon to undertake. This element of decision has been already set forth in the account given above of her journey. She commanded the respect of the Indian men as well as the love of the women, and was regarded by them as brave and commanding in character. This proved of great avail to her, as she was often left alone with the Indians at her station, and was more than once in extreme peril. As this heroic woman passed on her way to her field through the camps of hunters or explorers, their rude estimate, inspired by deep respect, was that "Mrs. Spalding is a first-rate woman ; she has n't any starch in her, she will do first-rate to teach the Indians or anybody else ; she has good common sense and does not put on any frills." Mrs. Spalding furnishes another illustration of the general fact that the highest order of refined Christian womanhood always works like a talisman of great power in securing the profound respect of even the roughest men.

Considering her undaunted courage, her strong religious faith when to human foresight all seemed darkest, and the supernatural nerve which sustained her frail body under indescribable and protracted hardship and fatigue, it becomes doubtful whether there has ever appeared a higher type of missionary heroism than hers. Much has been said and written of the noble characters who have taken part in the beginnings of Oriental missions, of the wives of Dr. Judson and many others, and of Harriet Newell, but I know of nothing in the history of missions that indicates a more undaunted courage, a more triumphant faith in God, or a more unreserved consecration to Christ and his cause, than we find in the life of Eliza Hart Spalding. She appears to have been the leading spirit in every emergency of suffering or danger by the way. Dr. Whitman is undoubtedly to be credited for having inaugurated the overland movement, and for the tact and persistence with which he carried out the scheme of transporting the mission company to Oregon in such a manner as to demonstrate the feasibility of the passage, and still more for his subsequent achievements in crossing the continent in the dead of winter in order to prevent the loss of our Northwest possessions by a diplomatic blunder, and in conducting a much larger migration to the Pacific coast in 1843; but it is not too much to say that the successful journey of two women in 1836 depended more upon the spirit of Mrs. Spalding than upon any one else. Gray, in his "History of Oregon," speaks of her and Mrs. Whitman as "the two

leading spirits." She was a stronger character in some respects than Mrs. Whitman, noble as the latter was. She was certainly stronger than her husband, and in many an emergency was the leading spirit of the two; but her chief preëminence lay in the element of religious trust. Dr. Whitman was no doubt an earnest Christian man, but his courage was largely that of temperament. He was in vigorous health: he would have carried through any scheme whatever that he had undertaken. But here was a frail woman who had risen from a sick-bed only a month before, setting out on this perilous journey. Again and again on the plains she was overcome by fatigue, sometimes fainting, once left alone with her husband with the expectation that she would die. But although she was compelled to be nursed and cared for nearly all the way, yet her spirit and her faith towered continually above the manliest courage in the company, until the victory was gained and the achievement was complete.

About the middle of November, 1836, Dr. and Mrs. Whitman took possession of the small house which, with such help as he could obtain from white settlers and Indians, had been built for their use, and soon Mrs. Whitman opened a small school for children and adults. Mr. and Mrs. Spalding were compelled to live in a temporary camp at Lapwai while Mr. Spalding with only Indians to assist him erected a simple structure which was completed in twenty days. To Mrs. Spalding, after nearly a year of wandering and hardship, this seemed a luxurious abode. It was high time to be

housed, for it was already winter, and the winds which blow through the Lapwai cañon are cutting and severe. Six years ago I was permitted to visit this historic mission station, now occupied by Miss Kate McBeth. On either side of the narrow valley through which the Lapwai Creek empties into the Clearwater River, the high table-lands rise to the height of nearly 1,000 feet.

It is a picturesque place, and was for many years occupied by the Government as a garrison. For the last decade or more it has been abandoned as a military post, and the property is used for a Government school. At the time of my visit the buildings seemed old and dilapidated, which would indicate that they must have been erected during the years of conflict which followed the massacre of 1847.

For eleven years, or from 1836 till 1847, Mr. and Mrs. Spalding were permitted to labor among the Indians at Lapwai without serious interruption, though not without discouragement.

The Indians had acted in good faith in seeking the settlement of missionaries among them, but they had encountered some difficulties which they had not anticipated. With the missionaries had come settlers and not a few adventurers. It was not long before they began seriously to fear that the tide of immigrants would increase until at length they would be supplanted. Already their game was becoming scarce in the mountains. Meanwhile the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company strove to create prejudice against the American settlers. Their own policy was quite differ-

ent: they did not desire the settlement and civilization of the country, and it was farthest from their purpose to encourage the Indians to attempt agriculture. They preferred that they should continue to live by hunting and trapping. Very naturally, therefore, they took sides with the Indians against the settlers.

Meanwhile Jesuit missionaries had appeared on the scene some two or three years after the arrival of Messrs. Whitman and Spalding. Their object from the start was to supplant the American missionaries and gain possession of the field. For the furtherance of this project it was essential also to prevent the settlement of the country by citizens of the United States. They found in the employment of the Hudson's Bay Company several French Canadians and half-breeds whom they subsidized to create prejudice against the missionaries and to watch their movements. It was found that two of these emissaries took up their abode at the Whitman station, and we shall see that they not only kept the Jesuit priests informed of all that transpired, but that they promoted the massacre which desolated the station.

These hostile influences began to confront the missionaries almost at the beginning of their work. As Waiilatpu was nearer to Fort Walla Walla, the headquarters of the Jesuit influence, Dr. Whitman's work was nearly crippled. Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, being more remote, were more fortunate, and yet their Indians were often perplexed and discouraged. As the spring of 1837 opened, Mr. Spalding addressed himself

to the task of teaching the Indians agriculture. He worked a plot of land himself, for the twofold purpose of an object lesson in farming and of showing the Nez Percés braves that it was no compromise of dignity to engage in toil for one's support and for the common welfare. He saw that even then the Indians were realizing only a precarious subsistence from the spring fishing and the autumnal hunt, and he knew that with the advent of white settlers the supply from these sources would become more and more inadequate. Besides he found, as many other missionaries among Indians have done, that the migrations of the people two or three times a year were injurious to the success of his missionary efforts in their behalf. His aim therefore was to civilize the Nez Percés at the same time that he preached to them the gospel of peace. They must become farmers and stock - raisers before they could become citizens. He saw even then that their opportunities for grazing were almost unparalleled, and it has since been found that the uplands at Lapwai, even without irrigation, produce excellent wheat.

Mrs. Spalding was equally assiduous in her sphere. Although her young children required much attention and she was often obliged to teach with a babe in her arms, yet she followed up her school work faithfully and assiduously. She had quite as many adults as children, and among these in the winter-time were some of the highest chiefs in the nation. Her school finally came to number over two hundred pupils. She taught the men the Bible lessons which had been translated

little by little into their own language ; also the practical application of Christian ethics to the daily life. The women learned to sew and knit and make bread.

All were inspired by the fervor and consistency of her piety. Her husband, busied with translating when not farming or superintending the building of a sawmill or gristmill, could render her but little assistance in the arduous duties of her school, and one not familiar with Indian ways can little comprehend what the labor of teaching must be where a horde of wild men, women, and children are thronging about the teacher at all hours of the day. The time of Indian women is not valuable. To lounge about the missionary's home and watch all her actions, to see how she cooks or how she dresses her baby, to come to her on all sorts of errands, taxing alike her generosity and her patience till weariness becomes insupportable—this is the way of the women in a new Indian mission station.

This heavy task, this ceaseless and unremitting strain, was patiently borne by Mrs. Spalding during those eleven years, and her toil was not in vain, as the sequel will show. First of all, the deep veneration and love which she inspired in the Nez Percés was the means of saving her life and that of her husband. When the Cayuse Indians murdered Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and nearly a score of others, they started for Lapwai to secure the destruction of that station also. But the grateful Nez Percés Christians threw themselves between their missionaries and the would-be assassins and defended them at the risk of their own lives.

In the second place, the Nez Percés continued faithful to the American party in the wars which followed the massacre and which resulted in the vanquishment of the hostile Cayuse and the execution of five of the murderers.

Third, the Nez Percés, although separated from their missionaries for twelve years, still maintained their faith and their Christian character to such a degree that even twenty-three years after the massacre, when Mr. Spalding returned for a permanent work among them, he was enabled to rekindle buried embers in which the fires had not become extinct, and in blessed revivals he gathered many hundreds of converts. His wife had survived the hardships and anxiety incident to the massacre only four years—having died in 1851; but Mr. Spalding, after laboring on the borders of the Reservation in 1859 and again being driven away by the Indian ring which controlled the Government policy, was finally authorized by the United States Government to return and take up his work without fear of further molestation. The rich harvests which he then gathered showed how thorough had been the seed-sowing of the previous years.

Of the first eleven years of labor at Lapwai, in which Mr. and Mrs. Spalding were permitted to engage without serious interruption, it is impossible in brief space to give anything like a connected history. Only fragments of information are found here and there in letters published in the "Missionary Herald" or in notices given by travellers or Government agents who

happened to visit the station at intervals during that period. We can only offer glimpses.

The following account given by Mr. Spalding of his work, as it appeared only two years after its beginning, is found in the "Missionary Herald," December, 1839. It shows how soon the Indians began to respond to the truths of the gospel and the power of the Holy Spirit :

"The mill-race was dug last winter by the natives while I was holding a protracted meeting. Some hundreds would labor under the direction of Mr. Gray till a little after noon, when the bell would ring for worship. After meeting they would receive their potatoes for their labor, and after supper assemble for a second service. In this way multitudes were enabled to remain through the meeting, which continued eight days, who otherwise would have been under the necessity of returning home soon for want of provisions. During this meeting, which was held the last of December and first of January, we were enabled to assemble in our school-house, which is forty by twenty feet ; but since that time the number of attendants has increased to several thousands, and we are obliged now to meet in the open air evening and morning.

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"During the meeting mentioned above there was great excitement, which continues to some extent even yet ; but how much of it is genuine, I know not. The manner in which it commenced would seem to indicate that it was the work of God, but that it did not run into animal excitement is not so clear. The Sabbath

EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

previous to the proposed meeting, while speaking of the love Stephen showed for his enemies in the hour of death, a second chief rose and came up before the stand and remained in tears till I closed, when he commenced a most affecting speech, confessing his sins, pleading for mercy, dedicating himself, soul and body, to God, and pleading with his people to give themselves at once to the Saviour. Soon a multitude were up, and the scene continued till late, and was renewed again in the evening. But that day of deep interest to us was only the beginning of what has been continued with but little abatement to the present time. Many nights have been spent in sore weeping and praying for mercy. Probably two thousand have made a public confession of their sins and pledged themselves to live in God. But few of these, in all probability, have any just sense of sin or holiness. However many give evidence of a change of heart, and among these are three or four of the principal men in the nation."

In reference to a later stage of the work Mr. Spalding wrote as follows to Dr. White, a friendly Government agent: "Concerning the schools and congregations on the Sabbath, I will speak only of this station. The congregation on the Sabbath varies at different seasons of the year and must continue to do so until the people find a substitute in the fruits of the earth and in herds, for their roots, game, and fish, which necessarily call for much wandering from place to place; and I am happy to say that the people are very generally turning their attention, with much

apparent eagerness, to cultivating the soil and raising hogs, cattle, and sheep. They find a much more abundant and agreeable means of subsistence in the hoe than in their bows and their sticks for digging roots.

“For a few weeks in the autumn after the people return from their buffalo hunt, and then again in the spring, the congregation numbers from one to two thousand; through the winter it numbers from two to eight hundred. From July to the first of October it varies from two to five hundred. The congregation, as also the school, increases every winter, as the quantity of provision raised in this vicinity is increased.

“Preparatory to gathering a permanent congregation, my earliest attention on arriving in this country was turned towards schools as promising the most good to the nation, in connection with the written Word of God and the preached gospel. But to speak of schools then was like speaking of the church bell when as yet the helve is not put in the first axe by which the timber is to be felled, or the first stone laid in the dam which is to collect the water by which the lumber for the church edifice is to be sawn. But suffice it to say that, through the blessing of God, we have had an increasingly large school for two winters past, with comparatively favorable means of instruction.

“But the steps by which we have been brought to this present elevation, if I may so speak, though we are yet exceedingly low, began far back among the days

when we had nothing, and little to do with. Besides earning my own bread by the sweat of my brow, there were the wandering children of a necessarily wandering people to collect and bring permanently within the reach of the school. Over this department of labor hung the darkest cloud, as the Indian is noted for despising manual labor; but I would acknowledge with humble gratitude the interposition of that hand which holds the hearts of all men. The hoe soon brought hope, light, and satisfaction. Its fruits are yearly becoming much more than a substitute for their former precarious supply of game and roots; and they are much preferred, for the people are coming in from the mountains and plains and calling for hoes, ploughs, and seeds much faster than they can be furnished. They are also collecting around the station in increasing numbers to cultivate their little farms, so furnishing a permanent school and congregation on the Sabbath, from four to eight months, and, as the farms are enlarged, giving food and employment for the year. I trust that soon the school and congregation will be permanent through the year.

“It was no small tax on my time at first to give the first lessons on agriculture. That the men of the nation (the first chiefs not excepted) rose up to labor when a few hoes and seeds were offered them, I can attribute to nothing but the unseen hand of the God of missions. That their habits are really changed is acknowledged by themselves. The men say that whereas they once did not labor with their hands, now

they do; and they often tell me jestingly that I have converted them 'into a nation of women.' They are really a very industrious people, and from very small beginnings they now cultivate their lands with much skill and to good advantage. Doubtless many more would cultivate but for the want of means. Your kind donation of fifty hoes, in behalf of the Government, will be most timely; and should you be able to send up the ploughs, as you kindly proposed, they will, without doubt, be purchased immediately and put to the best use.

"But to return to the school. It now numbers two hundred and twenty-five in daily attendance, half of whom are adults. Nearly all the chiefs and principal men in this vicinity, with one chief from a neighboring tribe, are members of the school. A new impulse was given to the school by the warm interest which you and Mr. McKay took in it while you were here. The people are as industrious in school as they are on their farms. Their improvement is astonishing considering the crowded condition of the school and the fact that they have only Mrs. Spalding, with her delicate constitution and her family cares, for their teacher.

"About one hundred are printing their own books with a pen. This keeps up a deep interest, as they daily have new lessons to print, and what they print must be committed to memory as soon as possible. A good number are now so far advanced as to render much assistance in teaching. Their books are taken home at night and every lodge becomes a schoolroom.

"Their lessons are Scripture lessons; no others (except the laws) seem to interest them. These laws, which you so happily prepared, and which are unanimously adopted by the people, I have printed in the form of a small school-book. A great number of the school now read them fluently. I send you a few copies, with no apologies for the imperfect manner in which they are executed."

Not many years after the arrival of the missionaries, a traveller gave the following account of his experience with the Nez Percé guide whose name was Creekie: "After encamping at night, Creekie's wife presented a dish of meat to her husband and one to me. There was a pause. The woman seated herself between her children. The Indian then bowed his head and prayed to God. A wandering savage in Oregon calling on Jehovah in the name of Jesus Christ! After the prayer he gave meat to his children and passed the dish to his wife. While eating, the frequent repetition of the words Jehovah and Jesus Christ, in the most reverential manner, led me to suppose that they were conversing on religious topics, and thus they passed an hour. Meanwhile the exceeding weariness from the long day's travel admonished me to seek rest. I had slumbered I know not how long, when a strain of music awoke me. The Indian family were engaged in their evening devotions. They were singing a hymn in the Nez Percés language. Having finished they all knelt and bowed their faces on the buffalo-robe, and Creekie prayed long and fervently. After-

ward they sang another hymn and retired. To hospitality, family affection and devotion, Creekie added cleanliness and honesty to a great degree, manifesting by these fruits, so contrary to the nature and habits of his race, the beautiful influence of the work of grace on the heart."

It must not be inferred that the Nez Percés mission had experienced an uninterrupted course of prosperity up to the time of the massacre of 1847. It had passed through periods of severe depression as well as those of rejoicing. The American Board reinforced the mission in 1838 by sending out Rev. O. B. Smith and Rev. Mr. Gray and his wife. Mr. Gray joined Mr. and Mrs. Spalding at Lapwai, while Mr. and Mrs. Smith opened a station at Kamiah, sixty miles west from Lapwai. Rev. E. Walker and Rev. C. Eells and their wives were also sent out to open a station among the Spokanes.

That year was signalized at Lapwai by a crop of 2,000 bushels of potatoes. The importance of this fact as bearing upon the civilization of the Indians cannot be overestimated. On the other hand the same year witnessed the advent of the Jesuits, who began at once to poison the minds of the Indians with distrust. In 1841 Mr. Smith, having become discouraged from various causes, gave up his work and was transferred to the Sandwich Island mission. Early in 1842 the question of giving up the missions to the Cayuse and the Nez Percés * was seriously contemplated by the

* Eells' Indian Missions, pp. 42 and 43.

American Board. But later in the same year a revival changed the aspect of affairs at Lapwai. Large numbers assembled to hear the truth and the school was increased to 200. Then also occurred Dr. Whitman's memorable visit to Washington.

It was in the spring of 1843, while Mrs. Spalding was suffering from a severe illness, that a Nez Percé chief said with seeming sincerity, "If it could be I would gladly die in her stead, that she might live to teach the people." Such tokens as this bound the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Spalding more closely to their people. In May, nine were added to the church and many others expressed a desire to be received. In June ten more professed their faith. Changes, some brighter and some depressing, followed in quick succession. There were manifestly many undercurrents of disturbing influence at work upon the Indians. In 1843 Mr. Gray was transferred to the care of the Oregon Institute at Salem and another teacher was employed at Lapwai. In the spring of 1847 the mission of the Methodist Church at the Dalles on the Columbia below Walla Walla was transferred to the American Board, which had concluded to retain all its other stations. As late as April, 1847, Mr. Eells wrote that the prospects of the mission were never better. Although a few months later the most important stations were broken up, the labor spent had not been in vain. Precious fruit was rich and abundant even irrespective of those indirect consequences which will appear farther on.

The results of the labors of this lone missionary family have been summed up thus: After eleven years the Indians were settled in homes; their crops of grain had reached some twenty to thirty thousand bushels a year; the cows which the missionaries brought had multiplied for the Indians into numerous herds; gardens and orchards were planted; the sheep, which the English residents had denied them, but which the Sandwich Islanders had given, had grown to flocks. In the school which Mrs. Spalding taught, often carrying a child in her arms, there had been five hundred pupils. A church of a hundred members had been gathered. The language of the people, hitherto without a character, had been reduced to writing. A patriarchal Government with a code of laws had been established. The Sabbath was observed. Upon the first printing-press west of the mountains, and that presented to the mission by the native church at Honolulu—the type-setting, press-work, and binding, done by the missionary's own hand—were printed a few school-books, the native code of laws, a small collection of hymns, and the Gospel of Matthew.

There is a valuable lesson in the history of this missionary family as bearing upon the relative influence of married and of celibate missionaries. Would such results have been possible to even the most devout Jesuit or to an unmarried Protestant? Here everything was to be learned: the idea of the home and how to make it comfortable and attractive, the true relation of men and women, the training of children

and all that belonged to parental duty, the making of garments, the cultivation of all that is beautiful in life. Here was as grand a sphere for a Christian woman as can often be found, and how nobly and heroically was it filled! Two men could not have accomplished all that was effected by this better duality which was after God's own plan. Mr. Spalding's own power and efficiency was redoubled by the sympathy and the strong support of his consecrated and heroic wife. Well might he lean upon and put his trust in her.

But just here a very important discrimination should be made. It is not by merely being a wife that a woman may prove a real help to her husband on the mission-field. She may be a clog and a hindrance. Her indifference and discontent may depress and finally overcome her husband's courage and bring him home. Her want of sympathy with the people may alienate them from her husband and ruin his influence and success. Even if Mrs. Spalding had been neutral in her influence—neither hindering nor helping—how large a factor would have been wanting in the total success. Is it probable that so deep a gratitude and so firm a loyalty would have been created in the breasts of those men who at last proved such staunch supporters?

A modern theory is sometimes advanced that a missionary's wife is not herself a missionary—she is only a wife and mistress of a household. But it is specially ill-timed in these days when all earnest Christian women in the home churches are becoming missionaries, and when it is so hard for them to under-

stand how any one of their sex can live in the very midst of thousands of their down-trodden sisters in heathen lands and make no effort in their behalf. But in any case such was not the view taken by Mrs. Spalding. Not all can come up to the measure of her toil and devotion. Ill-health or large family cares will in some cases preclude all efforts. But the highest plaudit that the Saviour ever gave to a woman was, "She hath done what she could."

THE WHITMAN MASSACRE.

In order to a clear understanding of this sad event, which occurred on November 29, 1847, it is necessary to go back to the autumn of 1842 when Dr. Whitman after six years of labor had built up a thrifty settlement at Waiilatpu. He had stood in the manifold relation of medical missionary, religious teacher, diplomat, and organizer of colonies. His station was a rendezvous for settlers on their first arrival from the States. The jealousy of the Fur Company and of the Jesuits had steadily increased. During the autumn of 1842 tidings came that a colony of forty families had started from the regions of the Red River of the North, and it was confidently predicted that incoming settlers from the British Possessions would soon determine the destiny of the country. Moreover it was understood that the British Government, represented by Lord Ashburton, was striving to negotiate a treaty with the United States through Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, by which the American claim to the North Pacific terri-

tories was to be exchanged—so rumor had it—for certain fisheries in Newfoundland. Sir George Simpson was also in Washington at the time, acting specially in the interest of the Hudson's Bay Company for the same end. Dr. Whitman, with a courage and an impetuous energy seldom equalled, started at once for Washington, taking the dubious chances of an overland journey in winter. He found a companion in Mr. A. L. Lovejoy, who attended him a part of the way. After suffering untold hardships Dr. Whitman reached St. Louis alone in the early spring of 1843, and thence hastened on to Washington lest the treaty should be found to have been already ratified. He appeared before Mr. Webster in a buffalo-skin coat and buck-skin trousers, both much the worse for his winter's camping, and made his plea for the retention of Oregon.

A treaty had already been ratified, but fortunately the line agreed upon extended from Lake Superior only as far west as the Rocky Mountains, and not to the Pacific as had been feared; that further extension, however, was regarded as a probable result of future negotiations. The errand of Sir George Simpson at Washington in the interest of the Fur Company seemed to be that of convincing our Government that the Rocky Mountains constituted an eternal barrier, and that the regions beyond them were not worth possessing for agricultural purposes even if they were never so accessible.

To remove these false impressions was the task of Dr. Whitman. His rough exterior and general ap-

pearance of wildness, and a certain intensity of enthusiasm, were rather calculated to stamp him as a fanatic. Besides he was "only a missionary," and he had not even the indorsement of his Mission Board or his associates on the field. He was not accredited by any government or association; he was not even able to display a petition with numerous signatures of citizens. How could such a man expect to thwart the rival purposes of distinguished diplomatists or be heard as a witness against the positive assertions of a titled agent of a great commercial company? But in spite of all odds he made himself felt at last.

He described the riches and beauty of the country, which had been represented by Sir George Simpson as of little value; he also denied the alleged impossibility of conducting emigrants over the mountains, and emphasized his assertions by the fact that he had just made the passage in the depth of winter. After he had been thoroughly questioned by Secretary Webster and President Tyler, it was agreed that his counsels should be heeded if he would demonstrate his problem as he proposed, by actually conducting an emigrant party over the mountains during the ensuing summer. Dr. Whitman accordingly appointed a rendezvous at St. Louis and sent out his circulars over the country, and he had the satisfaction ere the next summer was ended of reaching Oregon with a colony of nearly eight hundred persons, with several hundred cattle, horses, and other animals.

Mr. Spalding, in speaking of Dr. Whitman's leader-

ship of this great emigration says: "Dr. Whitman was their everywhere present angel of mercy, ministering to the sick, helping the weary, encouraging the wavering, soothing the mothers, mending wagons, setting broken bones, climbing precipices—now in the rear, now in the centre, now at the front, in the rivers looking out for quicksands, in the desert looking for water, in the dark mountains at noon-time and at midnight, as though all were his own children and the wagons his own property. His constant advice, based upon a previous knowledge of the road, was this, 'Travel, travel, travel; nothing else will take you to the end of your journey. Nothing is wise that does not help you along, nothing is good that causes you a moment's delay.' " No serious obstacles were encountered until they reached Ft. Hall, 1,323 miles from Westport, Missouri. Here the Hudson's Bay men declared to the emigrants, as they had done to the missionary party in 1836, that further progress with the wagons was impossible and unsafe. They enforced their statements by pointing to wagons that had been abandoned by emigrants in preceding years, together with their agricultural tools and other appliances for civilizing the new country. What spectacle could more strikingly prove that the Trading Company was the foe to the best interests of the country? "Ft. Hall, under the care of Hudson's Bay men, was a buffer against an advancing civilization," says Barrows in his "Oregon." Every party that reached that point after so long a journey was sure to be opposed by the whole force of discouragements, difficul-

ties, and obstacles of all sorts which could be brought to bear. But this time these men had to deal with no ordinary type of enterprise, and especially with a man who knew no such thing as fear or discouragement or defeat. Many of the emigrants of his own company would have fled at once but for his buoyancy and firmness. "When Dr. Whitman came to the front," adds Mr. Barrows, "he found that the old arts had been applied and with no little success. It would be Indians if they went on, and it would be sickness, and abandonment of goods, and then starvation, and all that. But when he spoke to them of his own experience on that route through several trips, and then of the interest that the fur-traders had in keeping them back, and then appealed to their honorable feelings to trust him until he had at least once failed them, they rallied with enthusiasm and moved on. So far as appears he did not lose a man or a wagon at the fort. What added much to this result was a large body of Indians who had taken this journey of hundreds of miles to meet their old teacher and lead him safely to their mountain homes. As this expedition turned the balance for Oregon, so Ft. Hail was a pivotal point in the expedition. The company had turned back many parties of settlers, but from their standpoint they had made a mistake seven years before in allowing an intrepid missionary to pass with his 'old wagon.' Now here he was again with two hundred wagons, and backed by a throng of emigrants who believed in him."

Such was the achievement of this brave man during

the eventful years of 1842-43. Oregon was secured to the United States. But Dr. and Mrs. Whitman had a score to settle with the Hudson's Bay Company, the Jesuits, and the Cayuse Indians. Difficulties gathered thickly around the ill-fated station between the years 1843-47. The Jesuits and their abettors determined to gain possession of it. The fur-traders were piqued at the American success, and they well knew that Dr. Whitman had brought it about. Meanwhile fresh parties of settlers from the States were arriving from time to time, and one of the arrivals brought the measles and other forms of sickness. There is abundant testimony to establish the fact that the Jesuits resorted to the pious interpretation which in all lands and for many centuries they have so often used in similar circumstances, namely that this sickness from which the Indians suffered was a divine judgment upon them for harboring the Protestant heretics.

In the autumn of 1847 the attitude of affairs had become so serious that Dr. Whitman was filled with constant apprehension. The whole manner of the Indians had become changed towards him, and the same suspicious reticence and coldness appeared also in the representatives of the Hudson's Bay Company at Ft. Walla Walla. Meanwhile it was evident that the Jesuits had their informers in his own camp in the persons of two French half-breeds who were Roman-catholics. The statement had become current among the Indians that Dr. Whitman was poisoning their children while he was pretending to heal their diseases.

It was said that he kept one particular kind of medicine for the very purpose of destroying life. Finally the moment arrived which brought a calamity more overwhelming than the most gloomy forebodings had foreshadowed.

The following account of the tragedy was communicated by Mr. Spalding in letters to the American Board soon after the event, which took place November 29, 1847.

“Dr. Whitman (on the day of the outbreak) had just returned from burying an Indian child and was engaged in reading. An Indian, to divert his attention, was in the act of soliciting medicine, while another came behind him and with a tomahawk struck him on the back of his head. A second blow on the top of his head laid him lifeless on the floor. Then Tilaukait, a principal chief, who had received unnumbered favors from the doctor, and who was about to be received into the church, fell upon the dead body and mangled it horribly, cutting the face and head, taking out the heart, etc., and scattering them in the mud. Other bodies were treated in the same brutal manner, and the little captive girls were compelled to pass over them frequently to torment them. The bodies lay forty-eight hours (from Monday to Wednesday) scattered about the premises. None were allowed to gather them up and bury them. Even the distracted widows had not been allowed to go out and soothe the last moments of their dying husbands, some of whom lingered in the agonies of death.

"Mrs. Whitman fled up stairs, where she received a wound in the breast through the window. Mr. Rogers joined her, but they were persuaded to come down, the Indians promising not to kill them. They were immediately taken to the door, however, and shot. Mrs. Whitman died immediately. Mr. Rogers lingered a long time. Mr. Osborn, who was sick, and who with his sick family had hidden himself under the floor, heard him, as he lay in the mud and blood, frequently say, 'Lord Jesus, come quickly,' till his voice failed. Mr. Hall fled from the Indians, reached Walla Walla, crossed the Columbia, and proceeded on his way to this place (Lapwai); but he has not yet arrived, and Indian report says that he was killed.

"Mr. Canfield fled after being wounded, secreted himself in an upper room until dark, and then fled some four miles and hid himself in the bushes through Tuesday. During the day he heard several guns, and as I was expected to return that day from the Umatilla, he took it for granted that I had fallen. At night he took the direction of my station, and although a stranger, reached it, through the interposing hand of God, on Saturday, and communicated the terrible news, stating that I was probably killed, and that my daughter (a young girl of ten years who was visiting Dr. and Mrs. Whitman) was, of course, among the captives. Mrs. Spalding immediately sent an Indian to rescue Eliza, if possible.

"Mr. Osborn and his sick family fled that night about three miles and hid themselves in the bushes. Next

night they travelled about forty miles, when Mrs. Osborn gave out. Mr. Osborn took one child, leaving his wife and two children, and reached Walla Walla, where he obtained horses and a friendly Indian, and, after wandering and searching a long time, they all reached the fort Friday night, Mrs. Osborn and the children having had almost nothing to eat through the whole time. Mr. Stanley, a painter, was returning from Tshimakain to Waiilatpu, but when he was within about two miles of the bloody scene he was informed by a little girl that all were dead at that place. He escaped to Walla Walla. A Nez Percé who was present and witnessed the terrible catastrophe, left on Friday and reached Clear Water (Lapwai) on Sunday, and gave the intelligence that I had escaped the Indians and had taken the direction of Willamette. But my safe arrival at Lapwai on Monday night, through the interposing hand of God, removed the dreadful suspense from the mind of Mrs. Spalding.

“Eight days after the first massacre (November 29) Messrs. Sails and Bewly, young men who were sick, were dragged from their beds, butchered and cut to pieces in the most horrible manner in the presence of the women and children, and their dead bodies lay near the door for forty-eight hours in mud and blood; and the captives—among them was a sister of Bewly—were compelled to pass over them for their food and water. No one was allowed to wash and bury them till two Nez Percés arrived.

“Mr. Smith and family were at the saw-mill

twenty miles distant; also Mr. Young, his wife and three sons. Next day Mr. Young came down to the station (Waiilatpu) for provisions, and was killed. The others were sent for nine days after the horrible deed, and their lives were preserved that they might take charge of the flour-mill. But the women and children, to the number of forty-eight (including my oldest daughter, who was at the station at the time) were made slaves by the murderers and treated in the most cruel and brutal manner."

Some additional facts may be added to this account given by Mr. Spalding, which in the circumstances might be expected to appear incomplete—possibly in some slight details inaccurate.

It appears that Mr. Canfield, an emigrant who was staying at the mission and whom the Indians supposed that they had murdered, but who had escaped in the night, had learned that the Nez Percés would be asked to join the Cayuse in this war of extermination upon Americans, as the two tribes were largely intermarried and were on intimate terms. His object was therefore to communicate as quickly as possible the knowledge of what had happened to Mrs. Spalding and to warn her that an uprising might be expected at Lapwai also. When he reached the encampments of the Nez Percés he said nothing to them about the murders, but procured a guide and proceeded to Lapwai, where he arrived on Sunday morning. As soon as he found an opportunity to speak with Mrs. Spalding confidentially he informed her of the sad event which had occurred,

and the two consulted together as to what should be done. Mr. Canfield thought it best to wait until the Indians should learn of it in other ways and then see what it would be wise to do; but Mrs. Spalding determined to state the facts to Jacob and Eagle, two friendly chiefs who were there at the time, and place herself under their protection at once. So far as she knew her daughter had probably been slain. The chiefs advised her to leave her own house at once and go to their camp in the bush as being a safer place and one in which they could more easily protect her should hostile Indians appear. But it was Sunday, and Mrs. Spalding at once refused to travel, even for the sake of safety, "on God's holy day." It was impossible to persuade her; she declared that she was in God's hands, and whatever might be the issue, she could not violate His law. It turned out that the Indians were so impressed by her confidence in her God that they resolved the more earnestly to defend her at all hazards. An increased number of guards was secured for the purpose, but no danger appeared during that day. On Monday morning after Mrs. Spalding and her children, Mr. Canfield, and others connected with the mission had been moved to a place of safety, an Indian from Wailatpu reached Lapwai with several heathen Nez Percés from the camp which Mr. Canfield had visited on his way. This emissary of the hostile Cayuse had been so far successful, and Mr. Canfield's warning had not been in vain. They proceeded to the deserted mission buildings which they pillaged, but they found

the mission family so strongly guarded that they refrained from any attempt to complete the massacre which had been begun at Waiilatpu. On Monday night Mr. Spalding arrived "more dead than alive" through his long-continued fasting, anxiety, and fatigue. His shoes had been thrown away as useless and his feet were severely mangled by the rough ground over which he had been compelled to walk. His arrival afforded much relief to Mrs. Spalding, though he could give no account of their daughter.

We must pause at this point to explain the escape of Mr. Spalding, who was not at the station at the time of the murder, but was at Umatilla. The next morning after the massacre he was returning to Waiilatpu on horseback, and had approached to within two or three miles of the station, when he met a Catholic priest and a Cayuse Indian, both well mounted. The priest, who had come from the scene of the massacre and from baptizing the children of the Indians who had taken part in the murder the day before, was returning to his home at Umatilla. On meeting Mr. Spalding he warned him of his danger, but the Indian had at once conceived quite a different purpose. As his gun at the time was without a charge, he wheeled his horse back to Waiilatpu. When he returned and overtook the priest he found that Mr. Spalding had made his escape and had gained much time. On the second day Mr. Spalding, who travelled only by night, lost his horse while hiding in a wooded cañon. The Indian hunted diligently for him, but proved unsuccessful. Then fol-

lowed the long journey to Lapwai on foot, without shoes or shelter, though in the latter part of chilling November. The food found by the way barely sustained his life.

Returning to the scene of the tragedy of Monday, November 29, the harrowing details of which it is unnecessary to dwell upon, we find about thirty women and children over whom the Indians held a parley as to whether they should be put to death or be spared as captives. One chief, more humane than the rest, finally took his stand declaring that they should not be murdered. This was finally acceded to, though upon the condition that the women should make up whatever cloth could be found at the station into garments for their captors. We must leave them amid the desolation of the blood-drenched settlement and under the worst type of bondage, for a long and weary month. Over the indignities which were suffered by these captives it were well to draw a veil, though harrowing facts were related under oath when afterwards the leaders in the massacre were brought to trial at Oregon City.

After the first outbreak no American was considered safe anywhere in the region around Waiilatpu. For eight days after the massacre murders occurred wherever families of settlers had established themselves. During this period the son of a Cayuse chief proceeded to the mission saw-mill which Dr. Whitman had established about twenty miles from his station, and brought down Mr. and Mrs. E. Young, and Mr. Joseph Smith,

and their children, as stated above by Mr. Spalding, with the intention of murdering them. But Timothy and Eagle, Mrs. Spalding's faithful chiefs, had arrived with the Lapwai missionaries and with a force of guards which made their influence felt. They forbade the murder of any more Americans, declaring that they would defend them at all hazards.

Mr. and Mrs. Spalding and the other refugees continued under the protection of these friendly Nez Percés until further communication should be received from Mr. Ogden, the humane representative of the Hudson's Bay Company. Whatever may be said of the general policy of the company, all honor is due to this gentleman. He had sent a kind message to Mr. Spalding and his friends requesting them to join him at Ft. Walla Walla. They had promptly obeyed the call, and the little party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Spalding and ten others, and escorted by forty faithful Nez Percés, had come in time to save the lives of many others. When their charges had been delivered up to their new protector, the Indians received a reward of twelve blankets and other articles, and returned to their homes.

Through Mr. Ogden's influence not only the little company at Lapwai, but the women and children who had survived the massacre at Waiilatpu, and several others, mostly women and children who had escaped from the hostilities of the Cayuse Indians, were gathered together at Ft. Walla Walla and sent down the river to Oregon City.

It will be seen by these incidents how great an influence had been gained by Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, and particularly by the latter, over these Nez Percés chiefs; we shall find further evidence not only that these faithful allies prevented further murders by the Cayuse on their own ground, but that they protected other American settlements against their intrigues, and finally helped to bring the assassins to justice.

It was on the 12th of January, 1848, that the ransomed captives, about sixty in number, reached Oregon City, where they were warmly welcomed by the citizens and by the Governor of the Territory, who gave them a salute of three guns. Thus far only peaceable measures had been pursued; the freedom of the captives had been purchased at an estimated price of about \$1,000. But such a precedent could not be allowed to stand; it would prove a virtual bounty offered for the capture of American citizens. Accordingly the Oregon Volunteers, under the command of Col. C. Gilliaue, were soon in hot pursuit of the murderous savages of the Cayuse tribe. In a successful battle fought near the Umatilla River they routed the Indians and drove them back beyond the Snake River, but failed to secure the murderers.

The military authorities, after having brought Rev. Messrs. Walker and Eells and their families, of the Spokane Station, to Oregon City, gave notice that they could no longer protect any mission station east of the Cascade Mountains until a larger force should enable them to bring the Indians under complete subjection.

Gen. Joseph Lane was appointed by the United States Government as Governor of Oregon in 1848 and arrived in the country in 1849. With the help of a United States regiment and the coöperation of Dr. John McLaughlin of the Hudson's Bay Company and the aid of the loyal Nez Percés, he compelled the Indians to surrender the five principal leaders in the massacre, and they were tried and executed at Oregon City in May, 1850.

Various attempts have been made, largely at the instigation of Roman-catholics, to show that this sure but deliberate retribution was only a heartless outburst of revenge on the part of the American settlers. An officer in the United States army named Ebbitt, writing long after the occurrence, and with so little knowledge of the facts as to speak of *three* Indians instead of five, represented in a newspaper article which is quoted in Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's "Century of Dishonor," that the Indians who were executed were not guilty of the crime, but only gave themselves up as voluntary victims to appease the bloodthirsty missionaries and others. But the fact that the women who had been captives for a month in the hands of these leaders, one of whom I visited in 1888 that I might hear her story from her own lips, were called to the stand to identify the murderers whose deeds they witnessed and whose tyranny they themselves had endured, ought to be sufficient to disprove all such misrepresentations as these. There have been endless discussions as to the complicity of the Jesuit priests in the murder of Dr.

Whitman. We have already alluded to the fact that a Catholic priest undoubtedly saved the life of Mr. Spalding, by giving him timely warning and thus enabling him to escape to Lapwai. Roman-catholics have made much of this incident, and full credit ought to be given thus far. But it will not do to overwork this commendable act in attempting to show that the Jesuits were in no degree responsible for the slaughter; a wise discrimination should be observed. It may be admitted that the Jesuit fathers did not advise the actual murder of Dr. Whitman or any of the settlers, and that they were shocked by the fact that the hostility which they had excited had led to a catastrophe far greater than they had anticipated, and yet there is too much reason to believe that the train of influences which led to the dire result was constantly fostered by their efforts. There can be no doubt that the Jesuits determined to have possession of that station by one means or another. It was near Ft. Walla Walla, an important post of the Hudson's Bay Company, and that company was in sympathy with the Jesuits as against the Americans. They felt that on this account they had a right to the surrounding territory. They were like all other Jesuits in the professed belief that Protestant heretics are only the children of darkness, and ought everywhere to be driven out. They were sworn to a system which avowedly maintains that evil may be done that good may be accomplished thereby. They did not hesitate to take advantage of the superstitions of the Indians, and to make them believe that their sicknesses

were punishments for having listened to the Protestant teaching, and having shown friendship to those who were the enemies of God. The hazard of playing thus upon the superstitions and prejudices of ignorant savages ought to have been obvious enough to arouse compunctions of conscience in any class of men, certainly in the breasts of those who claim to be ambassadors of the Prince of Peace. Moreover, these Jesuit missionaries were conscious of having under their influence and control certain henchmen who, however hesitating they themselves might be, would have no serious compunctions whatever in trying to promote the interests which they knew were earnestly desired by their masters. These men were mostly of that ill-conditioned and ever unscrupulous race known as French Half-Breeds. They had migrated to Oregon from the British Possessions, and holding a middle ground between the whites and the Indians, they knew how to exert an influence first upon one and then upon the other, or upon both as the occasion might require. Two of these men devoted to the Catholic interests had connected themselves, from what motive can only be judged by subsequent events, with Dr. Whitman's station. They were employed in one capacity or another under the American settlers; they knew all that transpired and gave information from time to time in regard to the situation. During the massacre these two men were in active sympathy with the Indian assassins, and one of them, according to clear and undeniable testimony, gave the signal for the bloody work to begin.

Another Roman-catholic by the name of McBean, and who at the time held a certain degree of authority at Ft. Walla Walla, was scarcely less outspoken in his hostility to the Americans and in his repeated prediction that they would be driven out and that the Jesuit fathers would secure possession of Dr. Whitman's station. Upon sworn testimony of reliable witnesses, this man is accused of having turned away the sick and wounded refugees who fled from the massacre and sought protection at the fort. One of these, a Mr. Hall mentioned above by Mr. Spalding, was utterly refused either admittance or shelter or food or any assistance whatever; on the contrary he was put into a boat by McBean's order and sent across the Columbia River, and was never heard from again. Three or four days later when the Osborn family above referred to reached the fort, after having remained shelterless and without food until their strength was well-nigh exhausted, McBean refused them admittance. Mrs. Osborn, who had arisen from a sick-bed that she might escape from the scene of slaughter, and who had suffered untold privation by the way, utterly refused to remove from the gate of the fort, declaring that she would die there and leave the responsibility of her death and that of her children upon those who had denied them shelter. This positive refusal, together with the fact that another officer, more humane, became interested in the case, was all that saved the lives of this stricken family from sharing the fate of him who had been driven across the river without food or shelter or pro-

tection. The fact also that a Catholic priest found it perfectly safe to visit the scene of the massacre and perform the rite of baptism amid the mangled bodies of the slain still lying unburied and besmeared with the ooze of the trodden mud and gore, is also significant. It indicates either great heartlessness or a marvellous zeal; and whichever of the two it may have been it shows a determination by hook or by crook to get possession of the missionary work of the station. Much more might be said of the treatment of the missionary captives by certain Catholic priests, who, when young girls appealed to them for protection against dishonor and abuse at the hands of their captors, only handed them over as victims to their brutal lust. The sworn testimony of Miss Bewley, then just entering into womanhood, will stand on the records of the courts of Oregon as an everlasting reproach to the Jesuit fathers at Umatilla.

An early version of this sad history from the Catholic standpoint was written by Father Brouillette, one of the Jesuit missionaries, and published some time after the event in a Roman-catholic paper in New York. The statement was thus widely circulated that the whole difficulty had been brought upon the missionaries, Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spalding, by their own blunders, while the Roman-catholics had only shown them kindness. The Catholics were shrewd enough to secure Government officials of their own choosing, and upon whom they could rely to promote their ends in the long controversy which followed. Among these

was J. Ross Brown, a general agent for the Indians of Oregon, and a Catholic. His report to Congress largely copied word for word the history of Brouillette which had been published in the Catholic paper above referred to, and which thus passed into the records of Congress as a true version of the massacre and its procuring causes. This led to a widespread feeling of indignation among American settlers in Oregon. Different religious bodies—Presbyteries, Congregational Associations, Methodist Conferences, Baptist Associations, etc.—took up the matter, and from a hundred sources gathered an amount of testimony that was overwhelming. The facts were published in local papers, but they appear never to have been given to the public at large in the Atlantic States until 1871, when Mr. Spalding, then a veteran fast approaching the close of his service, visited the East. He was finally successful in securing the publication by Congress of a mass of counter statements, including the action of the various religious bodies and the testimony of numerous officials connected with the local Government.

Returning from this digression to the history of Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, we find them after their flight from Lapwai utterly broken up in their missionary labors. As it was not safe for either missionaries or other settlers to reside in the region east of the Cascades, they remained in Western Oregon. Mrs. Spalding had her husband and daughter restored to her, but the shock of the massacre and the

events which followed it—the flight from Lapwai amid untold exposure, the destruction to all human appearance of the station and of the fruits of her eleven years of missionary labor—all this was too much for her strength, already taxed by years of toil. Wasting disease set in which in 1851 ended her earthly life and set her spirit free for the higher and more blessed service of the Heavenly Kingdom. From the time of her devotion to the work of missions and her setting out on her hazardous journey to her distant field of labor, fifteen years had passed. They had been eventful and eminently fruitful, but she could not know how fruitful. She had seen her plans and hopes apparently thwarted ; she could not, while her earthly life continued, see any light upon the dark and mysterious problem ; she could not know that some hundreds of the Nez Percés would remain faithful to the doctrines which she had taught them, or that the confidence with which she and her husband had inspired them would secure their faithful adherence to the cause of the Americans against all intrigues of the Jesuits and the commercial influence of the fur-traders, and would largely help to decide the destiny of Oregon. She could not foresee the great harvest of souls whom her husband after many years of hope deferred would be permitted to gather as the result of their early seed-sowing ; but instead of all these specific consolations she possessed in a remarkable degree a general faith in God's promises. She took the inspired assurance that His word shall not return unto Him void, at its full value. No saintly man or

woman ever rested more peacefully in the arms of the divine Providence than she. Blessed was the dead who thus died in the Lord. Her works still follow her and will continue to follow throughout all the history of that portion of our country into which she and Mrs. Whitman led the way as God-fearing and heroic pioneers. Mr. Spalding does not seem to have continued in the service of the American Board, as access could no longer be gained to his beloved Nez Percés. But amid whatever temporary engagements, he cherished the one hope of returning to Lapwai.

The conquest undertaken by Gen. Lane was not an easy one. Much more was involved than the punishment of the Indian assassins. It had become clear to the Hudson's Bay Company and to the Jesuits that the American settlers were fast winning the coveted prize by rapid colonization, and it was evident that unless assiduous effort was put forth to prevent it, American enterprise would soon occupy the hunting grounds of the company with farms and all the appliances of civilization; and it was equally certain that a Protestant Christianity would attend the settlements of Americans in Oregon. The Indian tribes on the north and west were ready enough to assume a hostile attitude to those who had so severely punished the Cayuse; and the Jesuits, notwithstanding all their protestations against the charge of having aided the Indians in their massacre, were shown in repeated instances to have furnished firearms and ammunition for the use of the Indians against the American settlers. And this opens

a chapter of events which will more fully illustrate the value of those labors which had been put forth by Mr. and Mrs. Spalding among the Nez Percés.

It has been said that in the war between the English and the French for the possession of the Atlantic slope, soon after the middle of the last century, the key to the situation lay in the friendship of the Iroquois, who occupied the present Empire State. Whichever Government should succeed in securing the alliance of this dominant confederacy of Indian tribes might hope to gain a comparatively easy victory. Something like this was the important influence of the Nez Percés among the tribes of Oregon and Washington Territories at the period to which our sketch refers; and we are perfectly safe in saying that the influence of those eleven years of faithful labor put forth by Mr. and Mrs. Spalding in the little cañon of Lapwai was mainly if not wholly instrumental in securing the faithful sympathy and staunch support of the Nez Percés in the struggle for the possession of Oregon. The strong faith, the sincere and positive religious character of Mrs. Spalding, and her untiring devotion to the welfare of the Nez Percés, wrought an impression which was next to the voice of God. We have already alluded to the fact that the Nez Percés had come to see that the extensive settlement of their country by white men accustomed to different habits of life would greatly encroach upon their own rights and privileges, especially upon their hunting grounds and their modes of life; but in spite of all this, the friendship which the Indian knows how to

appreciate and to reciprocate held them firmly to the side of the Americans when all the other tribes took the position of hostility.

That we may not seem to deal in mere unsupported assertions, a few testimonials will here be cited. They are the deliberate utterances of various ecclesiastical bodies, and were placed on record in refutation of misrepresentations which had been widely published by Roman-catholics and their political allies. These were furnished for the Public Document No. 37 prepared by Mr. Spalding, and published by the 41st Congress, 3d session.

Extract from resolutions of the Pleasant Butte Baptist Convention of Linn County, Oregon, October 22, 1869:

"An invaluable service was rendered to Oregon by the successful crossing of the Continent in 1836 of two Protestant women, Mrs. Spalding and Mrs. Whitman, emphatically the American heroines of the nineteenth century, the first women who had the Christian courage to turn their backs for ever upon weeping friends and the civilized world and to face the hazards of the Rocky Mountains and the vast unknown beyond. By their personal hazards they settled the fact that families and herds and wagons could pass the mountains and the alkaline deserts. They really established the great emigrant route connecting the eastern and western slopes of the North American Continent. The opening of this route led to the settlement of the great Pacific States by American citizens, and these again to the

development of those vast gold-fields so long hid from the eye of mortals, and to the magic growth of this new half of our commonwealth.

“And it was the effort of these heroic missionaries that secured the steadfast devotion of the Protestant Nez Percés, the most powerful tribe west of the mountains, to the Americans and the American Government. Through that long and severe struggle which aimed to prevent or destroy our settlements and annihilate Protestantism in Oregon, during the Whitman massacre and the long wars that followed till 1857, the Nez Percés—true to the teaching of their Protestant missionaries—remained constant as the best allies of the Americans. They were quick to discover the designs of the enemy and ready to strike at the critical moment. When the Jesuits and traders had, by means of Indian runners, excited the surrounding tribes to murder the Protestant missionaries and American emigrants and to exterminate the American settlements on the Pacific, the Nez Percés refused to join them; they first rallied to the defence of their beloved teacher, Mrs. Spalding, and rescued her and her children, and then hastened to the scene of carnage at Waiilatpu and by their influence stopped the work of slaughter. They induced the Cayuse to deliver up the Protestant women and children whom they held captive. They had brought Mr. Spalding and family safe through hostile tribes one hundred and twenty miles to Walla Walla, and delivered them to Mr. Ogden. And when the Cayuse, urged on by the Jesuit Joe Lewis, and after they had obtained the price

of ransom, made an attempt to retake Mr. Spalding and the Americans, they threw themselves between them and beat back the Indians till by the strong current of the river, a favorable wind, and the utmost nerve of every oarsman, the three boatloads of rescued captives were swept down the Columbia and out of danger.

"Again, in 1848, when most of the tribes of the Northwest had, under Jesuit influence, assembled at Des Chutes, waiting for ammunition to be brought to them from the English post by the priests,* with which to cut off the Willamette settlements and take their women and herds, had the Nez Percés joined them, as by the testimony of Gov. Abernethy they were urged to do, the last American family would have been cut off. But they refused, and on the other hand they sent word to the combined camp that if they attempted to attack the American settlements, they would fall upon their rear, sweep their country of their herds of horses, and retire east of the mountains. This unexpected intelligence, coming at the moment of the sudden seizure, by Lieut. Rogers, of the ammunition sent by the priests, completely checked the savages. Thus the settlements, which at that time were peculiarly ex-

* Gray's "History of Oregon" gives specific instances in which the stores shipped by Jesuits, but intercepted by the American forces, were found to consist of firearms and ammunition. Roman-catholic historians may be able to tell us for what purpose the good fathers had need of such carnal weapons.

posed—most of the men having rushed to the gold mines of California—were saved from destruction.

“Again, in 1850, after the volunteers had failed to apprehend the guilty Cayuse, the Nez Percés, at the request of the Government, rushed through the winter snows, overtook the savages on Upper John Day River, overcame them in a protracted fight, captured five of their principal leaders and delivered them to the Government. These chief assassins were tried and executed at Oregon City.

“In 1855, when all the other tribes of the Northwest, having again combined against the Americans as testified by Col. Cornelius, gave a feast of thirty-seven oxen in order to induce the Nez Percés to join them, they again refused. They steadily maintained their friendship to the Americans, furnished them with provisions and cattle, and at one time four hundred horses for our army. At three different times they furnished a battalion of warriors to aid our people when sorely pressed by the combined hosts, who were constantly supplied with ammunition.

“They flew to the rescue of Gov. Stevens and his party when their retreat was cut off; and when Col. Steptoe was defeated in a two days’ fight, and one-fourth of his command were killed or wounded, his retreat and his water-supply cut off, and his ammunition gone, the faithful Nez Percés came to the rescue.

“A treacherous Jesuit priest who, acting as a spy in the American camp, had learned of the colonel’s small supply of ammunition, had sent the savages word, and

had joined them as soon as the fight commenced, carrying with him his pack of "groceries and nails," which really were powder and balls. Then it was that Timothy, a Protestant Nez Percé preacher, and his two brothers, discovering an unguarded opening in the rocks, and taking advantage of the darkness and the uproar of the surrounding savages at their dance-fires, led the colonel and his remnant out of the ambush and on through the night to a place of safety.

" ' During all these years we had to fight all the tribes which have been under Catholic priests,' says the report of Superintendent Nesmith, but the Nez Percés, so imbued with the principles of the Protestant religion and of the American Government that no hostile tribe or Romish emissaries have been able to draw them from their allegiance, have remained a bulwark upon our frontiers, often preventing our settlements from being drenched in the blood of our citizens. And although, by the unwise policy of our Government, they have been deprived of the counsels and teachings of their beloved missionary for many long years, still they stand firm in their religion and remain the most uncompromising friends of the American people. Their constant fidelity and friendship have been unanimously attributed by Superintendent Hale, and Agents Anderson and Howe, long in charge of the tribe, by Gov. Abernethy, Gen. Palmer, and scores of miners and travellers, citizens, and officers, both civil and military, and by about every religious body in the State, to the long-continued and most successful labors and influence

of the Rev. H. H. Spalding and his most amiable wife.

"Done by order of the Pleasant Butte Baptist Church, Brownsville, Linn Co., Oregon, October 22, 1869. Attest, J. Warmouth, H. I. C. Averill, L. C. Rice, and others.

"Corroborated by order of the Christian Church at Brownsville, Oregon, October 29, 1869.

"Also adopted unanimously at the annual meeting in Polk County, Oregon, Tuesday after third Sabbath in June, 1870, by the Committee of the Brotherhood of the Christian Church in Oregon, and voted to be published in the 'Review' at Cincinnati, and to be used by our beloved Brother Spalding as he may deem proper, with as many of our names as may be necessary.

"J. M. HARRIS, MODERATOR.

"W. H. ROWLAND, CLERK.

"WM. RUBLE, AND OTHERS.

"COMMITTEE."

Of the same general import are the following Resolutions of the Oregon Presbytery of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church :

"It affords us great pleasure to indorse what has often been affirmed by others, that Rev. H. H. Spalding, and his amiable and accomplished wife, now in heaven, have done more through their labors as missionaries to civilize and Christianize the Nez Percé tribe of Indians than the Government has ever been able to accomplish by an outlay of vast sums of money. And further, that to their influence is mainly attributed

the steadfast friendship of the Nez Percés under all circumstances to the white population, even when all the surrounding tribes—under Roman influence—were at war with the American people.

“W. R. BISHOP, MODERATOR.”

Of similar import with the above action of the Baptists in Oregon was that taken by the Methodists, who expressed their indignation at the false representations given in Executive Document No. 38 of the 35th Congress House of Representatives, and embodying J. Ross Browne's Report.

From the report of the committee of investigation appointed in reference to the statement of this document and adopted by the Oregon Conference we quote the following :

“It seems designed to refute the aspersions which J. Ross Browne's report had cast upon Mr. Spalding. It now appears quite certain by the testimony which has come to hand that Browne himself as well as Brouillette (whom Browne quoted) wrote in the interests of the Romish Church ; for on this ground only does it seem at all reasonable that he would have incorporated into his report so false a production as that of which it is affirmed, in the Congressional document under consideration, that ‘it will form an interesting and authentic chapter in the history of the Protestant missions.’ In this character Browne, acting on the principle that lies at the basis of all Jesuitical ethics, that ‘the end justifies the means,’ took advantage of his position

as an officer of the Government to advance the interests of Romanism by covering with obloquy the memory of those who sacrificed their lives for the promotion of republican liberty and Christian civilization, and by utterly destroying the character of the only survivor of the heroic band who constituted the second section of the vanguard of civilization and who were the first to plant the seeds of pure Christianity in Eastern Oregon. We here refer to Rev. H. H. Spalding, whose arduous and long-continued labors, with those of his devoted wife, resulted in securing the fidelity of the Nez Percés, the most powerful tribe of Indians on the Western Slope, to American interests, so that in all the Indian wars which have followed the Whitman massacre they have, with few exceptions, always remained true, and by their influence and power have often prevented the desolations of savage warfare from sweeping over the white settlements of the country. Under the teaching of these devoted servants of the Indians, the Nez Percés were so bound to American interests and to Protestant Christianity that neither hostile tribes nor Romish emissaries have ever been able to draw them away from their friendship and allegiance; and although by the unwise policy of Government officials they have been deprived of the presence and counsel of their beloved missionary for many long years, yet most of them still stand firm in their religion and remain the most uncompromising friends of the American people.

“With these facts before us we would unite with all

lovers of truth and justice in earnestly petitioning the Congress of the United States as far as possible to rectify the evils which have resulted from the publication as a Congressional document of the slanders of J. Ross Browne, and thus lift the cloud of darkness that hangs over the memory of the righteous dead (Dr. and Mrs. Whitman) and extend equal justice to those who survive.

Signed C. KINGSLEY, MODERATOR,
and six others, members of committee."

The full extent of the influences employed through the Government against the Protestant missions in Oregon, and especially that which had been under the care of Mr. Spalding, cannot be fully understood without considering for a moment the current of events which occurred between the fatal year 1847 and the inauguration of a new policy in 1871. It seems incredible that the Government should have been used to prevent Mr. Spalding from returning to the Nez Percés even when all hostilities from the Indians had disappeared, but such was the fact.

As has already been stated, it was wisely considered unsafe for missionaries to continue their labors in Eastern Oregon so long as the hostile tribes were unsubdued. But in 1855 our Government began to make treaties with the Indian tribes and to assign to them various reservations. This plan made slow progress and was seriously interrupted by what was known as the Yakama war. But at its close, in 1859, the settlement upon reservations was carried out, and the coun-

try east of the Cascade Range was declared open once more to settlers.

Mr. Spalding's hopes were now again revived. But unfortunately the officials connected with the Indian Department were mostly politicians appointed as a reward for political services, and not on account of their fitness for the office, their honesty or Christianity, or with much view to benefiting the Indians. Moreover, the Jesuits dreaded the influence of Mr. Spalding upon his faithful Nez Percés. From their standpoint he was the most dangerous man in Oregon, and it was clearly for their interest to prevent his return.

Added to all this were the schemes of land speculators. A shrewd operator had purchased the claim of the American Board in the Lapwai Cañon—the Board, with less faith than Mr. Spalding, having doubtless despaired of ever being able to resume the mission.

There were some, however, among the local representatives of the Government who sympathized with the missionary who for twelve years had been longing to return to his field. After the proclamation announcing that the country was open to settlers, Mr. Spalding went back to Lapwai in the hope of resuming his work. In reference to this event Mr. J. W. Anderson, then agent for the Nez Percés, wrote as follows :

“Although Mr. Spalding had been absent from the tribe many years, yet they retained all the forms of worship which had been taught them. Many of them have prayers night and morning in their lodges. Not

having any suitable schoolhouse, I permitted Mr. Spalding to open his school in my office shortly after his arrival, and from that time till he was compelled to discontinue his school from severe sickness, it was crowded, not only with children but with old men and women, some of whom were compelled to use glasses to assist their sight. Some of the old men would remain until bed-time engaged in transcribing in their language portions of Scripture translated by Mr. Spalding."

But although here and there a man like Mr. Anderson appreciated the labors of the veteran missionary, the drift of the Government influence was against him. In the language of Rev. Myron Eells, in his "History of Indian Missions on the Pacific Coast," "Government policy and officers, the Indian ring, and others did not long allow Mr. Spalding to remain on the reservation. Some of the time he was on the outskirts, some of the time in the Walla Walla region, and sometimes elsewhere; yet all of the time he was aiming to do one thing, notwithstanding the opposition of those who so often defeated him."

From 1847 till 1859 he had waited twelve years. He must wait twelve years more till 1871, when in response to the petitions of over six hundred of the best citizens of Oregon, and of various organizations as well as individuals in the East, and under the more just and sensible Indian policy of President Grant, the misrule of corrupt politicians and the equally unsatisfactory experiment of military control in the Indian affairs of

Oregon were cast aside, the mendacious representations of J. R. Browne's report were met by the publication of Senate Document No. 37, of the 41st Congress, and Mr. Spalding was granted full permission to return to Lapwai.

It was in 1859 that Executive Document No. 38 appeared. Its chief burden was Browne's report of 1857, and about four-fifths of that was quoted from the article of the priest, J. A. B. Brouillette, published in a Roman catholic paper in 1853. It will thus be seen that pains were taken to keep alive the old opposition to Protestant missionary effort from year to year.

What immediate influences led to the issue in 1859 of an Executive document embodying Browne's report received in 1857, which report consisted mainly of an ex-parte misrepresentation made in a Roman-catholic paper in 1853, we are unable to say; who the interested parties were that proposed this official misstatement, this sectarian aspersion of Oregon's noblest benefactors with the false assertion that the Lapwai missionaries had voluntarily abandoned their field, may not be known at this date, but its animus and its general design are sufficiently apparent. Its publication aroused a general indignation throughout Oregon and wherever it became known in the East.

The Cumberland Presbytery of Oregon, meeting in May, 1860, denounced the statements as "in the highest degree false and slanderous." The Congregational Association of the same year characterized it as full of "prominent and absolute falsehoods."

The old school Presbytery of Oregon, the late Dr. A. L. Lindsley, Moderator, pronounced it a "deliberate attempt to stigmatize the fame of men and women above reproach and entitled to the lasting gratitude of the nation." The Baptist Association spoke of it as "a libel on the history of Oregon and a calumny on her pioneers." The "Sacramento Union" in July, 1869, denounced Brouillette's statements, officially proclaimed by Congress, as "given with all the sophistry of the Jesuit mind," and as a direct attempt to show that the missionaries were horse thieves and poisoners, laboring only to make money out of the Indians, giving them no instruction and continually breaking plighted faith with them." This paper regards these statements as worthy of little notice as Jesuit tactics, but denounces in merited terms the publication of them by Congress.

The "Pacific" of San Francisco, July 22, 1869, gave forth these ringing words: "It is one of the strongest, shrewdest measures of the Jesuits of which we have read in American history, to get Congress to publish this narrative of over fifty pages, filled with the most erroneous statements against the Protestant missionaries, trying to throw off from themselves the well-founded public belief that they were the real causes of this horrible massacre and to throw upon the Americans the real blame."

Says the "American Unionist" of Salem, Oregon, June 26, 1869: "This insidious libel upon those devoted Christian martyrs (Dr. and Mrs. Whitman,) was

ingeniously palmed upon the Department of the Treasury by J. Ross Browne."

Some of the falsehoods contained in the Browne-Brouillette report were these:

(1) That "every year a big ship should come loaded with goods, plows, and shoes, to be given to them without cost."

(2) That "the want of fulfilment of these promises was one of the true causes of the whole evil."

(3) That "Dr. and Mrs. Whitman were severe and ill-treated the Indians, and that Mr. and Mrs. Spalding were so 'bad' that the Indians 'blockaded them in their house for a month,' and that Catholics 'were sent three times to induce the Indians to release them.'"

(4) That "the missionaries worked only for themselves, and would do nothing for the Indians except for an exorbitant price."

(5) That instead of benefitting the Indians they did them harm, set them bad examples, failed to teach them, provided neither schools nor books, never visited the sick nor fed the hungry.

(6) That the missionaries sold the Indians' horses and grain to emigrants and kept the money.

(7) That they only aimed to acquire riches.

(8) That they sent to the East for poison to be used in the wholesale murder of Indians whose horses they wished to secure.

These statements were submitted to the Hon. George Abernethy, who was Governor of Oregon at the time, for his approval or disapproval. Of the 1st

he said, "I believe this false." Of the 2d he said the same. Of the 3d, "Also false." Of the 4th, "False." Of the 5th he replied, "How any set of men could make such assertions I cannot understand, as they are directly opposed to the facts." Of the 6th, "I do not believe a word of it." Of the 7th, "I believe the efforts of the missionaries were to elevate and benefit the Indians and not to acquire riches." Of the 8th, "I do not believe a word of it."

Other prominent men to whom the statements of Congress were submitted—as Messrs. I. S. Griffin, Joel Palmer, A. Hinman, Wm. Geigert, Jr., and R. Newell—condemned them one and all in the strongest terms.

Mr. Griffin states that Messrs. Whitman and Spalding were allowed to draw from the Board but \$500 each per annum, and yet with this, according to Mr. Hinman, Dr. Whitman adopted and supported eleven orphans of deceased emigrants, and Mr. and Mrs. Spalding kept a boarding-house with twenty pupils. They had other expenses also for the larger day-school, and for various public improvements.

As one outcome of the general indignation felt in Oregon and at the East in regard to these outrages, numerous petitions were sent to Congress asking that the real facts in regard to the Whitman massacre and the influence of both the murdered and the living missionaries might be published by Congress, that the foul slanders which had been proclaimed might no longer blight the fair names of the country's benefactors. It was also requested that Mr. Spalding should be per-

mitted to return to Lapwai to resume a work from which he had been forcibly excluded for twenty-four years.

The case was peculiarly aggravated by the fact that, during all the time that the Government had denied him access, a dozen Roman-catholic missionaries were freely occupying the mission fields from which their intrigues had been the cause of his exclusion. In many communities at the East, meetings were held, and petitions were forwarded to Washington asking that the great injustice which had been done by the false statements which had crept into a Congressional document might be corrected.

The late William E. Dodge, as an individual, wrote the following letter on the subject to Mr. Blaine :

“NEW YORK, December 29, 1870.

“MY DEAR SIR :—This will introduce Rev. H. H. Spalding, long a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in Oregon, who visits Washington by the advice of many friends to see if the great wrong done to the memory of his companion in the mission, Dr. Whitman, cannot be rectified by Congress. I have known of the facts for many years, and the inclosed, if you can take the time to look them over, will deeply interest you, and show you how our Government has, no doubt ignorantly, done great injustice to one who deserved the highest commendation for what he had done for the nation. I beg you to take a little time in looking over this matter and consulting

with other friends of the Protestant religion, to see if we cannot wipe out this stain.

“Very respectfully yours,

“WILLIAM E. DODGE.

“HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.”

To this letter the late Jay Cooke added briefly :

“I concur in the sentiments and wishes of Mr. Dodge.

“JAY COOKE.

“PHILADELPHIA, January 6, 1871.”

A like circular was addressed by eminent patriots to Senators Colfax, Patterson, Pomeroy, Buckingham and Wilson, and to Castell, Armstrong, and Maynard of the House of Representatives.

Accordingly a full statement of the facts and the sworn testimonies of many witnesses in Oregon was by request of the Senate transmitted by Hon. C. Delano, Secretary of the Interior, to Mr. Colfax, President of the Senate, February 7, 1871, and was published as Senate Ex. Document 37.

The day had dawned at length upon Mr. Spalding.

President Grant's peace policy adopted in 1871, the military control of Indian affairs, which after only one year's trial was shown to be unsatisfactory, was supplanted by an arrangement by which the nomination of Indian agents should be left to the various Christian denominations conducting Indian missions. The Sen-

ate had published a true version of the history of missions and settlements in Oregon, and the Nez Percés Mission having with others been transferred by the Board at Boston to the Foreign Board of the Presbyterian Church, Mr. Spalding was sent back to his beloved Lapwai as its missionary. I well remember the enthusiastic reception given him by the General Assembly which met in May, 1871, at Chicago. He was then a grey-haired veteran, but his old fire had been reëkindled by brighter hopes. He had listened with great interest to an eloquent description by the late Cyrus Dickson of the hardships of home missionaries' wives on the frontier, and of one who had even sold her long locks to help on the good cause. When the veteran of Lapwai came to speak, he alluded to what he had heard, and then, holding up a sunny lock taken from the scalp of the murdered Mrs. Whitman, he said with emotion, "Here are the tresses of one who gave not only her hair but her life for the benighted of Oregon."

After his return to his beloved Nez Percés Mr. Spalding's life, from 1871 to 1874, was almost one continued harvest of souls. His strength of body and of mind was considerably abated, but his glowing love for his work and for his people was still in full force.

Rev. H. J. Cowley and wife were appointed as co-laborers with him, and for a time he was assisted by Rev. and Mrs. R. U. Fee. Several native Christians from the Yakama reservation had visited the Nez Percés, and put forth some effort to strengthen the things

that remained, some years before the return of the missionaries, and several Nez Percés had been converted through their influence.

Mr. Spalding, in 1872, wrote an account of a second visit made by fifteen Christians of the Yakama mission. He met them on the way with a warm welcome and rejoiced in their timely aid. He says,

“I met them at Halapawawi, in the western part of the (Nez Percés) Nation and at once commenced a series of meetings which continued for twenty-one days, changing to three different places one hundred miles apart. Probably one hundred Nez Percés accompanied us from Halapawawi and Lapwai to Ramiah, and probably a hundred more returned with us from Ramiah. Two boys from the school walked seventy-five miles, so hungry were they for the Word of God.

“Many mothers carried their infants strung to their saddles and another young child behind. I never saw anything like it among white people. Brother Waters, a native preacher from Yakama, did most of the preaching, speaking every day, and often three times a day. Two days we were on our feet seven hours each day, with but fifteen minutes intermission.”

Although Mr. Spalding had now approached very near to the ordinary limit of three score years and ten, and had seen much care and hardship, he was still compelled to undertake what would generally be considered very rough service. At a later date he wrote :

“It is hard work to ride on horseback and lie on the ground with the Indians, but it is healthful ; and oh,

what prayers in class reservation meetings almost every night on the route . . . Jay Cooke of Philadelphia has sent me a good tent equipage, which adds to my travelling comforts."

The next year, at their request, he visited the Spokanes and baptized a number of persons and also more of the Nez Percés.

In 1872, Rev. S. N. O. Martin, formerly a missionary of the Presbyterian Board in Central China, was added to the Nez Percés Mission, also, about the same time, Rev. George Ainslie. Miss Sue McBeth, formerly of the Choctaw Mission, was transferred to the Nez Percés in October, 1873. This remarkable woman has just died (May 26, 1893), having thus, notwithstanding many bodily infirmities, rendered a service on this field of nearly twenty years.

In the depth and earnestness of her consecration, her love for the Indians, and her thorough knowledge of the Nez Percés languages, she furnished a worthy counterpart to the early example and life of Eliza Hart Spalding. As early as 1879 Miss McBeth had rendered valuable contributions to the Nez Percés written language, in having collected between ten and fifteen thousand words. Her literary work was highly commended by Hon. J. H. Trumbull and by Prof. Joseph Henry of the Smithsonian Institute. She afterwards continued her work as a thorough linguistic scholar, though her most valuable service was rendered as an instructor of Indian preachers and teachers. Nearly all the native pastors and licentiates

who now supply the Nez Percés churches have been educated by the unaided efforts of Miss McBeth. Her modest little house, first at Kamiah and later at Mt. Idaho, became a real theological seminary.

Her thorough knowledge of the language, her deep sympathy with the Indians, and the constancy and enthusiasm with which she pursued her work among them, gave her great power over her pupils, while her thorough theological knowledge and her stanch convictions made her an eminently successful teacher.

Her work was a valuable supplement to that of Mr. Spalding. She supplied what he lacked. Her influence was more quiet, and better calculated to build up a solid and permanent Christian character than his. His last work was necessarily more or less superficial. How could it be otherwise? Shut out as he had been from his field for twenty-four years, and now broken by age and infirmity, how could he provide for the continued instruction and encouragement which the hundreds of his converts needed?

Where were the preachers and teachers whom schools like those instituted in the early days by his sainted wife would have provided? Here was the great lack. Mr. Spalding had been permitted to come back and welcome multitudes to the church, but as he had not the strength to follow up the work of training, and as there were no others who possessed an adequate knowledge of the language, it is not strange that, to human appearance, many fell away.

The various wrongs also which were visited upon

the Nez Percés at a later day, other consequent wars, and the transportation of Chief Joseph's band, exerted a baneful influence upon the Nez Percés church. The vice and demoralization connected with a garrison of United States soldiers near Lapwai, and the constant intrigues of Roman catholic missionaries on the same field, also proved serious obstacles.

And yet there are seven or eight churches in which vernacular preaching by Miss McBeth's native pastors is regularly maintained. I shall not soon forget an impressive service which I attended at Lapwai in October, 1885. To worship in a church first planted by the labors and watered by the tears of Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, and from which they had been driven amid great perils, to sit by the side of men and women of Joseph's band who only a few months before had been welcomed by many friends back to their old home, and to think that some of the dear worshippers had first been led to Christ by Mr. Spalding, and had been taught to read by his earnest and consecrated wife, whose blood had a not very remote kinship to my own, was no ordinary experience.

It was a beautiful October day. All around the little church were hitched the saddled ponies which had brought the women to the house of God, while as I approached still others were coming, with one and sometimes two children riding with the mother.

Within doors the scene was scarcely less picturesque. The house was well filled; the women seated on one side, in plain but becoming attire, and over each head

a bright handkerchief of pink, or scarlet, or orange, or blue, or green.

There was perfect decorum, the singing was hearty and in tune, and to the earnest words of the native preacher, one of Miss McBeth's, a solemn and responsive attention was given.

I could not help feeling deeply the universal applicability and transforming power of the gospel of Christ, and the blessed reality of that brotherhood in which it binds together all nations and kindreds and people.

Notwithstanding what Paul says of the disadvantages of listening to the truth in an unknown tongue, I felt that it was good to be there.

Rev. George L. Deffenbaugh, who was appointed in 1878, was at this time in general charge of the mission, in which he rendered faithful service. But for the last five years the only missionaries employed have been Miss S. L. McBeth, already mentioned, and Miss Kate S. McBeth, who has devoted herself with great earnestness to labors among the Nez Percés women and children.

Mr. Spalding died August 3, 1874, at the age of 71. His second period of service among the Nez Percés had continued but three years, but they had been joyous years, in which the many trials and sorrows of the past had found a rich compensation. During that short period he had been permitted to baptize 694 Nez Percés, besides others of the Spokanes. Some time after the death of his first wife he had married again, and in his last years he had received the care and solace of

one who sympathized with him in his trials and in his crowning success. Not many days after his death, "The Oregonian," of Portland, closed a fitting obituary notice of this veteran missionary with these words :

"Perhaps it is to his influence, more than to any other single cause, that the Nez Percés are indebted for the distinction they enjoy of being regarded as the most intelligent and the least savage of all our Indian tribes. Amid the grateful remembrance of those who came in after him to enjoy the blessings his sacrifices purchased, he rests from his labors and his works do follow him."

REV. TITUS COAN.

BORN 1801: DIED 1882.

BY REV. S. J. HUMPHREY, D. D.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

A STRIP of island seacoast from one to three miles wide and a hundred long, dotted with groves and seamed across by the deep chasms of mountain torrents; behind this, for twenty-five miles, a belt of dense forest and jungle, fencing in, since the days of Vancouver, numberless herds of wild cattle; beyond, in the interior, a rough, volcanic wilderness, culminating in two summits 14,000 feet in height—a chaos of craters, some on the peaks of mountains, and some yawning suddenly before you in the forest; some long idle, some ceaselessly active, making the night lurid with their flames, and still building at the unfinished island; one, a vast black hollow, three miles across, the grandest active crater on the globe; 15,000 natives scattered up

and down the sea-belt, grouped in villages of from 100 to 300 persons, a vicious, sensual, shameless, and yet tractable people, slaves to the chiefs, and herding together almost like animals—to this parish, occupying the eastern third of the island of Hawaii, a strange mingling of crags and valleys, of torrents and volcanoes, of beauty and barrenness, and to this interesting people, was called the young missionary Titus Coan.

EARLY DAYS.

He was born February 1, 1801, in the town of Killingworth, Conn., the descendant of old New England stock. He studied at Auburn Seminary in 1831-3; and much success attended his evangelistic labors in connection with the revivals that followed the preaching of his cousin, Rev. Asahel Nettleton, and of Rev. Charles G. Finney. He was licensed to preach April 17, 1833; a few months afterwards he was ordained to the ministry; and on August 16, 1833, under the direction of the American Board, he sailed on a mission of exploration to Patagonia, leaving behind him his affianced bride, Fidelia Church, who mourned for him as for one never to return. "I think I am willing," she wrote to him a few days before he sailed, "I think I am willing to give you up to the Lord's disposal; . . . but oh, the life, the soul, of my earthly joys has departed!"

With one companion, the Rev. Mr. Arms, he was set ashore among the savages of Gregory Bay. Their little vessel had sighted the "Beagle" in the straits, the

vessel on which Charles Darwin was making his famous voyage of exploration. It is a suggestive thought that the missionaries of science and of religion should thus have crossed each other's tracks at the outset.

Mr. Coan and Mr. Arms lived and roamed with the ferocious nomads of the eastern coast of Patagonia, striving in vain to communicate to them something of their message. The savages grew suspicious of their motives, and at last it became evident that there was nothing to do but to escape with their lives, if possible. A chance vessel gave them the opportunity; they evaded their captors by stratagem, and were returned to New London in May, 1834, after an absence of nine months. It was like a reappearance from the dead. Not a word from Mr. Coan had reached family or friends during all this time; and to the heart of one whom he had left behind the separation was perhaps as bitter as death, because of its uncertain duration and fate.

After this trial came the joy of reunion and the serious resolve of a common consecration to the missionary's life-work. On the 3d of November, 1834, Titus Coan and Fidelia Church were married at her father's house in Churchville, N. Y., and on the 5th of December embarked at Boston on the ship *Hellespont* to spend the remainder of their lives on alien ground. Six other missionaries sailed with them: the Messrs. Edwin O. Hall and Henry Dimond, with their wives, and the Misses Lydia Brown and E. W. Hitchcock.

For all of them it was a very real consecration. The

Hawaiian Islands were then the very ends of the earth. Neither Mr. Coan nor his bride had any idea of ever retracing their six months' voyage around Cape Horn. It was a different affair from that of a missionary post on a railway and in a European town. They arrived at Honolulu June 6, 1835, and were welcomed by the missionaries then assembled at their annual meeting. On the 21st of July they reached the serenely-beautiful village of Hilo, now a thriving town, then the almost absolute retirement in which they were to spend their lives, and here, devoting themselves to self-denying labors, they achieved, through the divine blessing, a success hardly paralleled elsewhere in the history of missions.

AT WORK IN HILO.

We can perhaps see more clearly the character of Mr. Coan and best learn the secret of his career by looking in upon him in the midst of his work. Especially will those memorable years of the Great Revival, in which he was one of the chief factors—years which saw nearly two-thirds of these savage islanders transformed into Christians—give an insight into the life and qualities of this eminent servant of God. If we supply the record largely from his own pen, the result will be all the more satisfactory.

Upon reaching the island he found that some leaven of the gospel had already been cast into the lump of heathenism. Different missionaries had resided here for brief periods. Several schools had been established, and about one-fourth of the natives could read. A

marked change had come over the mental and social condition of the people. Most of them had a little knowledge of divine truth. There were a few hopeful converts and a little church of thirty-six members.

The Rev. Mr. Lyman and his wife, most devoted and efficient colaborers, were already on the ground; after an unbroken residence of fifty-two years in Hilo, they are still there (September, 1884) in steadfast consecration. To them came the charge of a boarding-school and much labor at the home station; while to Mr. Coan, robust in health and a fervid speaker, the preaching and the touring were naturally assigned. His mental force and abounding physical life revealed themselves at the outset. In three months' time he began to speak in the native tongue, and before the year closed he had made the circuit of the island by canoe and on foot, a trip of three hundred miles. On this first tour, occupying thirty days, he nearly suffered wreck of his frail craft, as also twice afterwards. He preached forty-three times in eight days, ten of them in two days, examined twenty schools and more than 1,200 scholars, conversed personally with multitudes, and ministered to many sick persons, for he was a not wholly unqualified physician withal. He had at that time also a daily school of 90 teachers and Mrs. Coan one of 140 children, besides a large class of more advanced pupils.

This vigorous beginning, however, was but the prelude to the more incessant labor and to the marvellous scenes of the years following.

On a tour made in the latter part of 1835 Mr. Coan saw signs of unusual attention to the truth. "Multitudes," he says, "flocked to hear; many seemed pricked in their hearts. I had literally no leisure, so much as to eat. One morning I found myself constrained to preach three times before breakfast, which I took at ten o'clock." He could not move out of doors without being thronged by people from all quarters. They lingered by the wayside, and some followed him for days from village to village. Much of this may have been mere curiosity of an idle people; but some of it, as the event proved, was the working of a divine leaven.

The tours of 1836—he sometimes made four or five in a year—revealed that the work was deepening. "I began to see tokens of interest that I scarcely understood myself. I would say to my wife, 'The people turn out wonderfully.' The attendance increased, and many crowded around me afterwards to inquire the way. I preached just as hard as I could. There was a fire in my bones. I felt that I must preach to this people."

REVIVAL SCENES.

In 1837 the great interest broke out openly. It was the time of a wonderful stir through all the islands. Nearly the whole population of Hilo and Puna turned out to hear the Word. The sick and lame were brought on litters and on the backs of men, and the infirm often crawled to the trail where the missionary was to pass, that they might catch from his lips some

word of life. And now began a movement to which the history of the church furnishes scarcely any parallel. Fifteen thousand people, scattered up and down the coast for a hundred miles, hungry for the divine bread, cannot be reached by one man, and so whole villages gather from miles away and make their homes near the mission-house. Two-thirds of the entire population come in. Within the radius of a mile the little cabins clustered thick as they could stand. Hilo, the village of ten hundred, saw its population suddenly swelled to ten thousand, and here was held literally a "camp-meeting" of two years. At any hour of the day or night a tap of the bell would gather from three thousand to six thousand. Meetings for prayer and preaching were held daily. The people wrought with new industry at their little taro patches. The sea also gave them food. Schools for old and young went on. "Our wives held meetings for the children, to teach them to attend to their persons, to braid mats, to make their tapas, hats, and bonnets." Special meetings were held for all classes of the people, for the church, for parents, mothers, the inquiring, and for church candidates. There was no disorder. A Sabbath quiet reigned through the crowded hamlet, and from every booth at dawn and at nightfall was heard the voice of prayer and praise.

Let us look in upon one of the assemblies. The old church, 85 feet wide by 165 long, is packed with a sweltering and restless mass of 6,000 souls. A new church near by takes the overflow of 2,000, while hun-

dreds press about the doors, crowding every opening with their eager faces. The people sit upon the ground so close that no one, once fixed, can leave his place. It is a sea of heads with eyes like stars. There is a strange mingling of the new interest and the old wildness, and the heated mass seethes like a cauldron. An effort to sing a hymn is made. The rude, inharmonious song would shock our ears, but the attempt is honest, and God accepts it as praise. Prayer is offered, and the sermon follows. The scene is most affecting; it calls for all the power of the reaper to thrust in the sickle. The theme is the great salvation, and this the accepted time. The whole audience trembles and weeps, and many cry aloud for mercy.

It required rare gifts to control such meetings and secure good results; and Mr. Coan was equal to the task. "I would rise before the restless, noisy crowd and begin. I soon felt that I had hold of them and that they would not go away. The Spirit hushed them by the truth till they sobbed and cried, 'What shall we do?' and the noise of the weeping silenced the preacher. It was God's truth preached simply, and sent home by the Spirit, that did the work."

There were not wanting those physical manifestations which have often attended the work of grace, especially among ruder peoples. There was weeping, sighing, and outcrying. "When we rose for prayer some fell down in a swoon. There were hundreds of such cases. I did not think much of it. On one occasion I preached from the text, 'Madness is in their

hearts.' The truth seemed to have an intense power. A woman of great beauty rose and cried, 'Oh, I'm the one; madness is in my heart!' She became a true Christian. A man cried out, 'There's a two-edged sword cutting me in pieces!' A backwoods native, wicked, stout, who had come in to make fun, fell suddenly. When he had come to, he said, 'God has struck me!' He was subdued, and gave evidence of being a true Christian. Once, on a tour, while I was preaching in the fields to about two thousand persons, a man cried out, 'Alas! what shall I do to be saved?' and prayed, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' The whole congregation joined in with ejaculations. It was a thrilling scene. I could get no chance to speak for half an hour, but stood still to see the salvation of God.

"There were many such scenes; and men would come and say, 'Why don't you put this down?' My answer was, 'I did n't get it up.' I did n't believe the devil would set men to praying, confessing, and breaking off their sins by righteousness. These were the times when thieves brought back what they had stolen, quarrels were reconciled, the lazy became industrious, thousands broke their pipes and gave up tobacco, drunkards stopped drinking, adulteries ceased, and murderers confessed their crimes. Neither the devil nor all the men in the world could have gotten this up. Why should I put it down? I always told the natives that such demonstrations were no evidence of conversion, and advised them to quietness. And I especially tried to keep them from hypocrisy."

Into the midst of these thrilling revival scenes there came suddenly a divine visitation, which, under less skillful guidance, might have proved a serious hindrance to the work. But it became a sermon more pungent than any that human lips could utter, and reached many who had hitherto withstood the Word.

It was November 7, 1837. The revival was at its height. The crescent beach, dotted with native booths, reaching up into the charming groves behind, smiled in security. A British whaler swung idly at its moorings, and the ocean slept in peace. From daybreak onward the usual succession of meetings was held. One of the texts was, "Be ye also ready." At the time of evening prayer a heavy sound was heard upon the beach as of a falling mountain. Instantly a great cry and wail arose, and a scene of indescribable confusion followed. The sea had suddenly risen in gigantic waves and fallen upon the shore. Men, women, children, houses, canoes, food, clothing, everything, floated wild upon the flood. So sudden was the catastrophe that the people were literally "eating and drinking," and "knew not till the flood came and swept them all away. The volcanic wave fell like a bolt of heaven, and no man had time to flee or to save his garment. In a moment hundreds of people were struggling with the raging billows. Some were dashed upon the shore; some were drawn out by friends who came to their relief; some were carried out to sea by the retreating current; and some sank to rise no more till the call to judgment wakes them." There was no sleep that night. "To the people it seemed to be as

the voice of Almighty God when he speaketh." The next day the meetings went on with renewed power; and through all the week, as the sea gave up, one after another, its dead, and the people bore them with funeral rites to their resting-places, the Spirit sent home this new sermon with divine effect.

In the year 1838 the waves of salvation rolled deep and broad over the whole field, and the converts were numbered by thousands. We may well ask, in view of so slender a missionary force, By what aids and means were such results wrought and secured in permanency? There was a marvellous outpouring of the Spirit. The battle-cry was, "The sword of the Lord." But it was also the "sword of Gideon." The human means were adapted to produce the results. Mr. Lyman was a true yoke-fellow, preaching in addition to teaching. The missionaries' wives, besides caring for their own little children, held daily meetings with the women, the audiences sometimes numbering thousands. The method of Mr. Coan was wise; his energy and zeal were indefatigable.

As we turn over his letters, written at that time, the wisdom to plan and the strength to execute which were given him of the Lord seem marvellous. "On these tours," he says, "I usually spend from two to five weeks, visiting all the church members in their respective villages, calling all their names, holding personal interviews with them, inquiring into their states, their hearts, prayers, and manner of living; counselling, reproving and encouraging, as the case may require, and

often 'breaking bread' from place to place, besides preaching twenty or thirty times a week." The physical labor of these tours was great. The northern part of his parish was crossed by sixty-three ravines, from twenty to a thousand feet in depth, difficult of passage, and, in times of rain, perilous. And then the rivers, leaping and foaming along the old fire-channels, must be crossed. "Some of them I succeeded in fording; some I swam, by the help of a rope to prevent me from being swept away; and over some I was carried passively on the broad shoulders of a native, while a company of strong men locked hands and stretched themselves across the stream just below me and just above a near cataract, to save me from going over it if my bearer should fall." This experience was often repeated three or four times a day.

PARISH WORK.

It was only by an exact system that Mr. Coan was able to "overtake" his parish of 15,000 souls. Not St. Francis or Dr. Chalmers knew his people better than he. When his church numbered more than 5,000 he could say, "My knowledge of the religious experiences and daily habits of the individuals of my flock at the present time is more minute and thorough than it was when the church numbered only fifty or a hundred members. By drawing lines in my parish, by dividing the people into sections and classes, by attending to each class separately, systematically, and at a given time, and by a careful examination and a frequent re-

view of every individual in each respective class, by keeping a note-book always in my pocket to refresh my memory, by the help of many faithful church members, and by various collateral helps I am enabled, through the grace of God, to gain tenfold more knowledge of the individuals of my flock, and of the candidates for church-membership, than I once thought it possible to obtain in such circumstances."

The children did not escape his care. From his earliest ministry he had believed in childhood conversions. Besides Sabbath-school instruction, a regular weekly lecture was maintained for them throughout the year. There were also numerous occasional meetings for different classes of children—for those in church-fellowship, for the children of church members, and for the anxious. During the protracted meetings there was usually a sermon each day for them at eight o'clock in the morning. As the result of this faithfulness there were, in 1838, about 400 children, between the ages of five and fifteen years, connected with his church.

It was Mr. Coan's purpose that there should be no one in all Puna or Hilo upon whom the claims of the gospel had not been pressed. No village was so remote or insignificant that it did not receive frequent visits. Families were tracked into mountain fastnesses and plied with the invitations of mercy. In order to do this "many of the more discreet, prayerful, and intelligent of the members were stationed at important posts, with instructions to hold conference and prayer meetings, conduct Sabbath-schools, and watch over the

people. Some of these native helpers were men full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and succeeded admirably. Other active members were selected and sent forth, two and two, into every village and place of the people. They went everywhere preaching the Word. They visited the villages, climbed the mountains, traversed the forests, and explored the glens in search of the wandering and the dying sons of Hawaii."

On one occasion Mr. Coan sent out about forty church members to visit from house to house and in all the "highways and hedges" within five miles of the station. They were instructed to pray in every house, to look after all the sick, the wretched, and the friendless, to stir up the minds of the converts, and to gather the children. Two days were spent in this way. Every cottage was entered, every fastness of Satan scoured. "The immediate result was that several back-loads of tobacco, *awa*, and pipes were brought in and burned, and about 500 hitherto careless and hardened ones were gathered into the house of God to hear the words of life. The Spirit of the Lord fell upon them, and it is believed that many of them were born again."

To the heart of our missionary the ingatherings of the souls over whom he had brooded with such intense solicitude were occasions of rare delight. They were also times of great solicitude.

The great harvest years were 1838 and 1839. Seven or eight thousand natives had professed conversion, but very few had thus far been received to the church.

The utmost care was taken in selecting, examining, watching, and teaching the candidates. The ever-faithful note-book was constantly in hand. People from the distant villages came in and spent several months at the station previous to their union with the church. Day by day they were watched over and instructed with unceasing labor. Together with those on the ground, they were examined personally many times, sifted and resifted with scrutiny, and every effort was made to discriminate the precious from the vile. Many of them were converts of two years' standing. A still larger class had been on the list for more than one year, and a smaller number for a less period. The accepted ones stood propounded for several weeks, and the church and the world, friends and enemies, were called upon and solemnly charged to testify if they knew aught against any of them.

The communion season was held quarterly, and at these times the converts, thus accepted, were added to the church. The first Sunday of January, 1838, 104 were received. Afterwards, at different times, 502, 450, 786, 357, and on one occasion a much larger number. The station report for the mission year ending June, 1839, gives the number of accessions for that twelve months at 5,244. A large number of these never came to the central station. The sick, the aged, and the infirm were baptized and received into fellowship at their own villages. Some believers were thus accepted who could neither walk nor be carried, and who lived far up in the mountains.

A MEMORABLE DAY.

The first Sunday of July, 1838, was a memorable one in the history of missions. It was the day of the greatest accession. On that afternoon 1,705 men, women, and children, who aforetime had been heathen, were baptized and took upon them the vows of God, and about 2,400 communicants sat down together at the table of the Lord.

We look in upon that scene with wonder and awe. The great crush of people at the morning sermon has been dismissed, and the house is cleared. Down through the middle are seated first the original members of the church, perhaps fifty in number. Mr. Coan then calls upon the head man of each village to bring forward his people. With note-book in hand, he carefully selects the converts who have been previously accepted. They have been for many weeks at the station. No pains have been spared, no test left unused, with each individual to ascertain if he be truly a child of God. The multitude of candidates is then seated upon the earth floor, in close rows, with space enough between for one to walk. There is prayer and singing, and an explanation—already made many times, that none may trust in the external rite—is given of the baptism they are now to receive; the sealing ordinance is reverently administered. "I never witnessed such a scene before," said Mr. Coan, looking back through the lapse of thirty years. "There was a hush upon the vast crowd without, who pressed

about the doors and windows. The candidates and the church were all in tears, and the overshadowing presence of God was felt in every heart."

Then followed the Lord's Supper. And who are these that take into their hands the emblems of the Lord's death? Let him tell who broke the bread and gave the cup: "Not only the young and strong were there; but also the old and decrepit, the lame, the blind, the maimed, the withered, the paralytic, and those afflicted with divers diseases and torments; those with eyes, noses, lips, and limbs consumed with the fire of their own or of their parents' lusts, with features distorted and figures the most deformed and loathsome; these came hobbling upon their staves, and led or borne by their friends, they sat down at the table of the Lord. Among this throng you could see the hoary priest of idolatry with hands but recently, as it were, washed from the blood of human victims, together with the thief, the adulterer, the unclean, the sorcerer, the highway robber, the blood-stained murderer, and the mother—no, the monster—whose hands have reeked in the blood of her own children. All these met together before the cross of Christ, with their enmity slain and themselves washed, sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God." Has Jesus come again? Is this one of the crowds which he has gathered, upon whom he has pronounced the words of healing? Surely it is. In very deed he is there. These are the lost whom the Son of man came to seek and to save. And the rejoic-

cing angels are there; they leave behind the pomp of cathedrals, and fly with eager wing to this lowly island tabernacle. With holy wonder they hover over the bowed heads of these weeping redeemed sinners. "The bright seraphim in burning row" ring out anew the praises of the Highest as they hear recounted these triumphs of almighty grace.

It sometimes happens that men who have had remarkable success in winning souls to Christ fail in the after training of their converts. And the question will naturally arise, Do these results abide? Tried by any fitting standard, we can safely say, They do abide.

The care and painstaking of the pastor were not less remarkable than the success of the preacher. There were reactions. But what revival in America—where the people have garnered into themselves the growth and moral stamina of a thousand Christian years—is not followed by reaction? There were apostasies; but we are constrained to say, after careful examination, that the permanence of the results seems to us almost as marvellous as the revival itself. During the five years ending June, 1841, 7,557 persons were received into the church at Hilo. They were about three-fourths of the adult population of the parish. About one in sixty came under discipline—a discipline stricter than ours at home, and that among babes in Christ. The greater part of these were restored, and few were finally cut off. "I never administered the quarterly sacrament without receiving from ten to twenty persons. No year has the number gone below fifty. It

did not prove a great excitement, to die out. When I left for a brief visit to the United States, in April, 1870, I had received into the church, and myself baptized, 11,960 persons."

Under this training the people became more and more settled in faith and morals. An irruption of Catholic priests drew away but few of them. There never was a grog-shop in the entire parish. Probably to-day the ratio of people in New England who cannot read and write is greater than among the Hawaiians in Hilo and Puna. Not in New England is the Sabbath better observed; and the industries of civilization have now largely taken the place of the old savage indolence.

In 1867 the grand old church was divided into seven local churches, six of them with native pastors. Three of these are on the lava-fields of the south, and three among the ravines of the north. The remaining one is at Hilo, where also is an American church for the foreign population. To accommodate the widely-scattered people, these churches have built fifteen places of worship, seating from 500 to 3,000 people each. Five of them have bells, and the church building at Hilo cost about \$14,000. This has been done with the Hawaiians' own money and by their own labor.

Another fruit of the faithful training of Mr. Coan is the growth of beneficence in the churches. The Monthly Concert was held from the beginning, and a contribution was always taken. They "first gave their own selves to the Lord," and then it was "according to that

a man hath"—a fish, a fowl, a cocoanut, and later, money, but in all sacrifice and worship. Each month, on the first Sunday morning, a sermon was preached on some department or interest of Christ's kingdom in the broad world. They never even heard that miserable sentence of a narrow faith, "There is so much to do at home!" Their lips never uttered the miserly falsehood, "It takes a dollar to send a dollar to the heathen." They were instructed in all causes, and gave to all. More than \$10,000 have come to the United States from the Hilo church; \$200 went to a Chinese mission, and \$100 to Syria at the time of the massacre and famine. The appeal of Father Chiniquy, in Kankakee, Illinois, reached them; and when the letter which brought him \$200 from these poor islanders was read his whole congregation bowed down weeping! Their monthly collections have averaged from the beginning about \$100, the highest reaching \$265, and the grand aggregate for all religious purposes amounts to above \$100,000.

One of the legitimate fruits of a true Christian training is a desire to carry the gospel to "the regions beyond." The faithful pastor was not slow to perceive this, and he was among the first to advocate a native mission to Micronesia.

The idea of a missionary packet, and an appeal to the children of the United States to build it, seems to have sprung from his fertile brain.

As a delegate of the Hawaiian Missionary Society he made two voyages in the "Morning Star" to the

Marquesas Islands. After the wreck of the second ship he became an earnest advocate of steam as an auxiliary motor to help the little vessel in its errands of mercy. He had the satisfaction of seeing nearly a score of persons, wholly sustained by his church, go out on the "Morning Star" as foreign missionaries to the dark islands of Micronesia.

Mrs. Coan's work was not less constant and tireless. For several years she taught a school for young girls. This she was finally forced to relinquish by the growing cares of her family, cares that were doubly exhausting in that land of untrained servants and wholly unorganized social life. A great labor of entertaining also fell unavoidably upon her. The traveller may now find excellent boarding-houses in the beautiful and flourishing town of Hilo; but during all of Mrs. Coan's life both friends and strangers came to the missionaries for unrequited entertainment. The most serious trial of the early days has not been mentioned. One by one her children left her to continue their education and to seek their home in the United States. It was the most cruel trial of the parent's heart, for these partings were often final.

On the occasion of their visit to the United States in 1870 Mr. and Mrs. Coan renewed many old ties and formed many new ones. But Mrs. Coan's strength was already spent in the service. She died at Hilo on the 29th of September, 1872. A woman of tender frame and of high social and intellectual cultivation, this missionary work was for her a sacrificial consecration.

Through her whole island life she was an invalid. But she was her husband's faithful helpmeet during thirty-eight years of married life; she was the patient, intelligent, unselfish, and loving spirit to whom a great part of Mr. Coan's large success was due—a greater part indeed than the world will ever know. Mrs. Coan was his guide, counsellor, friend, and fellow-worker. Accepting a task which her deep and sure intelligence told her from the first was too severe for her, she never flagged until her strength and life were spent, until she fell, a Christian martyr.

While Mr. Coan was intent upon his great work as a missionary, he was not insensible to the scenes of natural beauty and grandeur around him. His two volumes, "Adventures in Patagonia," and "Life in Hawaii," are written with a graphic pen, and reveal not only keen observation, but a fine poetic sense. The greatest volcano on the globe was in his parish. He was the ardent and frequent observer of grand phenomena—the shudder of earthquakes, the inflowing of great volcanic waves, the red glow of lava streams marching seaward, the leaping of fire cataracts into deep-lying pools, sending off the water in steam and burning them dry in a night. There were few days when the smoke of subterranean furnaces was out of his sight.

Once a river of lava, burrowing its way towards the sea 1,500 feet below the surface, broke over the shore cliff and leaped into the hissing waves, waking a tumultuous fury among the contending elements that

was perfectly indescribable. At another time, from Mauna Loa, one of the loftiest mountains of the island, a pillar of fire, 200 feet in diameter, lifted itself for three weeks 1,000 feet in the air, making darkness day for a hundred miles around, and leaving as its monument a vast lava cone a mile in circumference.

The scientific world is fortunate in having had upon the ground for nearly fifty years, where such titanic forces were at play, one whose courage and love of adventure were equalled only by his faithfulness and graphic skill in portraying the most imposing of phenomena.

The evening of Mr. Coan's days was spent as pastor of the large church at Hilo, and in apostolic supervision of the diocese which had sprung up under his care. A happy second marriage cheered his later years, and the loving wife that ministered tenderly at his dying bed survives to mourn his loss.

In the latter part of 1882, during a revival into which he threw himself with unceasing ardor as of old, he was suddenly smitten down with a paralytic shock. For several weeks he lay "helpless, with only love, joy, peace in his soul, his beautiful patience and submission completing the lesson that his life had given of obedience to his Lord." He recovered in part, so that the day before his death he was carried through the streets looking natural and well. Almost the entire village flocked out to greet him. The next day at noon, Dec. 1, 1882, he was standing among the redeemed throng on high.

CLARISSA CHAPMAN ARMSTRONG.

BORN MAY 13, 1803: DIED JULY 10, 1890.

BY HELEN W. LUDLOW.

OVER threescore years ago, in the Thanksgiving month of 1831, a fair young bride stood beside her husband on the deck of a New Bedford whaling-ship, bound for Honolulu, looking her farewell to the bleak but beloved shores of her New England home.

The solemn good-bys were over; the missionary band, of which she was one, had held its parting service in the cabin; prayers had gone up from swelling hearts; the strains of

“ Yes, my native land, I love thee !
... Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell ? ”

had risen, faltering with feeling; God's blessing had been pronounced upon the sacrifice of those who went and those who stayed; friends and brethren, father and mother, had recrossed, mute with unutterable emo-

tion, the narrow gulf that should widen into a fifth of the world's circumference—perhaps into the spaces of eternity. The plank was drawn in, the cable cast loose, the sails filled, the ship glided away. The group on the shore began to blend and fade.

Then a voice from the band on the deck started the Missionary Hymn :

“ Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny ?”

Voice after voice swelled the response :

“ Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole !”

The young wife's heart and voice rose exultant. With a great thrill of devotion, never to die out of her soul, she turned her face from her own country and her mother's house, forward where, to the eye of faith, the Christ was walking upon the billows before the ship.

Perhaps only the dreary sigh of the waves was heard on shore. To the straining eyes there, the vessel dwindled to an uncertain speck and then was swallowed up in the gray distance. Never should the fair young bride come sailing back as she went, in the beauty of youth, to her mother's arms. But so great and blessed and far-reaching have been the still developing results of the heroic self-consecration of her

heart that day, that only the angel reapers in heaven's last harvest-home can give account of them.

Sixty years of life-work lay before her, every day marked with quiet heroism, whose details would all have their lesson and their inspiration for us could we preserve them instead of merely gleaning the few for which there is room in this brief sketch.

I am fortunate in being able to give these chiefly in her own words, as she gave them herself to children and grandchildren and those who had the privilege of her friendship in her beautiful old age.

THE NEW ENGLAND HOME.

Clarissa Chapman was born in Russell, Mass., May 15, 1805. She has drawn this graphic picture of her early home :

"Many years ago there lay nestled among the wild romantic hills of western Massachusetts a little township broken with rocks and ravines and intersected by roads rough and uncared for except where the turnpike with its toll-gate ran through the hollow by the side of a charming river. The soil required much labor to make it productive. In those days most women did their own housework. Daughters worked with their mothers and sons with their fathers. The schoolhouses, where the children gathered during the week and where meetings were often held on the Sabbath, were bare and unattractive.

"Among these surroundings there lived, on a small farm in the centre of the town, my father and mother,

of whose three children I was the youngest. My grandparents on my mother's side were Scotch, and were reckoned the salt of the earth. Col. Ferguson, her father, did his part well in the Revolutionary War, and during his absence his wife Dorothy cared for the farm and family. My father's father, Rev. Benjamin Chapman, preached for many years in Southington, Conn.

"I know that my parents were among the excellent of the earth, by their deeds of kindness and sympathy to the poor and suffering. Until I was fifteen I lived entirely at home, learning to do all kinds of housework and often assisting my father, who was crippled by rheumatism, in the care of the cows and sheep and the lighter work of the farm; an experience for which, in my later years of wandering, I had often deep reason to be thankful. The spinning of wool and worsted, flax and tow, the knitting and weaving by the fire, while one read aloud, were among the pleasures of those days.

SCHOOL-GIRL AND TEACHER.

"Advantages for schooling were limited, and it was finally decided to send me into a family living near Westfield Academy, where, by assisting in the care of the dairy, I could partly pay my board and at the same time attend school. In my vacation sketching from nature in water colors was a delight that was afterwards turned to account in distant lands. At the end of the term I returned home with a heart full of joy,

and began to teach school in my native town. For several years I continued to be scholar and teacher alternately, to earn means to pay my way to knowledge. About this time 'infant schools' were much talked of. After a short period of studying the system, an opportunity was offered me to teach an infant school in a neighboring city.

THE CALL TO MISSION LIFE.

"Before many months had passed in this pleasant occupation, another call came to me from a remote, almost unknown part of the globe—the Hawaiian Islands. The subject of a mission life had often been brought before me, but I had always evaded its consideration. Now it came so directly that I must either accept or reject it. My reasons against it were my own unfitness, my unwillingness to leave my parents, and the short time given me to decide. But a high pressure of arguments was brought to bear against these reasons. My parents, in sorrow, considered the matter candidly, and, to my surprise, gave their consent. Divine help was implored and granted, and the decision finally made. With the approval of my parents and sympathy and encouragement from the more intelligent people about me, I was married to Mr. Richard Armstrong."

That the union was of the heart, and not a mere "religious marriage of convenience," as missionary marriages have sometimes been considered, there is evidence in an ecstatic letter from Mr. Richard Armstrong to his sister, descanting with a lover's enthusi-

asm on the prize he had won and repeating her exclamation of thanks to God when her parents gave her their consent and blessing. Their decision was no doubt aided by the high testimonials to the young man's character and standing, furnished especially by President Alexander of the Princeton Theological Seminary.

The marriage service was performed in Bridgeport, Conn., by the pastor of the First Congregational Church, Rev. John Blatchford, D. D., on September 25, 1831. Mr. Armstrong's graduation at Princeton followed it directly. Then, after a short tour among his relatives in Pennsylvania, the young couple returned for a farewell visit to the New England home. On November 26 the last ties were severed, and they sailed, with seventeen other missionaries, in the ship "Averick" from New Bedford.

THE SIX MONTHS' VOYAGE ROUND THE HORN.

"It was a cold, bleak day in November," says Mrs. Armstrong, "when we left the shores of our native land, as we supposed for ever, and if we could have seen the next six months of suffering spread out in panoramic view before us, we must have cried out, 'Who is sufficient for such things?'"

To the inevitable discomforts of a six-months voyage in a whaling-ship, with no adequate provision for carrying passengers, was added the distress of a drinking captain and crew, by whom, it was evident, "missionaries were not regarded as worth exportation." A storm swept the deck of most of the provisions for their

comfort which friends had brought. Fortunately a large wooden rocking-chair, the gift of Rev. Sylvester Holmes to Mrs. Armstrong, was saved and became a constant, comfort-giving companion of all her many travels. The crowding, dirt, and lack of proper food and water were beyond endurance, and when the terrible voyage was over, the health of some of the more delicate was impaired for life. Yet, through it all, the heroic women joined their efforts with their husbands' to begin their missionary work upon the rough crew and to keep up weekly and monthly prayer-meetings; trying also to make the food more inviting and nourishing by preparing it with their own hands.

At last the day came when, says Mrs. Armstrong, "our eyes were gladdened by the sight of Diamond Head, standing like a sphinx, watching the vessels pass to Honolulu Harbor." "A thrill of joy went through my heart as, at the foot of the green and brown hills, we saw a little village of grass huts, with here and there a wooden house and here and there a tree."

Landing, the wayworn travellers found, to their delight, the Annual Conference of missionaries from all the islands in the group in session at Honolulu, and received a warm welcome from all, while "natives of all ages flocked around to say *Aloha*" (love to you).

They received formal welcome also, with permission to remain and labor, from the Christian queen Kaahumanu, widow of the great Kamehameha, to whom they were presented in her "palace," a large grass house, consisting of one great room in which the queen sat in

a big wooden rocking-chair, robed in an unbleached cotton gown, with a necklace of bright yellow flowers. On the Sabbath after their arrival they went to the thatched church, where a congregation of four thousand natives was gathered, seated on the floor with babies and dogs, which sometimes showed impatience of the hour-long sermon.

The Hawaiian mission was then in the fresh glow of success. In the eleven years that had passed since the first missionaries landed in 1820 and found the way miraculously opened to them (the natives having already burned their idols themselves), the language had been reduced to writing, the Bible and school-books had been printed in it, hundreds of schools established on all the principal islands, and a constitution of government adopted. The prophecy seemed fulfilled, "A nation shall be born in a day." It was thought that the time had come to extend the influence of the mission and give the new Christians the inspiration of working for other souls. The "Averick's" reinforcement was the third missionary arrival, and the Conference decided to give the honor of starting the new mission to six of its number, Messrs. Alexander, Parker, and Armstrong and their wives, with a select number of Hawaiian men as helpers, to go to Nuuhiva, an island of the Marquesas group in the Southern Pacific. The inhabitants were known to be cannibals, but had consented to accept teachers. The year that must pass before carrying this decision into effect was full of events and work of interest.

Mrs. Armstrong's experience as a teacher was at once called into requisition to start a greatly needed school for the missionary children in Honolulu. In a few months after arriving, her first child, a daughter, was born, and she writes, "As soon as possible after her birth I began teaching a native school, as I was very desirous to acquire the language."

Part of the year was spent in assisting the over-burdened missionaries, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock, in a new station, which had been started on the island of Molokai (now given up in part to the leper settlement, but then having a native population of about 5,000). A grass schoolhouse was added to the grass church and mission-house. "Children and adults were all brought in for instruction, and were about as orderly as a flock of sheep and much less cleanly. Somehow they learned to read, but could see no use in it, much preferring to spend their time in the water. One of my first efforts in the line of housekeeping was to train a cook, as this was a good way to impart civilization. I succeeded in instructing one to dress and prepare a chicken, and we were anticipating a New England pot-pie. Mrs. H—— sifted flour through muslin, to separate the worms, which were numerous after a voyage round Cape Horn, and when the dough was light the pot was uncovered to put it in. Behold the chicken boiling, with its head, eyes, feathers, beak, feet, and intestines all tied together with a string. Inquiries were made; yes, the cook had put them in for his own use, conceiving that one part of a chicken was as good as another and that this was a

good way to cook what he liked. The anticipated dinner was hard to swallow, but necessity's stern law had been thoroughly learned during that six-months' voyage round Cape Horn."

"The natives were very repulsive in their personal habits and immoral in the extreme. To lie and steal seemed as natural as to breathe. Their ideas of religion were as crude as their views in other respects; but the grass church was filled on Sundays. Early in the morning men, women, and children could be seen at a distance, trudging for miles to the place of worship from all parts of the island. Progress was slow, but still there was progress, as was evidenced by the making of a law that each man should have but one wife and that they should be joined by a clergyman.

"The months passed pleasantly for us at Molokai, and for Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock were the beginning of a work which lasted twenty-four years and became a mighty power for good."

AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

On July 23 the devoted little band embarked for Nuuhiva on a small brig, the six white adults and two children having to share one cabin twelve feet square, and subsist on salt meat and rice that had been brought round the Horn.

"It was a hard journey to the land of the cannibals, but we had voluntarily gone forth to carry the gospel message to those who sat in darkness, and through all our dangers and trials not a murmuring word was

heard from any lip. The children suffered most, and it seemed at times as if they could not survive the voyage."

Two weeks of such endurance brought them to the palm-fringed shores of Nuuhiva, where they were to realize to the full the familiar lines of their Missionary Hymn,

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

As soon as the anchor was cast, a swarm of naked, yelling savages, hideous with tattooing and other barbarous adornment, swam or paddled out to the brig, and, clambering over its sides, surrounded the white women and children with deafening screams of admiration and astonishment. "We realized now that we had taken our lives into our hands. What the result might be we crowded from our thoughts, and could calm ourselves only with the assurance, 'Lo, I am with you.'"

The next morning the landing was made and the startling scene renewed. "On the beach we were met by a crowd of natives; some anointed from head to foot with cocoanut-oil tinged yellow with some vegetable juice of most disagreeable odor. Strings of dogs' teeth and shells were twisted round their ankles, wrists, and necks, and the men carried spears or clubs. All united in a general yelling and clapping of hands when the strangers stepped on shore, and from that day the clapping of hands as applause has most unpleasant as-

sociations to my ears. News of our arrival had spread to other bays, and crowds gathered round us, peering into our faces and screaming with amazement at these first white women they had ever set eyes upon. Mrs. Parker and I walked until our weakened limbs became powerless, and then our husbands, taking us in their arms, succeeded, by resting frequently, in reaching the house of the old sick chief, Hapé, about a quarter of a mile from the landing."

The chief's welcome was evidently influenced by the idea that "as white men had brought disease, white men could cure it." He gave up his own house to the new teachers. The next day the brig sailed, leaving them "like Daniel in the lions' den."

With calico curtains each family partitioned off a room of the chief's house, twelve or fourteen feet square, with a small store-room at the end where the Hawaiian could sleep. The cook-house used by all was under the spreading branches of a great breadfruit-tree some thirty feet from the house, the ladies having to clamber down from the platform of rough stones five feet high on which the house stood, to reach it, and always under escort, for it was not safe for them to step from the house alone. "The immorality of seamen had made it difficult for the natives to realize that all the white people were not alike. We found eight white men on the island, deserters from whaling-ships, living just as the natives did. After the death of one, it was discovered that he had been consulting with the natives to destroy the missionaries." "Our lives seemed to

hang upon a thread; our only course was to look upward and to work."

Even in such limitations the opportunity for work was found by the women of the mission as well as their husbands. The language was soon learned, as it was similar to the Hawaiian. The missionary men worked with the natives in building the separate cabins which the chief granted them. "The confidence of the people was to some extent gained and our efforts to reach them never ceased. I soon succeeded in coaxing a few women in to learn the alphabet; and, at the same time, with good faithful Hawaiian John, began to teach them to braid coarse mats of the leaves of the screw-pine. The women at first objected to stepping over the door-sill, because it had been carried on the shoulders of men and was therefore 'taboo' (sacred and forbidden). I passed it and repassed it, saying, 'See me; it does not kill me, neither will it hurt you.' Seeing me unharmed, they ventured to touch it, with much fear and trembling."

It is impossible to tell all that is implied in the brief record, "Amid these surroundings my second child was born, and, as it seemed, my own life nearly ended. I felt that I stood almost within the gates of the Eternal City; but the thought, 'Who shall care for my little ones?' held me back and gave me a new grasp on life. Considering the circumstances, it was a matter of surprise and gratitude to me that my boy should be a healthy, perfect child. The natives were delighted, and showed some feeling by trying to pass the house quiet-

ly. At last a day was set for them to see the baby, and they came clad in their best attire, expressing great delight by subdued clapping of hands. They said they did not care what his name was, they should call him Hapé, and so they continued to call him, seeming truly fond of him."

A letter from her missionary sister, Mrs. Parker, adds this testimony as to that hour of crisis: "Your mother was dangerously ill at the birth of her little boy. No trained physician was at hand to tell what should be done. Your mother—collected and calm—told all she knew and then rested calmly. It was this calmness that saved her life. God honored her trust."

The mother's self-control and trust in God were put to further test when a few months later her husband, finding it his duty to explore another bay with reference to missionary work there, concluded it would be safest to ask protection for his wife and children from a bad but powerful native who professed special friendship for him. "This man, Papatutai, was most savage in appearance, some six feet tall, erect and athletic. He was tattooed all over, his face being completely covered, which made his teeth and the whites of his eyes show to great advantage. He was terrible to see and talk with, but thinking I should like my friends at home to see what neighbors we had, I hired him to give me sittings when my husband was in the house, and made a water-color sketch of him in his war-paint and holding his spear as if about to strike an enemy.

“Mr. Armstrong told this old savage that he would give him a file, hatchet, etc., if he would take care of our house and its inmates. Papatutai pompously accepted the proposal, and, on the first evening, came into the house and was quite talkative and friendly. My heart throbbed with fear, but I had to conceal it as best I could, and at length I mustered courage to say that little Hapé would wake if there was so much talking in the house. Upon this he went, and I locked the door behind him, feeling that it was frail protection. My confidence and strength were in an over-ruling Providence; my two little ones slept peacefully, good Hawaiian John was in the house, and by-and-by my heart grew calm, and I too slept.”

The old savage delivered up his trust in safety and received his reward. Ever after, his highest ambition, when permitted to enter the house, was to hold the baby Hapé in his arms and rock in the big rocking-chair, which is still known in the family, in his memory, as the “Cannibal Chair.”

The Nuuhivans spent their time chiefly in alternate fighting and feasting, or orgies too dreadful for description. Whether any extensive reclamation of these almost lowest of savages could have been effected might well seem to human view uncertain. They would have held on while life and strength lasted but for a friendly offer from the English Missionary Society to make Nuuhiva a sub-station of their mission on the neighboring island of Tahiti. Every consideration of “sanctified common sense” favored the acceptance of



THE CANNIBAL CHIEF, PAPATUTAI.

the proposal, and the decision was made, as was necessary, without waiting to communicate with America or Hawaii. An American whaling - ship touching at the island reluctantly consented to take them to Honolulu, with a few of their effects (among them, be sure, the cherished rocking-chair). Most of their property had to be shipped on the English vessel to Tahiti and be transported from there after long delay.

When the natives discovered their unappreciated teachers' purpose to leave, they first threatened attack, and then asked that the baby Hapé should be left with them, "promising that, some time or other, they would send him to his parents in a big ship." "I told them he could not live on their food and needed his mother's care; but perhaps when he became a man, he would return and teach them if they still wanted him. They shouted '*Motaki*' (good), 'he may go.'"

"It was a critical time, for the natives were like friction matches, ready to explode on the slightest provocation; and, as the shores of Nuuhiva receded from view, we thanked God that, during our eight months there, he had saved us from the fury of that heathen race."

Her associate, Mrs. Parker, still surviving, believes that one lasting impression was made in that eight months' mission, and thus speaks of it: "Your mother was a worker. Her great characteristic was to do her work truthfully and well and to seize on opportunities. She carried these same traits with her to the Marquesas. So soon as possible she got together the wild

children in a school, though 'off and on,' to be sure, were her pupils. One old Nuuhivan woman is certainly to be in your mother's crown of glory, a sparkling gem. She may have been from another tribe from Hapé's, for she differed in many respects. In her face was the glimmer of a soul seeking something. Your mother said to me one day, 'I do think there is an opening to that woman's mind.' I hope your mother kept a journal. If she did, I think she would have put the incident down, for it was the only one of its kind—of a soul saved—while we were on that savage shore."

Arriving with rejoicing hearts at Honolulu once more, the missionaries met with warm *alohas* from the natives, but with rather chilling criticism of their return from some of their brethren in the Annual Conference again in session; and, perhaps in test of their questioned fidelity, they were detailed, with small delay or outfit, to isolated out-stations; the Armstrongs to Haiku, on the mountain slope of the island of Maui, which they reached by a wearisome journey of a week in schooner, canoe, and ox-cart.

"The thatched hut which had been put up for our use was about thirty feet long by twelve wide, and we partitioned it off with mats into bedroom, study, and dining-room. Our furniture did not arrive from Tahiti for a year and a half, so I have no difficulty in remembering every article with which we set up our second attempt at housekeeping. In the dining-room we had a small pine table, two yellow chairs, and a

rough shelf; in the bed-room, a bed, a rough box for a table, our trunks, and two or three chairs, including the rocking-chair, which was our only luxury. The floor of the house was of coarse mats laid on dry grass. We had three doors, and three windows with six panes in each, and at a little distance from the house a thatched cook-house with stones for a fireplace and an iron bake-kettle. Fortunately the situation was charming—well up on the side of the old extinct volcano of Haleakala (House of the Sun), while the blue Pacific lay spread out beneath us. When it did not rain the air was pure and balmy, and it was pleasant to feel that here at least was a temporary home where we could begin the work we were so anxious to do.

“By order of the chiefs, a thatched church and schoolhouse were soon built by the people, in native style. Mr. Armstrong applied himself diligently to the language, mingling daily with the people, while, as soon as I was strong enough, I commenced a weekly meeting with the women for Bible and general instruction. I took both children with me, having a native woman to carry the baby, and as the meetings were well attended, and I improved in the language, I was quite satisfied. It was, however, much more difficult for a woman with children to learn the language, as she had to avoid speaking it before them, to keep them as much as possible from communicating with the natives. We had a few printed school-books, and the Bible was much used and revered by our pupils, some of whom were, in their ignorant fashion, very devout.

Once in the middle of the night we were roused by a rap at the door. Supposing it a call for medical aid, we got up to find an old man who had walked three or four miles to ask us 'if it was right to pray with a shirt on.' Not being accustomed to wearing such an article, he was afraid his heart might be lifted up with pride. We had great trouble in managing those who were ill, because some would not take our medicine at all, while others would swallow both ours and their own, to make sure of recovery and keep the favor of both sides. Still, in one way and another, we could see signs of improvement and worked hopefully on, unconscious of the trials soon to test our faith."

These "trials" were illness, almost to death, of every one in the family, brought on by the leaking of the miserably thatched house as soon as the rainy season set in, there being no place for a fire except as they made one in a tin pan in the centre of the room. Isolated from all aid but that of ignorant natives, they were even without sufficient clothing. "The cotton cloth that had been supplied us to hire natives with we were obliged to spread on our beds, and that was literally all we had. Both children were ill, the baby so ill that we despaired of his life. Weeks passed and the rain hardly ceased an hour. Mr. Armstrong's cold culminated in a fever. I can never forget the night when our misery reached its climax. I lay down on a half-mattress on the floor, with the sick baby in its cradle beside me, and my husband on the other half-mattress on the bed. Overtaxed and exhausted, I was

hourly expecting the birth of my third child, but did not dare tell my husband lest anxiety for me should aggravate his fever. No one was within reach but some kind natives who stayed in the next room all night. As I lay there on my bed, I looked up to God for help and counsel, and, guided as I believe by his wisdom, laid my plans for the next day.

"By early dawn I got a messenger, and sent a note thirty miles to Lahaina to the Rev. Mr. Richards. The resident doctor there was unable to come to us, by reason of the illness of his own wife, but Mr. Richards was soon in the saddle and reached us before night.

"As he entered our house and beheld our helpless condition, he stood speechless, the tears flowing down his cheeks. He grasped my hand and said, with decision that lifted a weight from my heart, 'It is not fit that you should stop here longer; you must come back with me.'"

Though the way to the nearest place of refuge was a hard twelve miles of mountain and ravine, over which the nearly unconscious sick man was borne on a litter, his wife on horseback, which she preferred to a jolting ox-cart, it saved all lives but that of little Hapé. "He died in his father's arms in the old rocking-chair, beside the bed where I lay with my week-old baby. The anguish of my heart as I saw my child's sufferings and could do nothing to soothe or comfort it, cannot be described. God save all mothers from such agony!"

“Kind hands put on a robe for the grave, and the little silent sleeper lay, until moved to his last resting-place, beside me in my room. It was small and gloomy, entered by a flight of shaky stairs, with no window except a little opening covered by two board blinds, which when closed made almost complete darkness. There we had the funeral of our first-born son, whose name, William Nevins, we gave to the babe whose life had just begun. His father and little sister went to the grave, and I was left alone in the gloom to realize that my child was at last beyond the reach of suffering, with Him who said, ‘Of such is the kingdom of heaven.’ As soon as I was well, Mr. Richards came with a canoe and took me across the channel to Molokai, to his hospitable home, where I was cheered by the kindness and sympathy of old friends and the greetings of the natives, sweet to my ears after those months of loneliness and sorrow.”

FIVE YEARS OF HAPPY SERVICE.

At the next meeting of the Missionary Conference, the representations of their friend in need, Mr. Richards, resulted in the decision to transfer the Armstrongs twelve miles to Wailuku, where a comfortable house could be built. They were cheered also by a “never-to-be-forgotten letter from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, expressing entire satisfaction with the giving up of the Marquesan mission.”

Five happy years of service in the island of Maui

followed, with only the unavoidable hardships of mission life, that seemed light after the experience of the past.

“Wailuku was to be our headquarters, but Mr. Armstrong was still to have charge of Makawao, and also of the adjoining districts, with a population of some twenty-five thousand natives.

“My husband entered upon his work, as usual, with zeal and courage. It was decided to begin at once on a new stone church and a new dwelling-house. Mr. Armstrong of course had to direct the natives, though his own knowledge of such work was limited, and, to assist him, employed two or three coarse white men who had somehow drifted into this out-of-the-way place. These men I had to board. I managed, however, to keep up a weekly Bible-class with the women, and assisted more or less in the schools. At last the joyful day came when we could move into our own house. To be under a close roof, to have windows, plastered partitions, board floors, and a cook-house under the same roof, was great luxury. We hoped we had found a permanent home in a promising field of labor. Our furniture, too, arrived from Tahiti, though not improved by time and transfer. Our box of books had been pretty thoroughly soaked in salt water; but they were books still, and, with a few of my water-color sketches framed in koa wood, gave our rooms quite a cheerful aspect. How pleasant our home looked to us, how much it was appreciated after those years of wandering and exposure, I can hardly tell.

Kind friends at home had learned of our needs, and there was no more suffering from want of sufficient clothing. We could see, too, that gradually the example of our domestic life was beginning to have some civilizing effect upon the natives.

"One of my first undertakings after we were settled was to try, with native help, to make a garden. It seemed to me it would be a great thing if I could make these poor creatures love the beautiful works of God. The variety of vegetables and flowers gradually increased, and though everything cost a great deal of labor, it was good training for the natives, *who valued the results of work in proportion as they loved idleness.*" This seems to me such a shrewdly philosophical bit of observation that I have italicized it.

"After three or four years, the once dry and barren desert blossomed like a rose, and, as the years went by, beautiful shrubs and shade-trees adorned the place. Attempts at imitation were frequently observed round the native houses, though, as the natives then owned nothing and were liable to be sent off by any whim of their chief, there was little to encourage such efforts.

"Another great obstacle to our work was the presence of white men of low, immoral habits. Civilization lowered to heathenism and mingling with it, is worse than heathenism itself, and with this our poor pupils had to contend.

"Wailuku proved to be a most interesting station. Mr. Armstrong, after numerous expeditions to the mountains for timber, succeeded in completing two

stone churches—one here and one near our former station, at Haiku. They had doors, a few small windows, and mat floors. Schoolhouses were built in the surrounding districts and a change was perceptible.

“My husband was, during a great deal of the time, preaching and visiting missions, and I had plenty to do, with my never-ending stream of natives to whose souls and bodies, both, I was expected to attend. Besides the care of my own children, I had to attend the weekly meetings, to look after the large school, to administer medicines, teach awkward hands to do various kinds of work, and endeavor in all ways to make the influence of family life a power for good among the heathen. It was indeed ‘practical preaching.’”

‘CALLED TO A WIDER FIELD.

In 1840 Mr. Armstrong returned from the Annual Conference, bearing his appointment to the station at Honolulu, to relieve the Rev. Hiram Bingham, who had been given a furlough for at least two years on account of ill health. “It was urged upon us that there was no one else to fill the largest and most important post in Oahu; that our absence would be temporary and our place well filled; so our final, reluctant conclusion was to go.

“The parting was a sad one, for Wailuku had come to seem homelike to us: two children had been born there, Richard Baxter and Samuel Chapman,” [a daughter also in the time of a visit to Honolulu] “and there were many ties to be broken between us and our

people. An extract from my husband's diary shows how hard was the parting :

“‘Severe is the trial of parting with the people whom I had adopted as my fellow-travellers to the grave, with whom I have spent five years of toil, solicitude, and felicity ; in the midst of whom I have seen more of the glory of God's grace than in all my life before. Our yard has been filled all day with weeping visitors and friends. I cannot but record my gratitude to the Master whom I serve, for all the goodness he has caused to pass before me in the past five years. . . . When I came here there were only ten or twelve church-members ; now there are seven hundred. Be Thou their Shepherd, Guardian, and Guide. Unto Thee I commit the sheep and the lambs, knowing they are safe in Thy keeping.’”

NEW DUTIES AND TRIALS.

The entrance upon the new life in Honolulu was marked by a trial in many ways the keenest in missionary experience. The little daughter of eight years, the first-born, was offered a home and education with relatives in New England, and, to save her from the limitations and dangers of heathen surroundings, the mother, with bleeding heart, gave up her little one, “never again to care for, caress, and guide her, and kiss away the childish sorrows which even her short life had already tasted. I understood as never before the meaning of ‘separating joints and marrow,’ but we leaned upon the Everlasting Arm while we watched

our darling go from us, praying only that the bitter cup might never be repeated." Her sister missionary, Mrs. Dr. Judd, speaks of the parting as the saddest scene she ever witnessed.

The proposed two years in charge of the Honolulu station lengthened to seven, during which time the four youngest children were born, and one of them died in infancy.

In this time, also, needed rest after illness and overwork was sought two or three times on other islands, in one of which—the only visit she ever made to the island of Hawaii and its great volcano—Mrs. Armstrong notes: "How pleasant it was to find here, as elsewhere, how good a work civilization and Christianity had done among the people, how marked was the effect of the instruction and influence of the missionaries."

"I remember too," she says, "how in those long rides, so free from noise, confusion, and care, I would fancy myself once more a child on the dear New England farm, and would live in bygone days till the shadow of the surroundings and my own frail body and mind would eclipse the bright vision and leave nothing but the intense longing which had given it birth."

The interims between illness and family cares were filled with varied work in their new field. Mr. Armstrong completed the new stone church begun by Mr. Bingham, 144 feet long by 80 wide, and looked after a congregation of three thousand people, besides schools and various other duties.

"We had many more comforts in Honolulu than ever before, but there was constant company to be entertained, which sometimes taxed our resources severely. Ships of war and whale-ships brought visitors, often of distinction, and often desirable, agreeable acquaintances, the efforts to entertain whom were appreciated. Not the least perplexing of our social duties was the entertainment of the chiefs. We also tried to relieve each other as much as possible by receiving those of our little mission-circles who were worn out by work and isolation on other islands."

"Among our visitors," says Gen. Armstrong, "were some English and American naval officers of high rank and Christian character, who gave the missionaries their cordial moral support and great kindness—notably, Admiral Thomas, of the British Navy, who restored the Hawaiian flag which his subordinate, Lord George Paulet, had wrongfully and wantonly dishonored. On one occasion, when my mother was prostrated with heart-trouble, Lord George kindly offered to carry her in his war-ship, 'Carisford,' to another island for rest and change. The names of many of the American officers, since distinguished in the Civil War, have long been household words in the mission families."

After Mrs. Armstrong's visit to Hawaii she writes: "I found that the native women had kept up the weekly prayer-meeting among themselves, and I returned to my work there with renewed interest. At times I had as many as four or five hundred present,

some of whom would walk several miles carrying their Bibles and hymn-books carefully wrapped in bark cloth. I read to them from the Scriptures, making familiar explanations and personal illustrations, encouraging them to ask questions and express their own views. They enjoyed their own discordant singing, and their prayers were apt to be protracted. I was often obliged to interrupt them, the greatest difficulty being always the ludicrous element which in some form or other was sure to present itself, they, of course, having no sense of the incongruities which struck us so forcibly."

This sense of humor, as well as the power of imagination which has been illustrated above, helped the much-tried missionary through many stern realities of life, as has been noted by all her associates who have written of her.

"There could be no doubt," she writes, "that the chief influence for good which we exercised over these people was the example of Christian family life. Gradually we could see that the way foreigners loved and cared for their children was having its effect on the imitative natives, and I found that a very important part of my work came to consist in visiting from house to house taking my children with me, a native woman carrying the baby."

Her work for them was many-sided. Her daughter writes me that a carpenter being commended by her mother for his deftness and skill, responded, "Do you know who first taught me to do carpentering?"

"No," she said. "You did, Mrs. Armstrong," he replied.

AN INNOVATION.

It is difficult for us in these days to think how womanly hands were fettered fifty years ago (and less) by the ideas that then prevailed of "woman's sphere." The "taboo" is not confined to heathendom. During Mr. Armstrong's absence at one time, in search of needed rest, a great increase of religious interest arose in his church, whose origin seemed to be in the women's prayer-meeting. The women's prayers for their husbands (certainly within their "sphere") were answered, and the men, in the absence of their pastor, came to his wife, begging instruction and admittance to the meetings.

"I had not the heart," she says simply, "to turn them away, and after much prayer and self-searching I resolved, for the time, to lay down as far as possible my family cares and devote myself directly to the church. I organized meetings for both sexes, visited the people in their homes, and was amazed at the strength given me to do what I felt sure was God's work. Both the king and queen were deeply interested and, I believe, affected by the influences at work around them."

It meant more heroism than we can now easily appreciate to persevere in such work against the judgment—going so far as a public reprimand—of elders who were not willing to "stand aside and see if the

work were of God or would come to naught ;” but this “Anna ” continued—with a “woe is me if I preach not the gospel,” in her heart—to “speak to all them who were looking for redemption.” Happily, the heart on which she chiefly leaned for human sympathy did not fail her. She writes, “When my husband returned he rejoiced greatly, and with his usual energy took up the work of which I no longer felt the responsibility, leaving me free and glad to return to my domestic duties and quiet labor among the women.”

IN GOVERNMENT LIFE.

In 1847 came a great change, by an urgent invitation from the Hawaiian Government to Mr. Armstrong to take the office of “Minister of Public Instruction,” the Government offering also to take the charge of all the schools on the islands off the hands of the American Board. Of Mr. Armstrong’s final decision to accept the office—which of course necessitated his withdrawal from the mission, and was strongly opposed by the conservative element in the mission—he wrote: “The motive in my mind in this matter has been to do good to the Hawaiian race, and in this office I hope to be more useful than I could be as pastor of a single church. I pray God to give me grace to seek his glory in all I do, that like my divine Master I may go about doing good to the precious children and youth of these islands, and that while I hold this office my private and public character may be conformed to the will of Christ.”

Of one of the manual labor schools established on the island by Minister Armstrong, his son Samuel Chapman Armstrong wrote nearly half a century later, in a history of his great work for Negro and Indian education of which the world knows: "Hence came our policy of elementary and industrial teaching at Hampton Institute, and its system of training the hand, head, and heart. It meant something to the Hampton School, and perhaps to the ex-slaves of America, that from 1820 to 1860 there was worked out in the Hawaiian Islands the problem of the emancipation, enfranchisement, and Christian civilization of a dark-skinned Polynesian people, in many respects like the Negro race."

Mrs. Armstrong records: "My husband began his new work in earnest, visiting the different islands, establishing schools, working always in concert with the missionaries, and preaching constantly. It is not too much to say that he organized a school system out of chaos, and was, throughout, an earnest and successful worker."

"I was myself," she writes, "obliged to give up the women's meeting in which I had worked for years with so much pleasure, but I had no difficulty in devising new plans for usefulness. I organized a weekly meeting for prayer and Bible reading among the wives of the chiefs, including the queen, who was well disposed to such endeavors, and I continued my Bible readings from house to house. Our increased income, adding comforts to our family life, did much for my

health, and I could see that my departure from the mission had increased rather than lessened my ability to work.

"After much self-denial and economy we succeeded in paying for the 'stone house' in which we were now living, with two acres of ground about it. Before long my garden was beautiful, in my eyes at least; the carpet of fresh green grass with bright flowers scattered over it, under the shade of tamarind, mango, guava, papaia, algeroba, banana, and orange trees; and for many years I was permitted literally to enjoy the fruit of my own vine and fig-tree. I remember one funny experience I had in it, and I hope no one will be shocked if I mention it, for I must confess that it has caused me many a hearty laugh. One day when my garden was in its youth, a native man called to look at it. I took him about, pointing out the different plants, telling him their names, manner of growth and culture, and trying to kindle an appreciation of nature's beauty in his heart. He was delighted with it all and capped the climax of his expressions of pleasure by turning to me and saying, with the utmost politeness of manner, 'You are a d— fool!' I could not believe my ears, and asked what he said. He repeated his remark with great emphasis, and in complete perplexity I asked, 'What do you mean?' In his own language he proceeded to explain to me that he had frequently heard white men use these words in their language to each other, and, supposing it to be an expression of great admiration and respect, he had used it to show

me how much he was impressed by my knowledge of gardening. I tried to clear up his ideas on the subject, and trust for his own sake that I succeeded."

REVISITING THE OLD HOME.

In 1850 the desire to give the eldest son, now fourteen years old, the advantage of a New England education, induced the mother to brave again the terrors of the voyage round the Horn. A disaster which made it more terrible than the first gives a striking illustration of her character. In a lurch of the ship in a gale early in the voyage, she was thrown down and her leg dislocated at the hip. There was no physician on board. In all her agony she gave directions to the Portuguese mate and sailors to pull and press the bones into place, and brace the leg so it could not move. It was impossible to get it bandaged, and the best I could do," she says, "was to lie as still as possible and keep it wet with cold water to prevent inflammation. But oh, the horror of those days and nights!" The amount of self-control, will, and fortitude it took to carry out this purpose for month after month (in the course of which the ship came near being wrecked in a hurricane) seems superhuman, but the leg was perfectly set and the lameness was only temporary.

Landing, she was met by her brother, Hon. Reuben A. Chapman, afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. He gave her the sad news of her father's death.

For the first time she travelled by rail. "Changes

met me on every hand. Everybody seemed in a desperate hurry. To leave Boston in the morning and be in Princeton that night seemed nothing less than a miracle, and the journey to Pennsylvania was a series of surprises." She clasped again to her heart the "little daughter now a woman grown," and enjoyed a short, sweet communion with the aged mother, "feeble in body but bright in spirit;" then placed her son at school in the same Academy at Hinsdale, Mass., where she had received her education. In her absence her mother died suddenly. "I felt that the loss of my mother was the crown of sorrows, and that the happiness to which I had been looking forward was to be in this life denied me."

Taking her daughter, she started with saddened heart on the homeward journey, the miseries of which were shortened by the gift of free passes over the Isthmus route.

AGAIN AT HER POST.

"All had gone well in my absence, and I soon and smoothly settled back into my routine of work. My husband, in the midst of his multitudinous labors, was glad that I was able to continue my special mission-work, and certainly for me it never lost its interest. The natives were still eager for instruction, and were often really responsive and earnest in their desire for a better way."

She notes, as an ever pleasant remembrance and evidence of the natives' sympathy and willingness to

work when rightly directed, the help they gladly gave her in inclosing and planting with trees and flowers the mission burial-ground. It is, to all who know the circumstances, a still more striking illustration of her own ever active sympathies and helpfulness. One day some of the native women came to her and said, "You have worked many years for us and we have given you nothing. Now we are going to have a feast to get some money for you." She gratefully suggested its use for the purpose she had at heart, and the work thus started progressed till the unsightly burial-field became a lovely inclosed park, embowered in trees and flowers planted in great part by her own hands.

HER TESTIMONY TO MISSION-WORK.

"I had many friends among the natives, men and women, to whom I became warmly attached and whose Christian lives I respected. Of such I must always think with pleasure and satisfaction, and, though I have no space here to give the particulars of their conversion from heathenism and gradual growth in character, yet I can positively say that I have no doubt either of the reality of the change or that it came as the direct result of missionary effort."

HER HUSBAND'S DEATH.

In 1860 Dr. Armstrong, then in the prime of life and strength, starting on one of his accustomed tours to examine schools and preach to the people, was thrown from his horse, and in a few weeks, when ap-

parently recovering, passed away from earth with hardly a moment's warning. Long after, Mrs. Armstrong, reviewing the past, writes: "For twenty-two years my husband has been at rest from the labors he so bravely undertook and earnestly carried out, and, as I look back upon his life, I cannot but believe that the hopes so dear to his heart must somehow be realized.

"Looking back upon my own half-century of life in the Islands, I can see in the light of experience that there is room for very much improvement in the manner of doing missionary work; that it will not do to use only these means or those, but all means should be accepted and used to the glory of God.

"I can only say, of that little band of workers among whom my lot was cast, that the faith and hope which through many years strengthened our hands to sow the seed assures us still that in God's good time, and in the place of his appointing, the harvest will be gathered."

IN WIDOWHOOD. "DILIGENT IN EVERY GOOD WORK."

The widowed heart and hands did not lay down their loving service. Provision made by her husband at his death enabled her to keep the cherished home, "Stone House," from which, as one after another of her children went to homes and work of their own, streams of influence radiated to distant quarters of the world. Here, where she had "brought up children," she con-

tinued to "lodge strangers" and "relieve the afflicted," "trusting in God" and "instant in prayer."

In 1860 her youngest son, Samuel Chapman, left home to enter Williams College, thence to go out as a soldier of the Union and to accomplish a purpose of God for the Negro and Indian races.

She saw three of her daughters happily married: one to an eminently successful minister and teacher, the Rev. Edward G. Beckwith, settled at various times in Waterbury, Conn., San Francisco, and Honolulu; another to the German Consul at Honolulu, Mr. Frederick Banning; and these two were long in pleasant homes near her; the third, Mrs. Philip Weaver, is doing now with her husband a noble work of true missionary sort, in which her mother had always the liveliest sympathy, in charge of the poor of San Francisco. The other two daughters are as full of good works: one for some time a teacher of the freedmen; the youngest for many years, and to the last, her mother's loving companion and nurse.

In 1877 she had the gratification of a visit from the eldest son, whom she had not seen since she placed him at school in New England, and who, after twenty-seven years, returned, bringing his wife with him, to see his beloved mother and renew his interest in the Islands, with the result of becoming afterwards during a critical time their Attorney General.

It was my great privilege to witness that meeting and make the acquaintance then of the noble missionary mother: to hear her reminiscences of the past and

see her cheerful trust for the future and her wonderfully active interest in all the concerns of the present. Her stand was covered with the principal papers and magazines. It was a delight to see her moving about her garden among her beloved flowers and trees planted by her own or her dear ones' hands; to see her receiving with equal, gracious courtesy, visitors of distinction, nobility, or royalty and the poorest natives who continually came to her for advice and aid. The forceful way in which she "ordered the ways of her household" and planned the entertainment of her guests suggested other executive ability with which I was familiar at Hampton. I had the pleasure of a drive with her, behind her faithful old "Bessie"—for whom she had special affection besides that her heart cherished for all God's creatures—to a native settlement where she often went to talk to the remnant of a congregation gathered in an old church. Her little sermon in the native tongue was so vivid in manner and gesture that it was almost intelligible to my foreign ears, and was listened to by the people with intense attention and frequent responses to her evidently personal applications. She told me on the way home that she had talked to them about the "little foxes that spoil the vines," and suggested various harms that might be attributed to such; and, after tracking several of the little beasts to their dens in the heart, had pointed to some broken windows and cracked walls remaining since her last visit, and asked if some little foxes of laziness, procrastination, and indifference had not been through there.

Many a visitor—some in sickness and sorrow—must have grateful memories of kind entertainment in the “Stone House.”

LEAVING THE ISLANDS.

Thus in continual deeds of “loving service” the years went on till, in 1881, after the great delight of a visit from her son Gen. S. C. Armstrong, in whose work so kindred to—and kindled from—her own, she had always the deepest sympathy, he was fortunately able to make a good sale of the “Stone House” for her, since it had become for her advantage to remove to the United States.

Hard indeed must have been this final ending of her long life in her Island home, endeared by the love and labor of half a century; but the change was met, as all others had been, with calm resignation and trust in the providence of God.

THE AFTERMATH.

Once in San Francisco, settled with her daughter Amelia near her daughters Mrs. Beckwith and Mrs. Weaver, she turned with cheerful vigor to new work and interests. Never at loss for mission work, she found it abundantly in Chinatown. As a friend testifies, “Nothing could keep her from her beloved Chinese Sunday-school. Sometimes she did not seem well enough, but she would say, ‘I must go and teach my Bible-class.’ The Chinese never had a better friend.” The indignities they suffered aroused her

greatest indignation and sympathy, as did all oppression. On her way home from the mission-school one evening, a coarse white man with rough words demanded her reasons for teaching the Chinese. When he had finished his insolence, she very kindly told him that if he would come any time to her she would teach him also.

HER EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

The celebration of the eightieth birthday of the beloved mother in Israel, on May 15, 1885, at the house of her daughter Mrs. Weaver, in San Francisco, was an occasion full of interest and beauty. Children, grandchildren, and friends gathered about to do her honor, and many tributes came from those in distant lands. In queenly state, in a room beautiful with flowers—some from the Stone House garden—and the flags of her two countries, she sat, herself the best adornment of the scene, and listened to the messages of love, from the baby grandchild's printed letter, "Dear Grandma, I'm glad you've got a birthday," to the son's who wrote, "You have helped me and been in my work in a marvellous way. In the most trying times of my life I have felt a peculiar gift of grit and strength that seemed not myself but my mother in me. Many a time in the terrible moment before a battle, or in the long night hours under the stars, expecting the order to 'charge!' at daylight, I have felt your nearness—have seen as in a vision your form above me and heard you say, 'Be brave, Sam.' We are working always for a common

end ; and distance is not real separation so we are one in purpose, serving God as best we can."

A VISIT TO HAMPTON.

In the summer of 1887 Mrs. Mary Hemenway of Boston, visiting San Francisco, met and was charmed, as few failed to be, by the veteran missionary, and invited her and her daughter to visit the East in her private palace-car—perhaps an equal privilege to giver and receiver. To Mrs. Armstrong it seemed a fairy dream. What a contrast to her former journeys around the continent ! Besides enjoying the pleasure of visits in Boston and elsewhere in the North, she had that of a visit to her son's work at Hampton Institute : a visit never to be forgotten by any there at the time.

From the moment of her landing at the school-wharf, stopped, as she walked proudly up to the " principal's house " on her son's arm, by a deputation of little Indian girls who threw a wreath of flowers round her neck, in copy of the graceful Hawaiian custom ; welcomed by music and cheers from the students and by loving greetings from all, her visit to Hampton was a continual delight. So familiar to her thoughts was it that everything " looked as she expected." She cordially consented to give " talks " to the school and teachers, and delighted the old people in the neighboring cabins with a visit from " the General's mother !"

Her memory lingers at Hampton like a benediction.

IN BEULAH-LAND.

On returning to the Pacific Coast, Mrs. Armstrong and her daughter Amelia removed to San José, where most of the days that remained were passed, in "peace that flowed like a river." She found there, as everywhere, loving friends who delighted to honor her; especially in Dr. Alida C. Avery and Miss Lucy Washburn, the latter a former teacher at Hampton, and for many years a prominent teacher in the State Normal College at San José.

Miss Washburn writes of her, "She walked among us in perfect simplicity, far from the scenes where her main life-work had been. Strangers came to do her honor; and to her the whole world seemed home. It was 'her Father's house,' full of his children to be loved and helped; full of his work, always going forward; full of his beauty and glory. She seemed to enter into everything, or rather to belong to it already. It was wonderful to see how she kept up with the progress of the world in all good movements.

"One of her greatest delights was in visiting the Normal school. She said laughingly, 'I mean to go through the whole course, from the training-school up.' Especially she liked to visit the classes in educational methods and science. I can see her now in my Zoölogy or Physiology classes, lens in hand, or bending over the compound microscope. All nature spoke to her. Wordsworth is wrong when he says it is only the child that sees the divine in nature; to her it was no 'light

of common day' that illuminated every scene, but the light that brightens more and more to the perfect day of heaven."

In San José also she found out a Chinese mission which she visited when she was able. And "no one knows," writes her daughter, "not herself even, only her Heavenly Father, all the warm and comfortable garments made by her busy fingers for the Negroes and Indians, while I read aloud to her. A lady in Berkley has told me that mother's labors inspired a lady of means to go to work herself for those races."

Her three birthdays in San José were spent at the house of Dr. Avery, who made them occasions of honor, at one of which a poem was read by its author, Mrs. Francis Mace of Massachusetts (author of "Only Waiting"), whose first and last verses were as follows:

"How beautiful is youth!
But not alone when garlanded with rose,
When the cheek flushes and the bright eye glows
As golden gates of promised joy unclose.

"And we who meet to-day,
To celebrate thy age, exclaim instead,
How beautiful thy youth, which only fled
To come afresh, from heavenly fountains fed,
And on thy years an evening splendor shed."

THE CALL HOME.

On her way with her daughter to the "Chautauqua Assembly" of the Pacific Coast in the summer of 1890, in getting out of a carriage she slipped and fell, striking her spine against the iron step. A year of great pain

and nervous weakness followed. "As she rallied, it was her old interest in the world's-work and growth that most drew her thoughts from suffering." Sometimes she was able to lie out-doors in the soft California air and watch the tree-tops; a few times to drive a little way. A large bundle of knitted mittens and scarfs for the poor old women and children came to Hampton, the work of some of her last days on earth.

A touching tribute of gratitude was a visit from Wong Yew, a Chinaman whom she had taught and led to Christ, who gave up his work and travelled fifty miles to offer his services in caring for her.

"She made a last rally when she found she could hope to see her son Gen. Armstrong once more in this world. That reunion with him and his daughters seemed to leave her nothing more to wait for."

To give her more advantage and comforts, she was moved to a pleasant room in the "Children's Hospital" in San Francisco, where her daughters could all be with her. As her kind nurses were lifting her she said, "Wont some one lift me into the arms of Jesus?"

He took her home in his arms himself early in the morning of July 20, 1891.

A beautiful service was held in the Congregational church in San Francisco, loving tributes paid her memory by the veteran Sandwich Island missionary Mr. Bailey, and by Rev. Mr. Scott, her former pastor, who chose as a text most suggestive of her character of strength and beauty, "And upon the top of the pillars was lily work."

THE CHINESE MEMORIAL SERVICE.

A touchingly beautiful memorial service of loving gratitude, at which I was privileged to be present, was held by the Chinese congregation to whose school she so long ministered, on the anniversary of her death. Many were the testimonies to her faithfulness.

ALOHA.

Mrs. Armstrong's earthly form rests in the lovely Mountain View Cemetery, near Oakland, beside the graves of some of her kindred—"a quiet resting-place," sheltered by circling hills and whispering pines. A simple but tasteful granite monument marks the spot. On one side is the beautiful Hawaiian word of love, farewell, and welcome, "Aloha;" on the other her name and the unassuming inscription, "She hath done what she could." Something of what that was I have tried here to tell. All that it was, and is, and shall be, only the years of eternity can show.



BURIAL PLACE OF MRS. ARMSTRONG.

REV. ROBERT W. LOGAN,

MISSIONARY OF THE A. B. C. F. M. TO THE CAROLINE
ISLANDS.

BORN MAY 4, 1843: DIED DEC. 27, 1887.

BY REV. FRANK S. FITCH.

REV. ROBERT W. LOGAN was born at York, Medina Co., Ohio, May 4, 1843. His home was about thirty miles southwest from Cleveland. His parents were in humble circumstances. He was left motherless at the age of three, and an orphan at seven.

The family, consisting of three brothers and one sister older than he, and one sister younger, remained together until the marriage of the eldest brother, with whom Robert found a home in Wisconsin for a season.

At the age of fifteen he began teaching, and so occupied his time for the most part until he entered Oberlin College in 1866.

In August, 1862, he enlisted in Co. D, 21st Wis-

consin Infantry, and was discharged in January, 1863, by reason of impaired health. In October of 1862 he was wounded at the battle of Perryville, Ky., and was left on the battle-field all night without blanket or coat. He took cold and had typhoid-pneumonia, which permanently lessened his vital force and accounts for the low state of his health ever afterwards. He was a patriotic citizen, a faithful and brave soldier, and a kind comrade, often doing for others far more than his health warranted.

He was the best scholar in his class in the schools of his childhood, and taught two years in Wisconsin before enlisting, and an equal length of time in Ohio afterward. He was graduated from the theological department of Oberlin College in 1872, having spent three years in that institution before beginning the study of divinity. Being of a more mature age than his fellow-students, he did not take a full classical course, but took up selected studies as best suited his sense of need. He was always able and disposed to do his own thinking and make his own plans, not questioning the general desirability of a full classical course for those whose youth and financial resources allowed, but not purposing to give over his desire to do a great work in his day because it was denied him. Like John Milton he determined while yet a youth to do something which should make the world his debtor. During a severe illness at this period of his life, in the delirium of a fever, he said to his attendant, "I do not care to get well merely to be a common man."

I remember, as a fellow-student at Oberlin, that we had many protracted and warm discussions during his years of general preparation, among those in the classical department, as to whether the full course or the special was, for most of the boys, desirable. After giving suitable attention to the principles involved, we soon began to reinforce our positions by naming individual students as proofs of our theories. Robert Logan was one of the first named among the specials, and we all, in that early day, respected him, and knew that he was faithful, accurate, and independent. One of the college professors writes of him as follows: "I remember him well. He was older than most of the class, mature in character and thought. He was always an addition and not a drag to the class. He had a clear head and good acquiring power, and stood well in every class. He was a good scholar. It was a comfort to have his card come up. I was sure of a good recitation, whether in Evidences, Logic, or Philosophy. In all his course here he showed fine intellectual abilities and a broad comprehensiveness of acquisitions and judgment."

After being graduated from theology in 1872, he spent a winter in Cleveland in attendance upon lectures at a medical college, having accepted an appointment as a prospective missionary of the American Board. Here he manifested the same characteristics as a student, and began to fit himself for the medical and surgical work which so much increased his usefulness as a missionary among a primitive people.

While studying theology, he preached one year in Brunswick, Ohio, where he was ordained August 30, 1870, and one year in Rio, Wisconsin, before going abroad.

He sailed for Micronesia June 20, 1874. He spent five years in Ponape and two in the Mortlock Islands, and then was compelled to return to America to regain his health. In 1884, having, greatly to the surprise of his friends, regained comparatively good health, he returned to Ruk, where he labored with the greatest industry, joy, and success until he fell asleep in Jesus in his own Anapano, "place of rest," December 27, 1887, having completed forty-four years, seven months, and twenty-three days, as men measure life; and having exercised his many gifts in an unusually varied service for more than seventeen years after his ordination to the work of the Christian ministry, greatly to the delight and blessedness of many souls and greatly to the honor of God.

Having now briefly considered the chronology of his life, we must retrace our steps that we may catch something of the early bloom and fragrance of that inner life whose persuasive influence came to be so universal and blessed.

His public confession of Christ did not occur until a few months after he had attained his twenty-second year. On Sunday evening, December 31, 1864, he writes in his journal as follows: "As I look back over the past year I see much that I could wish blotted out from memory's page, many duties left undone, pas-

sions indulged, and opportunities for usefulness unimproved; yet I know that the year has not been wholly wasted, that I am not now what I was one year ago to-day, for I am not now without a hope that I have been born again and am a child of grace, though but a feeble one. I hope the record of the coming year will be far better than the past, but I know my own weakness, and that from God comes the strength for well-doing; and I think I rely upon him, in a measure, though I know that my faith is not what it should be. It is, however, growing stronger, I trust. May God help me to know and do his pleasure, and to fulfill my calling as a follower of a crucified Saviour. Amen!"

On Sunday, March 4, 1866, he writes again: "To-day I was baptized into the name of Christ, and partook of the emblems of my Saviour's dying love. What a solemn thing it is!" The next day he set out for Oberlin College to fit himself for his Master's service. How characteristic! To believe in Christ and to serve him seem but one act. "From his boyhood," writes one of his nieces, "his heart's desire was to do something in the world. Those who have, in these later years, looked upon the cheerful and serene countenance which he ever wore, and marked the evenness and sweetness of his temper, would scarcely suspect that by nature he was quick and passionate and found within his own heart large need for discipline."

He was ever self-distrustful and self-depreciating. Just after his marriage he remarked to a friend, "I

think Mary and I will live happily together, for she has such an excellent disposition."

His quickness of perception of the needs of others, and his promptness and skill in supplying them, were beautiful. While his wife and mine, and other friends from Buffalo, were with us on our way to attend the meeting of the American Board at Detroit in 1883, though wearied with the services of the preceding Lord's day and the constant presence of admiring and devoted friends, and anticipating the great demands soon to be made upon his strength and sympathies in the crowded meetings, where he was not only to listen but to speak, and where he was to try to secure the steamer, "Morning Star," he did not give himself over to indulgent ease. A child at the other end of the car was crying. The weary mother had exhausted all expedients for quieting it, and herself as well. The able-bodied passengers were manifesting in many ways their annoyance, as even well-bred saints have been sometimes known to do, even when on their way to a missionary meeting. Before any one else had suspected that he had any call of duty as a nurse, Mr. Logan was far down the aisle, and soon had the child in his arms and had quieted it too. One look into the quiet of that beautiful face, and into those tender eyes, convinced the little nervous stranger that he had found a friend, and all was peace. Had he not something of his Master's touch and charmed speech?

During a part of his vacation days at home in 1882, he spent the summer in York, Ohio, the place of his

nativity and childhood. He was there for rest. All his friends and kindred made it a part of their business to see that he had it. But often the only way he could be induced to keep away from the hay-field or other scenes of labor was to beguile him into thinking that it was his duty to take a cousin, a teacher in the Hughes High School of Cincinnati, who was also much worn, for a drive. It is said of a certain French speaker who had been describing the delights of solitude, that after a full statement of the case he concluded by remarking, "How sweet it is to have some one to whom to say how sweet is solitude!" So dear brother Logan could only pursue and attain needed rest by having some one to care for. Ministering unto others had become his habit and his joy.

Miss Smith, of Kusaie, who had visited Ruk, is quoted in the "Missionary Herald" as writing: "In his sweet, strong life, his lovely Christian courteousness, his beautiful bearing in his family, he was as near to my ideal of Jesus Christ as any one I ever saw."

When he applied to the officers of the American Board for the opportunity to serve Christ in foreign parts, he named only one condition: that they send him to that field for which they found it most difficult to provide laborers. They chose Micronesia, and we must now turn aside to look at the "little islands" through his eyes, for he has given us the best picture of them.

"The islands of Micronesia lie along the equator, and a little west of the meridian on which the world's

day begins. The Micronesian Christians have finished their Sabbath worship and fallen asleep under their thatched cottages beneath the cocoa-trees before Christians in America have begun the services of the day. These islands are in the great coral belt and lie in the Caroline Archipelago, which extends over the sea a distance of two thousand miles from east to west. Many of the atolls or coral islands inclose lagoons from ten to fifteen miles broad and from twenty to thirty miles long. The climate is a never-ending summer, never so hot as the hottest days in America, and never cold enough to cause chilliness. The greatest range of the thermometer experienced during a residence of several years in Ponape was thirteen degrees, from 74 to 87 in the shade. The islands of Polynesia are inhabited by two races of people, brown and black. To the former race belong the inhabitants of Micronesia. It is thought that by means of their languages, traditions, and mythologies the Polynesians can be traced back from their present abode, step by step, through the island groups of the Pacific and Indian Oceans to the Indian Peninsula, and onward to the central table-lands of Asia, whence the Caucasian races, in the beginnings of history, emigrated westward and southward. Religions, beliefs, and observances varied with different groups, yet they had certain characteristics in common. The people were not idolaters. They believed in the existence of spiritual things whose power they feared, and whose anger they sought in many ways to avert, but we never found any conception of a

supreme deity, or a belief in one spirit surpassing all others in power. Their traditions and mythologies were usually only a confused jumble, and their religious beliefs seemed to have little influence on their character. Christianity has to overcome rather the inertia and the opposition of wicked hearts than any firm adherence to their beliefs."

Into this field, eight thousand miles from his kindred—so inaccessible that their letters and papers were often a year old when received, so limited in its food supplies that the maintenance of life was a constant and sometimes a desperate problem, so primitive and at such a slight remove from savagery and cannibalism that a violent death was always a possibility—our brother and his devoted wife entered, voluntarily, enthusiastically, and here he remained, with but a single vacation, for fourteen years, when his need of rest was recognized in heaven and the Master signed his release.

Never did a missionary enter more fully into the life of his people. His love was so genuine that their untutored hearts had no trouble to understand its language, for sympathy is not a thing dependent upon the mere accident of vocalization. He soon acquired the language, and to such purpose that not long after he began teaching and preaching he undertook the work of translation, and prepared text-books in arithmetic and geography, a hymn book, a book of Old Testament stories, and the whole of the New Testament. He gathered pupils about him and trained the native helpers for their work as Bible-readers and pastors.

In this class of work as a bishop and father he displayed, in my judgment, his greatest gifts. For, instructive as was his preaching and accurate and lucid his translations, his gifts of administration were phenomenal. Strong in his convictions, self-poised, and yet gentle as a woman, no one under the spell of his leadership could long remain irritable, prejudiced, or selfish. Chiefs who plotted to take his life by violence became converts to Christ, personal friends, and preachers, like Paul, of the faith which they once essayed to destroy.

Merchants and ambassadors from foreign powers employed him as interpreter and mediator, and his power over sailors, diplomats, and native chiefs was always adequate to unravel the tangled skein of controversy and to avert the lighting of the torch of war. All feuds sank to their proper littleness in the presence of his calm bearing and tender eye. The Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man seemed attainable when shadowed forth by his Christ-like intelligence and love.

Delicate in body, peculiarly subject to the most distressing seasickness, no island was so distant nor sea so rough as to keep him from the service needed. Possibly the frailty of the outward tabernacle of his apostolic spirit and kingly will increased his influence over the natives, who had judged men previously only by their physical firmness.

His native gifts were great, and his acquisitions of all kinds of knowledge large. His mind was methodi-

cal, and such were his self-mastery and forecast that he was seldom surprised or lacking in expedients. Naturally impulsive and impatient, as we have been told by those who knew him in his childhood, his equability of temper, serenity of manner, and quietness of speech always attracted attention and gave him mastery over others. Courageous but not rash, with strong convictions but not intolerant, eager for truth and service but not impatient or morbid, with a high ideal of righteousness but not censorious, he stands before us, not perfect, but very noble and Christ-like. Oh, my brother, how much we needed you ! How can such a husband, such a father, such a friend and bishop, be spared, when most of us are such poor saints !

Dr. Pease of Kusaie writes of him : " We feel his loss as a personal bereavement. He was very dear to us all who knew him, and by every one he was held in the very highest estimation. He was our best missionary. As a worker he was zealous, methodical, indefatigable. In the care of the mission he was cautious and prudent, making no false moves, yet withal enthusiastic and full of courage, just the man for a pioneer or for any other place in our work. As a man he was patient and sympathetic towards every one, intolerant of nothing but sin, always long-suffering towards the sinner. If there was any wrong thing which he hated and despised more than anything else, it was hypocrisy and double dealing. In whatever he knew was right he was absolutely inflexible ; no trimming or changing front for him. This Scotch grit, joined with his great

conscientiousness, made him a regular Simon Peter, a rock which you always knew where to find."

Prof. John M. Ellis of Oberlin, one of his college instructors, who has followed his career with interest born of a teacher's pride and affection, writes: "I think he would have distinguished himself on any field, but he seemed specially adapted to the work in Micronesia, and he has made a record of which any man, whoever he may be, might be proud. It is the work of a great man and a great hero."

Our hearts were all profoundly moved by the story of their voyage to New Zealand, whither they were compelled to go on their way homeward, to save, if possible, his life in 1881. They voyaged on a little schooner of only sixty tons. They, with their two children, Arthur and Beulah, were seventy-nine days on this small boat, and for a long time on short rations, again and again becalmed under the burning heat of the equatorial sun, their only place of rest and shelter a little cabin of thatch which the natives had lovingly prepared on deck in which he could only recline and sit but not stand.

A journal, written on this voyage, a few lines at a time, is before me. I will give you a few of the precious words. He was writing to steady his own spirit and to make mention of God's goodness. Little did he think of the instruction that his deep heart struggles would afterwards give to hundreds.

"It was hot in our house to-day, but we found a little shade on deck towards evening. It was pleasant.

We talked much of home friends. Happy day on the whole. A flying-fish came on board last night, and the sailors kindly gave it to me. How kind they all are, and how good is the Lord!" "Calm last night, but a comfortable breeze now. We are all comfortable; how much we have to thank our Father for!" "Making no progress. Still calm. Provisions getting scarce and the captain and all hands seem worried and fretful." "Sails flapping, sailors scraping the main boom, captain mending the signal flag. Artic scraping, reading, and helping mamma, Beulah playing about and running errands, wife cooking beside me, I on my back in the thatch house, nothing in sight but the rolling glassy sea and the sky half-obscured by clouds. The outlook has seemed brighter to me to-day, but Mary has been cast down, but gets into the light to-night."

A Cleveland lady, the principal of one of the public schools of that city, having had the rare privilege of looking over these pages, writes: "I am not worthy to touch it with my fingers. Why? Because into these simple details has been put what a great soul found worthy to record when lying sick, perhaps dying. He had strength to write but three or four lines a day. The significance of this journal lies in what it does not say, in what has been withheld, for in the privations and sufferings which must at times have almost fettered the souls of this brave man and woman, they record progress rather than privation. They made it a rule to refrain from speaking of what was unpleasant, often repulsive. The worst experiences are not reported."

The heroism of our brother and his thorough consecration to missionary work are best seen in his return, after all these hardships and almost death from lack of suitable food and medical care. He knew the danger, the probability of shattered life; he heard patiently the remonstrances of friends and relatives; he considered the educational needs of his children; he noted the uncertainty of opinion as to his duty, even on the part of those most interested in missions; he counted the cost; yet he was straitened to accomplish his mission, and was ready to leave his ashes among the coral reefs of his island kingdom until the Master's return and summons. Was not the name of his newly-built home at Ruk, "Anapano, place of rest," prophetic?

These last four years were the most fruitful of his life, worth more than the former eight, or all that had made up his early manhood. In returning he made no mistake. How crowded and faithful were these years! Their seed-sowing will bring a new harvest each season, until all the spring-time days have passed into the harvest of a never-ending autumn.

Let us note some of the lessons taught by such a rare life.

And first, the rewards of unselfishness. He had learned how to save his life by losing it. He thought nothing of ease, of money, or of fame. He sought not his own, but lo, God has cared for him and made his name familiar among the friends of missions throughout the English-speaking world. While visiting the Eastern Conferences in New England, New York, and Ohio, he

was the honored guest of our most distinguished pastors, professors, and laymen, and was listened to with delight and profit by thousands of those who with pen and purse are the most efficient. Such recognition had not been within his reach had he remained quietly at home, as so many do, caring for his supposed personal interests.

Notice, again, the dignity of pioneer work. A prosperous young business man in the metropolis of Ohio when urged by his pastor to assume the responsibilities for which his influence in commercial circles fitted him, in building a new church in the principal suburb of the Queen City, answered impatiently, "I have no taste for pioneer work." Brother Logan did not so judge. He well knew the strategic character of such an enterprise. The choice of location, the preliminary plans, the work of translation, of organizing institutions, of training native pastors, were, in his thought, great things, though attended with frequent annoyances and petty economies. Other men may toil, but can only "enter into," not supersede or surpass, his labors.

A half of the harvest of all such distant and heroic endeavor is its reflex influence on those who stay at home. How many individuals do you imagine care much for foreign missions now who, but for this man's life, would still be indifferent? In the beautiful rural districts of northern Ohio, where he was born and educated, in Oberlin, in Cleveland, in Cincinnati, and in Buffalo, and wherever he gave missionary addresses, there are hundreds, if not thousands, whom his heroism

has touched as with a torch, and the fires of their zeal will not burn out while life remains.

Think of the endless wealth of his name among the alumni of the theological department at Oberlin. What the names of Judson and Cary, Goodell, Schauffler, Bliss, and Gulick are to this generation, such his will be in coming days, when the first-fruits of Oberlin's part in foreign missions shall have become a great harvest, and the score of names shall have become thousands. The distance, the picturesqueness, the hardships and the successes of this work among the Caroline Islands are remarkably calculated to arrest and chain the attention of chivalric youth, who, like him, may desire to make but one condition, "that they may be sent to those fields for which it is most difficult to secure laborers." Did he not unconsciously echo the spirit of the fathers who came into the wilderness of Lorain County fifty-five years ago to establish his alma mater?

Nor must we omit the influence of his name on the church in York, Ohio, where he confessed Christ, in Brunswick, of the same State, where he was ordained, in Rio, Wisconsin, where he served as a home missionary, in the church in Oberlin where his student days were spent, nor in the churches in Cincinnati and Buffalo where his name was the talisman of missionary enthusiasm.

Through this man's faith and death we his friends have entered somewhat into the Master's travail of spirit for a lost world. We must still cherish the familiar mission and pray for his successors and for the na-

tives. Shall we ever cease to love this work and sustain it? Shall we ever forget his loved ones? God forbid.

Foreign missions are the new leaves and the fragrant blossoms of the olive-trees of Gethsemane and Calvary, proofs of the continued life and fruitfulness of our Master's planting. The faith, the daring, the consecration of those dear ones who go to the ends of the earth keep alive in the earth the early enthusiasm of those who first walked with Jesus and gazed up into heaven as He ascended to the Father, and protect us from the deceitfulness of riches and the canker of our petty cares.

Sleep on in quiet "Anapano," our beloved dead. The coral rocks beneath will not fail thee, nor the waters of the great ocean engulf thee, nor rude or hostile hand disturb thee, until at the Master's call thou dost rise to clothe with thy glorified substance the spirit of him who has dwelt serenely in the bosom of his Lord. Sleep on for a season, for it is consecrated ground where thou art. The lonely and orphaned children of the little isles cannot longer see him who pointed them to the cross of Christ, nor hear the tones of his chastened voice as he preaches of Jesus the Saviour of men; but they will gather about his tomb and be content. Sleep on! We, too, shall soon have finished our work and have fallen asleep, to await the summons of Him who has power over death and the grave.

"Verily I say unto you, there is no man that hath

left house, or brethren or sisters or mother or father, or children or lands, for my sake, and for the gospel's sake, but he shall receive a hundred-fold now in this time, houses and brethren and sisters and mothers and children and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life."

DR. ADONIRAM JUDSON.

BORN 1788: DIED 1850.

BY REV. C. H. HAYDN, D. D.

THE story of American Missions can never be fully told, no list of Missionary Heroes can ever be complete, and the name of Adoniram Judson be left out. His place, both in point of time and in achievement, is a foremost one.

EARLY LIFE.

Born of a godly parentage in Malden, Mass., August 9, 1788; entering Brown University a year in advance at the age of sixteen, graduating as valedictorian, in 1807; he was able to write in his journal after a period of skeptical doubting—"1808, November. Began to entertain a hope of having received the regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit." He had just before this entered Andover Theological Seminary, a year in advance, "neither a professor of religion nor a candidate for the ministry." He made a solemn dedication of himself to God, December 2, that same year. That dedication was final and complete. "Is it pleasing

to God?" became his motto. He put it before his eyes, at the same time realizing how futile the suggestion "unless I resolve, in divine strength, instantly to obey the decision of conscience."

As will be inferred from the above, young Judson was a precocious boy, more fond of books than of play, revelling in tough problems, learning to read when three years of age, a proficient in arithmetic at ten, and a voracious reader of books of all sorts. His father, a Congregational minister, fanned the flame of ambition and stimulated it by holding before him the vision of greatness. The year following his graduation was a critical period in his history. He had become tainted by French infidelity, and a chosen and boon companion was a deist. Under this influence he became wayward, left home, joined "a company of strolling players," and led a "reckless, vagabond life." It was not for long. He was followed by his mother's tears, prayers, and warnings, which to him were more than his father's arguments. Providence had him in charge. He one night put up at a country inn. In the room next to his was a young man in a dying condition. The vision of the sick stranger disturbed his peace, and the question of his spiritual condition thrust itself in upon his restless thought. He arose in the morning to find that his next-door neighbor was dead, and that it was none other than his brilliant infidel friend. He instantly turned his steps homeward, a changed but not converted man, and subsequently, by special favor, was admitted into seminary life.

HIS CALL TO MISSIONARY LIFE.

A year later, at the age of twenty-one, Judson is pondering seriously the work of foreign missions. A sermon of Dr. Claudius Buchanan's had fallen as a "spark into the tinder of his soul," and in February, 1810, he had resolved to become a missionary to the heathen. To this resolution he had been helped by association with Richards, Mills, Rice, and Hall, of "Haystack" fame, lately arrived at Andover from Williams College, the birthplace, if any one locality can claim that honor, of American missions abroad. Of this step young Judson seems early to have counted the cost. There were flattering prospects for the brilliant young divine at home, but from all these he turned deliberately aside; nor did he hide from himself or from Ann Hasseltine, whose heart and hand he sought, the peculiar trials most certain to fall to the lot of a missionary in those pioneer days.

There was at this time in the United States no missionary society reaching out into foreign lands, and but little faith impelling in this direction. But the hour was come for the birth of one of the grandest movements of modern times. And these flaming spirits were its forerunners. It is not necessary here to detail the formation of the American Board in 1810, the attempted coöperation with the London Missionary Society, and the failure of this expedient, throwing American Christians upon God and their own resources. Mr. Judson had himself been despatched to England on this mis-

sion, and got a taste of prison life, having been captured by a French privateer *en route*. Not only at Bayonne, but at Paris and in London, he made the impression of being a man of no ordinary genius.

HIS MARRIAGE AND DEPARTURE.

On the 5th of February, 1812, he was married to Ann Hasseltine, of Bradford, Mass., a woman of great beauty, consecration, and moral heroism. The next day he was ordained at Salem, and on the 19th embarked on the brig "Caravan," with Mr. and Mrs. Newell, associate missionaries, bound for Calcutta.

The voyage around the Cape of Good Hope was a tedious affair of four months. The time was studiously occupied in a translation of the New Testament, which was the immediate occasion of the reopening of the question of baptism, both as to its proper subjects and the mode of its administration. The result is well known. Mr. Judson and his wife became Baptists and were immersed at Calcutta the 6th of September. Naturally they at once fraternized with the English Baptists at Serampore, Marshman, Carey, and Ward, and resigned their connection with the American Board. He immediately suggested to representative Baptists in New England that if a Baptist society were formed for the support of a mission in those parts, he would be ready to consider himself their missionary.

This change of sentiment took from the American Board its most promising man; but it set on foot another agency which ever since has moved forward in

growing strength in the same great work of the world's evangelization. No one, it is presumed, ever questioned Mr. Judson's sincerity in this step. Probably no one can fail to see that a man with less force of character might have shrunk from a step which could not be other than costly, running against the grain of early education and the training of maturer years, and calling upon him to sever his relation to the Board that sent him forth, and to cast himself by faith upon the Master whom he at all hazards sought to obey.

It was not till after many a buffeting for a year and a half that these servants of God found the way open to begin their life-work in the Burman Empire. England and America were at war with each other, and the East India Company had not learned to welcome the missionary; indeed, it never learned that, nor the part that Christianity had to play in the regeneration of India. Peremptorily ordered to leave, they at length reached the Isle of France January 7, 1813, just after the saintly Harriet Newell had passed in triumph into life from that historic spot. May 7 of that year they embarked for Madras, intending to open a mission on Penang, an island in the Straits of Malacca. But on reaching Madras the only conveyance outward was a "crazy old vessel" bound for Rangoon; and upon this they determined to embark, passing out from under the protection of the English flag and committing themselves to the cruel mercies of a Burman despot. It appeared their only way of escaping arrest and being sent to England. It was really the hand of God lead-

ing them by a perilous voyage of great hardship to the work of their lives.

RANGOON.

They reached Rangoon July 13, 1813, and found quarters in the house of a son of Dr. Carey. It was a most filthy and wretched city, located near the mouth of the Irrawaddy, a river navigable for 840 miles, but a strategic point from which to reach the Burman Empire of about eight million souls. There was then but one Burmah, ruled over by a despotic monarch whose throne was at Ava. The Buddhist religion, "like an alabaster image, perfect and beautiful in all its parts, but destitute of life," held this people firmly in its grasp. Moreover, they were a "slow, wary, circumspect race." The difficulties were many, but the faith of the Judsons in the promises of God was greater. At once he set himself to the weary task of mastering a difficult language, "without grammar or dictionary or English-speaking teacher." His ardent temperament chafed under the delay incident to this prime condition of success; but he accepted it and was soon translating a Gospel and preparing tracts in the Burmese tongue, which the mission press gave to the people. Three years to a day after his arrival he completed a modest treatise on grammar, which twenty years later received the highest commendation. Soon after they began to print, the first real inquirer came to light, the forerunner of many to follow. Oral preaching came later, and in this Mr. Judson was an expert, meeting objections

with great subtlety and impressing his hearers deeply by his fervid earnestness. Six years passed by before he ventured upon public worship, and this was followed speedily by the first convert, who was baptized June 27, 1819. The work of the mission now began to attract the attention of the Viceroy of Rangoon. Persecutions immediately followed, and Mr. Judson determined to go at once to Ava and lay the matter before the throne itself. It was a hazardous step. He was accompanied by Mr. Colman, a new arrival at the mission. It was a journey of a month up the river. January 27, 1820, they put themselves under the guide of an interpreter for the royal interview, and in due time, with all formality, laid their petition before his Highness, asking permission to preach the religion of Christ in his dominions. They had brought as a present a Bible in six volumes, overlaid with gold; this they attempted to exhibit. They were coldly received, though respectfully heard, and dismissed taking their present with them. A second and a third attempt was made with one of the ministers of state in private, but with no better results, and having secured a passport, sadly, but hopefully, they returned.

Once since coming to Rangoon he had been obliged to leave for a few months because of ill health, and now it became necessary to visit Calcutta on Mrs. Judson's account. These were tedious journeys, in mean little boats, of great weariness and discomfort. This last was followed by Mrs. Judson's return to America for a two years' leave of absence. They had also been called to

part with their first-born child. But through all these trials the courage and faith of these servants of God were wonderfully sustained. Their little church grew to number ten, and the spirit of the martyrs was in this pioneer band of Burman converts.

Dr. Price now came to recruit the mission, and his skill in removing cataract soon attracted the attention of his Highness at Ava, and he was ordered thither, Mr. Judson accompanying as interpreter. The doctor paved the way for the preacher, and many opportunities were improved to advocate the tenets of the Christian faith in the presence of persons of rank. His majesty was much more gracious. The way was opened for Dr. Price to permanently remain; and, before returning to Rangoon, Mr. Judson had secured a piece of ground for a house, intending to occupy it so soon as his wife returned from America. Accordingly, December 13, 1823, Mr. and Mrs. Judson set their faces towards Ava. Ten years of life in Rangoon had secured for Burmah a translation of the New Testament and an epitome of the Old, a native church, a footing at the capital, and such a mastery of the language that Judson could say, "I suppose I am the only man living who can tell to the Burmese people the story of the gospel in their own tongue." The work in Rangoon was committed to new-comers from America, and Ava was entered January 23, 1824. Of their

LIFE IN AVA

it is not easy to write briefly. Of missionary activity there was to be little; with suffering their cup was to

overflow. They found the countenance of the king changed, a new privy council in place of their friends of the year previous, clouds of war with the English gathering over their heads, and they themselves suspected of being spies working in the interest of the foes of Burmah. Judson and Price, with the resident Englishmen, were put in fetters and thrown into a loathsome dungeon, hateful to every sense. At the end of eleven months he was removed to Oung-pen-la, a perilous march that well nigh cost him his life, where for six months more he endured the horrors of a Burmese prison. "The annoyance, the extortions and oppressions to which we were subject, are beyond enumeration or description," writes his faithful wife.

In the final negotiations with the English he served as interpreter, and thereby enhanced his reputation as a scholar and a linguist. During all these weary months his faithful wife, with a heroism unmatched, cared for herself and his manuscript translation, and with utmost tact, courage, and eloquence sought to mitigate the horrors of his confinement and cheer his brave spirit. There is no more pathetic picture than that of this devoted wife making her daily pilgrimage to the prison with some token of love and word of cheer, and once on a time holding up her new-born babe for the father's kiss through the bars of his cell, then following him to Oung-pen-la in a rough cart through the dreadful heat and dust, till, broken down at last, she was brought to death's door by smallpox followed by spotted fever.

There came an end of these never-to-be-forgotten

woes when the victorious English made terms of peace. Rangoon was again visited, but the gains of years had been scattered by the whirlwind of war, and they followed the English to Amherst within the newly-ceded territory. There they resumed their work, but Mrs. Judson had reached the limit of her endurance. Her husband was again called to Ava, and during his absence she passed away, October 24, 1826, leaving him desolate. The cup of this faithful servant of God was now full, and we may well believe "he was never the same man afterwards." How many are the sacred spots of earth like the hopia-tree at Amherst, or the tamarind-trees of Ramree, where the dust of the Comstocks reposes!

Mr. Judson found what solace he could in his work and the love of his child, till she flew to the arms of her mother, April 24, 1827, and he was left alone, cast down but not destroyed.

REMOVAL TO MAULMAIN.

The mission was now removed to Maulmain at the mouth of the Selwan, which had outrun Amherst as the seat of English authority and rule. To this place the Boardmans and the Wades led the way, and he soon followed. The city was growing rapidly; the field daily widened, and success crowned their efforts. Preaching, translating, and teaching went on apace. Many new works were prepared for the press. Meanwhile a solitary member of that scattered Rangoon church is quietly at work, and "out of the stump of the tree cut

down, there springs a shoot which has blossomed and flourished ever since." The Rangoon Mission numbers to-day not less than 90 churches and 4,000 members. Such vitality has the Christian church.

The same aggressive spirit that led him to Ava to beard heathenism in its high places moved him still later to try and plant the standard of the cross at Prome in the heart of the empire. But in this he was defeated, after a brave effort, by the prime ministers of the king, moved by hatred of foreign intrusion. He retired to Rangoon and pushed his work of translation.

At one of the great heathen festivals he had an opportunity of learning how effective had been the work of the press. He had given away thousands of tracts upon solicitation. "Some," he says, "come two or three months' journey from the borders of Siam and China. 'Sir, we hear that there is an eternal hell. We are afraid of it. Do give us a writing that will tell us how to escape it.' Others come from Kathay, a hundred miles north of Ava. 'Sir, we have seen a writing that tells about an eternal God. Are you the man that gives away such writings? If so, pray give us one, for we want to know the truth before we die.' Others come from the interior, where the name of Jesus Christ is little known. 'Are you Jesus Christ's man? Give us a writing that tells about Jesus Christ.'"

The Boardmans had opened a mission among the Karens, and the Word of God proved quick and powerful among them. But these sainted souls were also called to tears. Their eldest and youngest born fol-

lowed each other into life eternal, and Mr. Boardman, "one of the brightest luminaries of Burmah," fell in the jungles of Tavoy, in the midst of his work, leaving his wife and one son to mourn their loss. Mrs. Boardman continued at her post among the Karens. Mr. Judson now returned to Maulmain and entered with great zeal the promising work thus begun among the Karens. Eight years after the death of his wife, three years after the death of Mr. Boardman, April 10, 1834, Mr. Judson and Mrs. Boardman were married.

THE BIBLE TRANSLATED.

January 31 of that year he had knelt before God with the last leaf of the Bible translated into Burman, and besought Him to accept the great work of his life, and "make his own inspired Word the grand instrument of filling all Burmah with songs of praise to our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ." Burning to preach the gospel, *viva voce*, he had stuck to his prodigious task till now, at the age of 56, he could rejoice that the Scriptures were put into one more of earth's many tongues.

In his "lust for finishing," he spent seven more years in revising his translation. That garret at Rangoon, that little room at Maulmain where he patiently wrought at his life-work, like that upper room at Beirût, where Drs. Eli Smith and Van Dyke consummated their translation of the Scriptures into Arabic, are among the historic places of the church of Christ. It is thus that the pioneers of missions have laid all after-

comers under obligation for the tools they find ready to hand. Twenty-four years of life were mainly spent thus, and the Burman Bible is Judson's chiefest and sufficing monument. He did for Burmah what Luther did for Germany and Wyckliffe for England, only his task was infinitely more difficult. The work itself was a grand success.

It was with great reluctance, but with entire loyalty to the Board whose servant he was, that he now turned to the preparation of a Burmese dictionary, and at the same time gave the passion for preaching such opportunity as he could.

Mr. Judson's second marriage proved to be a very happy one. She was an ideal missionary. By English friends in Calcutta she was pronounced "the most finished and faultless specimen of an American woman that they had ever known." In person she is described as "faultless in features, of warm, meek blue eyes, and soft hair, brown in the shadow and gold in the sun." She was an enthusiast in missions from childhood. She became an adept in the Burmese tongue, and her literary labors, tracts, translations, Scripture catechisms, and hymns were abundant and of a high order. After her marriage with Mr. Judson she became the mother of eight children.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

In the twelfth year of their married life, while homeward bound in search of health, she passed from earth at the port of St. Helena, September 1, 1845, and Mr.

Judson journeyed sadly on with his motherless children, himself much broken in health. He arrived in Boston, October 15, 1845. Thirty-three and a half eventful years of toil, trial, and achievement had passed over his head since he sailed out of that harbor with the bride of his youth. He came back to a land as greatly changed as he, and his own message for expectant audiences was the old story of the love of God in Christ. He was too weak for public speaking, but his burning soul found expression through an interpreter, and again and again he thus served the cause to which he had devoted his life. At one time a few sentences, feebly spoken, but weighty with consecrated thought and purpose, saved the Arracan mission that the Baptist Board were about to abandon.

While on his tour through the country he met Miss Emily Chubbuck, best known as "Fanny Forrester," who was destined to become the third Mrs. Judson. A volume of her vivacious writings first attracted his attention, and awakened a desire to see her as a possible biographer of his late wife. She had been schooled to poverty and self-reliance, first as a factory-girl and then as a school-teacher and writer for a local paper. A sprightly letter to the "Evening Mirror" attracted the attention of Mr. N. P. Willis, and secured for her the opportunity and the remuneration for which she had been striving. Converted at eight years of age, impressed in childhood by the story of Ann Hasseltine, she was haunted by the conviction, which she strove to get rid of, that she one day must be a missionary.

And so it came about that the gifted young lady became the wife of Dr. Judson, an arrangement distasteful to the friends of each, but satisfactory to themselves.

OUTWARD BOUND.

Within nine months from his arrival in this country they were on their way to Burmah. Mr. Judson's heart turned from "the twilight of Maulmain" to the field of his first love, with all its discomforts and dense darkness, and once more he is back in Rangoon. A big, gloomy, bat-infested brick house opens to them; a ferocious, blood-thirsty viceroy waits to do what he dares to hinder the work; sickness makes a hospital of their cheerless quarters—but work is resumed on the dictionary, and secretly the gospel is preached. Mr. Judson must have learned the secret of Paul's contentment to be able to say of this period, "My sojourn in Rangoon, though tedious and trying in some respects, I regard as one of the brightest spots, one of the greenest oases, in the diversified wilderness of my life!" At length the intolerance of the Government made the situation desperate, and he was deterred from going to Ava to lay the case before his Royal Highness only by the failure of means and the discountenance of the Board at home. There was nothing left to do but to retreat, and this for him was a sorry business. When, two years later, he was given permission to go to Ava, it was too late. He is next at Maulmain steadily at work "like a galley-slave," on what he hoped would be a "standard work for all time."

But he was nearer the end of life than he dreamed. While deeply concerned for his wife's failing health, after the birth of their child, he himself was disabled by a sudden cold, and soon thereafter embarked for a long sea-voyage as the only hope of recovery. He bade adieu to wife and children, and on the 12th of April, 1850, died and was buried at sea. Thus peacefully ended, full of the conscious love of Christ, the life of this remarkable man.

AN ESTIMATE OF THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

In the midst of great discouragements, in perils by land and sea, in moral darkness that could be felt, in dungeons of unnamable horrors, in the weariness of much and prolonged study, yet with a faith victorious, a courage undaunted, and a consecration complete, "he laid the foundations of Christianity deep down in the Burman heart where they could never be washed away." "At the time of his death the native Christians (Burmans and Karens publicly baptized upon the profession of their faith) numbered over 7,000. Besides this, hundreds throughout Burmah had died rejoicing in the Christian faith. He had not only finished the translation of the Bible, but had accomplished the larger and more difficult part of the compilation of a Burmese dictionary."

He was, indeed, a man of brilliant parts, of studious habits, and of great thoroughness in all his work. He had the gifts and temperament of an orator. He might have filled with ease the foremost pulpit of his native

land. But he was, above all and greater than all, a missionary of the apostolic order. He laid himself upon the altar of consecration and crucified his selfish ambition till nothing was left of it. He never questioned but that Burmah was to be given to Christ. It might take twenty or thirty years to make a beginning, but that was not his concern. A beginning was to be made, and he was called to do it. He shrank from no hardship incident to that end; and the buoyancy of his spirits through all adversity was something scarcely conceivable, save through the grace of God freely given to him. To a man of his ardent temperament, knowing that he had given up everything for the carrying out of the great commission, the indifference of his fellow-disciples at home was his greatest trial. He sometimes longed to have the home churches transported for a month to Burmah, for a month to be face to face with her unsaved millions. But it is doubtful whether that, then or now, would prove a cure for spiritual indifference to the world's need. It might work in just the opposite direction if the vision was not first made clear by the love of Christ and the touch of the Spirit. And then the sight of the eyes is no longer necessary. Delving on in "the well" of that gross heathenism, he was not hidden, though working in obscurity. He got what he never strove after. His became one of the best known names of Christendom. He was known throughout India. The Crown Prince of Siam invited him to make him a visit at his charges. The English authorities profoundly respected him. English vied

with American Christians in doing him honor. It was, no doubt, in part because this missionary enterprise was then in its infancy, the land remote and little known, the perils many, the hardships great, but it was yet more because the spirit of the man and the work to which he gave himself with such ardor was felt to be Christ's work just looming up before the dormant soul of Christendom and waking it out of sleep. They saw in him the spirit of Paul, and in his work the "Acts" were being repeated, and they could not help making some response, however inadequate, without denying the Master altogether.

Nor can we do Mr. Judson full justice without a clear and sharp appreciation of the fact that it was pioneer work in which he was engaged—it was carrying the torch of life into the darkness and blazing the way for others on the one hand, and creating missionary spirit on the other; so making history for the kingdom, and laying foundations upon which after generations should build—planting churches that would themselves take up the work and carry it forward. After all, when we have done our best, we are far from appreciating the work of these pioneers who make the grammars, dictionaries, translations, plant schools and churches, print and teach, and not for themselves alone, but to make ready to hand the tools with which their successors may with greater advantage push the work of evangelization.

Nor will we fail to honor duly those three noble women who successively shared his affections and his

labors. They were, each in her way, remarkable women. The heroism of Ann Hasseltine, the missionary ardor of Sarah Boardman, the devotion of the literary Emily Chubbuck, are beyond question admirable to the last degree. Their joy in each other was mutual. They were happy marriages, all of them, and all greatly conducive to the ultimate result of his life-work. Their lives so intertwined in love and service that the story of neither is complete without the other.

POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE.

Let it not be thought that their mission is ended. Just before his death Mr. Judson learned that "a tract had been published in Germany giving some account of his labors at Ava; that it had fallen into the hands of some Jews and had been the means of their conversion; that it had reached Trebizond, where a Jew had translated it for the Jews of that place, that it had awakened a deep interest among them, and that a request had been made for a missionary to be sent them from Constantinople." This was really in response to a deep desire of his soul to do something for the Jews. With tearful eyes he said, "Wife, I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything but it came; at some time, no matter at how distant a day, somehow, in some shape, probably the last I should have devised, it came." So is it still.

No one can read the simple story of these consecrated lives without being deeply impressed by them. Many a missionary will be made by its recital. Many

a man has already been prompted thereby to a more unselfish life and heart-surrender to the work of missions. So will it continue to be. These names live in Burmah. They keep pace with the conquests of the kingdom over the earth. They belong in those Christian annals which, after the Acts of the Apostles, tell how all things written in the law of Moses and the Prophets and the Psalms concerning our Lord Christ are being fulfilled.

In a Baptist meeting-house in Malden, Mass., is a marble tablet and on it this inscription :

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON,

BORN AUGUST 9, 1788,

DIED APRIL 12, 1850.

MALDEN HIS BIRTHPLACE,

THE OCEAN HIS SEPULCHRE,

CONVERTED BURMANS AND

THE BURMAN BIBLE

HIS MONUMENT.

HIS RECORD IS ON HIGH.

It is enough. Many have gathered inspiration from this brief story of a life. So may it be till the kingdoms of this world are all His whom we call Master and Lord. Amen.

NOTE.—The materials of this sketch were mainly drawn from the biography of Dr. Judson, written by his son, Rev. Edward Judson, and published by Randolph & Co., New York.

GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN,

"THE APOSTLE TO THE KARENS."

BORN, 1801 : DIED, FEB. 11, 1831.

BY MARIA J. BULLEN.

ENTERING the beautiful little Baptist Church of Yarmouth, Me., and facing the Boardman memorial window, the following inscription meets the eye :

TO THE SACRED MEMORY OF
SYLVANUS BOARDMAN,
BELOVED PASTOR OF THIS CHURCH, 1810-1816 :

AND ALSO HIS SON,
GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN,
"APOSTLE TO THE KARENS :"

ORDAINED BY THIS CHURCH, FEB. 16, 1825,
DYING AMID THE MOUNTAINS OF TAVOY, FEB. 11, 1831.
REVERENTLY DEDICATED BY THEIR DESCENDANTS.

The subject of this memoir, and his honored father, who long survived him, are thus introduced to our attention. Strong in character and sweet in spirit were

both father and mother of him who bears the noble title of "Apostle to the Karens." It was the mother who first of all said to the son, "Do you not want to go to Burma?" It was the father who on hearing of his death said, "I wish I had another son to send in his place." It is no marvel that the son of such parents entered upon a missionary career.

As a boy he "always thought of a missionary as a sober-looking man in a long coat." This memoir may seem to picture him thus, but it is certain that he possessed a fund of humor which helped him over many an annoying experience and deprivation.

Born in Livermore, Me., in 1801, he was considered, after the first three or four years, a strong and healthy child. He early showed a great fondness for books and became the pride and delight of his teachers. At the age of twelve he determined to obtain the best education possible. Leaving home at the age of fifteen to avail himself of better advantages, his application to study impaired the vigor of his constitution. He grew "spare and delicate." He entered what was then Waterville Seminary in his eighteenth year, and was then reputed to be "quick in his sensibilities, jealous of his fame, eager in his attachments, and inflexible in his purpose." He had long been the subject of deep religious impressions, but it was not till after being in Waterville several months that he realized that he was, without delay, to come to the Saviour as he was. The joy and peace of believing now became his. Henceforth, any ambition unworthy a follower of the meek



GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN.

and lowly Jesus was crucified. To please and serve Him was his first aim. He joyfully confessed his faith in Christ, July 16, 1820, in the Baptist Church of Waterville, and from this time forward his religious experience was characterized by both sincerity and depth.

A college charter having been obtained for the seminary, Mr. Boardman and one other constituted the junior class. About this time he determined to preach the gospel. His attention was thus early turned to mission work, and first among the American Indians.

Upon graduation he was elected tutor, with the offer of a professor's chair so soon as circumstances favored. He reluctantly accepted the position for a single year, writing to a friend, "I now calculate on a year of misery. My whole soul is engrossed with the state of the heathen and I desire to go among them." Meanwhile he was licensed to preach, and a few weeks later his eye fell on a current paragraph which determined his life-work.

Ten years before, Adoniram Judson had gone to the East to begin his apostolic career. But three had been sent to reinforce him, and of these Wheelock and Coleman had fallen, the latter a victim of cholera. The paragraph referred to contained a reference to the latter. Instantly young Boardman raised the inquiry, "Who will fill his place?" and as quickly answered, "I will."

In April, 1823, with the full consent of his parents, he offered himself to the Baptist Board as willing to go

where he was sent. He was gladly commissioned to Burma, saying as he received his appointment, "There may I live, labor, and die."

The following year was spent in Andover Theological seminary, the Baptists having no such school of training; the mid-winter vacation in mission work among the negroes of Salem, Mass.

Ordination followed at North Yarmouth, Me., February 16, 1825. A few months were spent among the churches of Maine and New York fanning the flame of missions, and then his face was set towards the East. Meanwhile the mission had been reinforced.

A war with the British was then in progress in Burma. Judson and Rice were captives in Ava, and Wade and Hough had retired to Bengal. It was however deemed expedient to send Boardman forward, in the hope that the war might be finished before his arrival. At all events he would find friends among the English Baptists at Madras and be able to begin the study of the Burman language.

He was, however, not to go forth alone. He had made the acquaintance of Sarah Hall, of Salem. Gentle and refined, intelligent, studious, and deeply pious, she also had heard the Macedonian cry and been stirred by it. Baptized in her seventeenth year, she writes in her journal soon after, "When will the time come that the poor heathen, now bowing to idols, shall own the living and true God! I have just finished the life of Samuel J. Mills, and never shall I forget the emotions of my heart while following the footsteps of

this devoted missionary. I have almost caught his spirit." The condition of the American Indians first engaged her attention, but the announcement of Coleman's death called out from her a tribute in verse which caught the eye and touched the heart of Boardman and prepared the way for what was to follow.

With great difficulty Miss Hall obtained the consent of her parents to this costly step. Indeed it is said of her leave-taking, "After she had said her farewell to the family group, as if feeling that she had not the full and free consent to her abandonment of home and country which her filial heart craved, she looked out of the coach-window and said, "Father, are you willing? Say, father, that you are willing that I should go!" "Yes, my child, I am willing." "Now I can go joyfully!" was the emphatic response. And she herself wrote, "My mother embraced me as tenderly when she whispered, 'Sarah, I hope I am willing,' as she did one month before when she wildly said, 'Oh, I cannot part with you!'"

They were married July 4, 1825, and the 16th of the same month sailed from Philadelphia in the ship "Asia." A tedious voyage it proved. Several times were they driven out of their course, several times becalmed, and not till December 2 did they reach their destination.

Mr. Hough was the first to welcome them, and to bring the sad tidings that the war still raged and that the condition of Judson and Price was still unknown. They were at once established with Mr. and Mrs. Wade.

The English Baptist missionaries also cordially received them. After a few weeks at Chitpore, a suburb of Calcutta, they took up their abode at Circular Roads, where they lived for a year and a half, studying the Burman language and assisting the English workers.

In April following all hearts were relieved by the assurance of the safety of Judson and Price, only to be saddened a few months later by the death of the brave woman who had so distinguished herself during her husband's captivity.

As a result of the war a part of Burma was ceded to the British, and Amherst became the capital of British Burma. Here Mr. Judson established himself, and here it was that his beloved wife passed from earth in his temporary absence at Ava, the capital of Burma proper.

He was joined in September by Mr. and Mrs. Wade, Mr. Boardman remaining behind, by consent of the Board, in the service of the English mission, then straitened for workers. Up to this time Mrs. Boardman could say, "Since I bade adieu to my native land the events that have transpired affecting me have been one series of mercies. I am blessed with excellent health." They started for Amherst in March, 1827, bearing in their arms a daughter six months old. They came into the household so recently bereaved, to find the stricken Judson watching by the bedside of his motherless Maria, whom he first saw through prison bars at Ava. Ten days later the mission circle gathered around the grave of the child whom Christ had taken.

Mrs. Boardman herself was also attacked by a disease from which she never fully recovered.

In planning their work it was now decided to attempt a new station. Maulmain, twenty-five miles distant, was chosen, and Mr. Boardman was appointed to the field. With a deep sense of personal deprivation, though not unwillingly, he left his missionary associates. Maulmain was separated from Martaban, still Burman territory, by the River Solwin. Although under English rule, its proximity to Martaban, infested by robber bands which the war had encouraged, exposed the inhabitants to lawless raids. They were therefore advised to find a home within the military cantonments. Unwilling to separate themselves so far from the people they came to serve, the gift of a beautiful site, ample for a large mission establishment, about a mile distant, was accepted. Here, on their arrival, May 28, 1827, they took up their abode.

Now Mr. Boardman writes: "After nearly two years of wandering without any certain dwelling-place, we have to-day become inhabitants of a little spot of earth and have entered a house which we call our home. None but those who have been in similar circumstances can conceive the satisfaction we enjoy. . . . My dear wife and myself feel that we have reached the scene of our future labors. These are people for whom we are willing to labor, to live, and to die." He built a small house costing about a hundred dollars, with walls so thin that "they could be cut open at any part with a pair of scissors." The situation, lonely in the

extreme, proved to be unsafe. June 25, after taking possession of their little abode, they record: "Last night our house was robbed of nearly every valuable article it contained, except such as could not easily be taken away." Surely it was Jehovah that watched over them. While some of the desperate band searched their rooms, examining every shelf, drawer, and box, two others cut gashes in the frail mosquito-netting that covered the bed, one near Mr. Boardman's head and the other near his feet, and wild eyes watched the sleepers. Not a hair of their heads was touched nor any sense of danger felt until all was over! Not till after the robbery was discovered in its full extent were the significant holes noticed. "From that moment," writes Mrs. Boardman, "I forgot the stolen goods, and thought only of the treasure that was spared. In imagination, I saw the assassins with their horrid weapons standing by our bedside, and ready to do their worst had we been permitted to awake. If ever gratitude glowed in my heart, if ever the world appeared to me worthless as vanity, if ever I wished to dedicate myself, my husband, my babe, my all, to our great Redeemer, it was at that time."

Sir Archibald Campbell, the military commander, on learning of their calamity, provided them with two guns and two armed sepoy to guard their house. He could find no trace of the stolen goods, but he replaced what was necessary for their comfort. The growth of the town was so rapid that their home was not long isolated. Even at this period they could say, "Never did

five months of our life pass so pleasantly as the last five have done." Dean Farrar is surely justified in saying, "God's faithful workmen may be destitute, afflicted, tormented, but they are rarely unhappy."

Native inquirers soon made their appearance. The veranda was often filled with them, and in January they had the joy of witnessing the baptism of the first Burman convert. Meanwhile Amherst had been supplanted by Maulmain as the metropolis, and everything indicated that this furnished far better opportunities for work. Accordingly the mission was removed to Maulmain. Several native Christians and seventeen members of the mission school accompanied Judson and Wade. Desiring to reach as many as possible, two zayats were built, one north and one south of the mission-house, and the word of life was there preached. Curious and interested listeners came in crowds. The day had arrived for which Judson had longed ever since he first made a home in Ava! Deeper still would have been his gratitude could he have foreseen the useful station it would become. Amid the many delightful memories that now cluster around Maulmain, let it not be forgotten that it was Boardman who began the mission in loneliness and in peril. His heart was now full of gratitude and hope, and his hands of labor. "It is by mere theft that we can get time to write letters and journals." In the school he gave himself to the boys while his wife took in charge the girls.

A few weeks later they were again delivered from impending danger. A fire originating in the woods on

a mountain a mile distant was rapidly carried by a strong wind directly towards their house, which, composed of bamboo and leaves, would have proved an easy prey. Mr. Boardman prepared to leave, packing such necessary articles as they could carry, and then watched the devouring flame come within a few rods of their dwelling, when the Lord said, "Peace, be still!" They and the villagers were safe.

Again the devoted workers felt called upon to divide their forces and attempt a new field, and it fell to the lot of Mr. Boardman to go. Tavoy was chosen, a town one hundred and fifty miles south of Maulmain, the nearest eligible spot on English territory. Of this transfer he writes, "We were brought here by the guidance of Providence. It was no favorite scheme of ours. Our Father, the pilgrims' God, be Thou the guide of our youth. If Thou hast any work to accomplish by us in this place, here are Thy servants; employ us as Thou seest best." They reached Tavoy April 9, 1828, having with them two converts—one a Siamese, the other a Karen with his wife; and four boys, members of his late school.

Tavoy was a walled town with a large population, a stronghold of Buddhism. Mr. Boardman, with his usual energy, established himself in a suitable place, and within ten days began public worship. Unfortunately, the dialect of Tavoy was a corruption of the pure Burman that he had studied. This was a great hindrance.

We must here say a word about the Karen convert named above. He was no other than the well-known

Ko Thah-byu. Little did the missionary dream what a helper he had brought to Tavoy! During the period of Mr. Judson's earlier service he had but little knowledge of the Karens, except that the Burmans looked down upon them and called them "wild men." They were a distinct race with a different language, and also different in color, appearance, and characteristics. "The simplest children of nature," and "of all people in the world the most irresolute," they lived in small villages, five, ten, or fifteen miles apart, all "linked in a sort of brotherhood." Their homes were "in places almost inaccessible to any but themselves and the wild beasts." The gods of their Burman oppressors received no honor from them. The only offerings of the Karens were to evil spirits, to avert the anger which was imagined to be the source of all their disasters. They knew of no good spirit to worship, but maintained that, according to their traditions, there was a God, the knowledge of whom they had lost, but who would be made known to them by white foreigners from over the seas. One of the native disciples who went from Rangoon to Amherst to live with Mr. Judson took with him a degraded specimen of this race, for whom he had paid a debt. According to the laws of the land this gave him the right to his services. This man, troublesome in boyhood, became in his youth a hardened character, a thief and a murderer. At this time his worst fault was an ungovernable temper. He was also disagreeable in appearance and dull in mind.

Moung Shwaba, the native who had him in charge,

came to feel that he could bear with him no longer. The poor fellow begged to be taken into the mission-family, and Mr. Judson reluctantly received him. This stupid, passionate man began slowly to improve until it became evident that the grace of God had proved sufficient even for him. He married a young woman of the family, whose two younger orphan brothers had been given into Mr. Boardman's keeping.

And now, the night before Mr. Boardman was to leave for Tavoy, the wife of Ko Thah-byu came to him and said,

"Teacher, you go to Tavoy to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Well," said Mah Ay, for that was her name, "you can't have my brothers to go there."

Mr. Boardman said, "Yes, I want my boys; you gave them to me and now they are mine."

"No," said she, "if you take them you must take me too."

Finding argument useless, he sought advice of Mr. Judson, who said,

"Would it not be best for you to take Ko-Thah-byu and his wife with you to Tavoy? He has not yet been baptized. You could baptize him there, and thus make a beginning."

"Oh," said he, "I cannot have him in my family, he is so very disagreeable; I don't see how I can take them."

Mr. Judson replied, "Think and pray over it, and perhaps the Lord will show you that it is best to take them."

Mr. Boardman spent the whole night pacing the floor and praying that the Lord would show him his duty. At the dawn of day he went to the apartment of Ko Thah-byu and told him he had decided to take them to Tavoy, and at nine o'clock they were on their way down the river. They had been in Tavoy but a short time when Ko Thah-byu went up into the mountains and brought down a large company of his countrymen to learn about the new religion. When Mr. Boardman saw with what eagerness these wild people of the forest listened to his instructions, and the earnest desire Ko Thah-byu manifested for the salvation of his countrymen, he fell down before God and wept like a child—wept that he should have doubted God's ability to use any means, however repulsive to our human nature, to bring souls to himself.

Burman inquirers presented themselves at once, and after twelve days about thirty Karens visited him. According to their statements, twelve years before a man in the garb of a religious ascetic visited one of their villages, taught them to abstain from the use of certain meats, practise certain ceremonies, and worship a book which he left with them. About half of the inhabitants followed the new teaching, and one of their number became their leader. These people had been persecuted by the Burmans on this account, but now that the English had control, they agreed to return and ask their leader to come with them and bring the sacred book. They also begged that a native convert might be sent to their village to explain the new religion. In

less than two weeks three of their number were back again, saying that their leader was not then able to make the journey ; that he had a son who read to him a Burman tract that Mr. Boardman had sent, and on hearing it he wept and said, " It is good ; I believe it ;" that father and son were going from house to house with the tract, many others believing the good words, and all being anxious for further instruction. A few days later these three sincere seekers after the truth witnessed the baptism of Ko Thah-byu, and expressed their purpose to worship the eternal God. They also urged that Ko Thah-byu return with them to their village. Left free to go if he would, he went, being " very zealous in declaring what he knew of the truth." He started on his errand of love, but found the mountain streams quite impassable, and his visit was deferred. He however met a few Karens, who were so much interested in what was told them that they soon came to Tavoy to hear more.

In the meantime the Burmans, influenced by their priests, were holding themselves aloof. Mr. Boardman therefore decided to repair an old zayat in the very centre of the city. He entered this early in July and talked and preached to the passers-by as he had opportunity. His attitude of mind is thus expressed : " Night and day, sleeping and waking, my thoughts are upon this people." This travail was not in vain. The third of August two Burmans, who had for some time given evidence of conversion, were baptized in the presence of their companions, who looked on in wonder

and malice. Just before the zayat was ready, six Karens arrived who had heard of the tract above mentioned. They had not seen it, but had come "to look upon his face and to hear the law from his mouth." No wonder the Karens came to be looked upon as "a people prepared for the Lord"!

On the eighteenth of this month they thanked God for the priceless gift of a little son. Early in September a crowd of these mountain people arrived, and among them the teacher, or rather sorcerer, as he proved to be, with the venerated book. It had been carefully kept in a "pitched basket of reeds," and when its many wrappings were removed, was seen to be an old tattered duodecimo volume. In silence it was handed to the missionary. It was none other than a copy of the Book of Common Prayer with the Psalms. "It is a good book," said he, "but it is not good to worship it. You must worship the God whom it reveals." And so the poor persecuted teacher had gained no merit after all! Disappointed, he still felt his importance, as was manifest when, preparing to leave, he put on the sorcerer's robe, saying he had worn it for twenty years. Ko Thah-byu was not present, but another native convert ventured to tell him that he had better leave it off. "If," replied he, "God will not be pleased with this dress, I am ready to send it afloat on yonder stream," and he handed the disciple his wand. Before reaching his home he did indeed throw his once honored robe into a rushing brook, having first torn it in pieces. When Ko Thah-byu met him in his

own village a month later, he found him ready no longer to practise a conjurer's tricks and willing to worship the eternal God.

One of the great trials of this pioneer life was the irregularity and uncertainty of mails and supplies. Once and again a vessel bringing articles for their comfort and news from home had been wrecked. Their necessities were consequently great, their misfortunes keenly felt. Referring to these losses and to the robbery of earlier days, he writes a friend in 1830, "What if we do lose worldly things? Our Saviour still remains; heaven will endure. If we are rich in faith, what matters worldly poverty?"

They were called to bear another and severer trial in the unworthy life of one of the Burman converts of whom high hopes had been indulged. He subsequently deserted them entirely. Later Mr. Boardman writes, "The gospel is now known in some small degree by many in Tavoy, but known only to be despised and neglected. The zayat is nearly deserted. As to outward trials, we have no disposition to complain; we can submit to many things which, to persons engaged in other pursuits, would be deemed hardships; we can endure toil, fatigue, and sufferings without complaint; but we are pained to see so many heathen urging their way onward to perdition without knowing whither they are bound."

In December Mr. Boardman suffered his first hemorrhage. It seemed alarming for a day, but he rallied quickly and was soon confronted by another company

of Macedonian Karens. They reported the Karens of Tennasserim and Mergui, as well as the district of Tavoy, as longing to see him. For the first time he felt at liberty to leave home, and with Ko Thah-byu and four others he gladly started, February 5, 1829, on the anticipated journey. He supposed that the path to those wilderness homes was no easy one, but little idea had he of the fatigue and exposure he was about to encounter. Twice drenched by pouring rains, worn by a night passed without shelter in a forest infested with tigers and wild elephants, spent with hunger and fatigue, he at length reached a miserable hut, "accepted a plate of rice with a thankful heart, and soon forgot that his bed was hard." He reached his destination the third day and found a large zayat prepared for his use. "Ah, you have come at last," was his welcome. The Karens poured forth from their poor homes with joy in their faces, and in their hands presents of eggs, fish, rice, in short all they could obtain. He preached of the "eternal God" and of the "Saviour for all" to delighted audiences, Ko Thah-byu reproducing his words for the benefit of the women and children who could not understand Burmese. Several were found who had for months desired baptism. They were advised to wait still longer. On his homeward journey zayats were ready for him, and attentive ears. One night, after he had lain down to rest, the rain reached him through the roof; but in spite of this and the most fatiguing mountain-climb he had ever taken, he reached Tavoy ten days after leaving, well wearied, "having

travelled more than a hundred miles in the wilderness and preached seventeen times." Again is he sore distressed because of the immoral life of the other baptized Burman whom it became necessary to exclude from the church which had given him such a heartfelt welcome. Ko Thah-byu soon expressed his desire to take a more extended journey, and visit the Karens of Mergui. He confided to Mr. Boardman his earnest hope that the time would come when he would be permitted to reach Siam and also Bassein, his native land. Mr. Boardman writes, "It is surprising how magnanimous a naturally weak man becomes when the Spirit of Christ and the love of souls inspire him. This poor Karen is continually devising new and judicious plans of doing good."

Then follows a period of sore distress. A third shipwreck added to their deprivations. Serious illness prostrated both husband and wife. This was followed by the alarming illness of both their children, one of whom, Sarah, a daughter of two years and a half, exceptionally bright and intelligent, talking Burmese with the Burmans, English with her parents, and knowing also a few words of Hindostani and Karenese, a sweet, loving, obedient child, the Saviour took to himself. The other survives in the person of that honored servant of God, George Dana Boardman, D. D., of Philadelphia. In their distress they began to question whether the face of the Lord were not turned away from them, and to seek the cause in their own unfaithfulness. A ray of light pierced the darkness of these

days in the evidence that several in the school were being wrought upon by the Holy Spirit.

Three weeks later they were endangered by the revolt of the Tavoyans against their English rulers. We may not enter into a detailed account of their experiences, but let us think of Mrs. Boardman and her child as hiding in a neighboring shed from the balls that were whistling over their heads and passing through their house; and later of the entire household as sheltered in the military cantonment. Major Burney, the civil and military commander, was absent. A young physician and Mrs. Burney were the only persons possessed of authority. A small force of Sepoys, native soldiers in the British army, were on duty, but their commander was on his death-bed. It soon transpired that the whole province was engaged in the revolt, and the walls of the city were soon surrounded by crowds of insurgents. Nothing could be done but to retire to some place of temporary safety and hope for the best. The Sepoys, about one hundred in number, the families of Major Burney and Mr. Boardman, a few Portuguese traders, about a hundred women and children belonging to the Sepoys and the Portuguese, and one Mussulman, who put himself under the protection of the English, retired to a large building at the wharf. Alas! their place of refuge was a place of danger. The Sepoys had stored a great amount of gunpowder in one of its rooms! Soon a mounted cannon was bearing directly upon them! In this emergency "they lifted up their hearts to God and he heard them."

The cannon was discharged repeatedly, but the aim was too high and they were unharmed. Several days passed. Once a desperado was discovered on the point of setting fire to the floor of their building. A well-directed musket-shot stilled his arm for ever. The fourth day came. Their stock of rice was getting low. An immense number of bloodthirsty wretches drew near, burning houses and vessels; but, a little before the wharf was reached, the heavens poured down rain which checked the wicked design. Soon after this the Lord sent relief in the person of Major Burney. Astonished at the situation, he promptly sent the steamer back to Maulmain for help, having put on board his own and Mr. Boardman's family. Shots followed them, but without effect. Mr. Boardman remained behind, hoping to be useful in negotiations with the rebels. The commander proved himself both wise and brave. At imminent risk he scaled the walls, obtained a cannon that had been of great service to the insurgents, and gained possession of the town before additional troops arrived. But indescribable desolation prevailed. Mr. Boardman had been able to take from his house but a few articles of clothing and a few papers. He now occupied for a few days the ruins of his old home, gathering up whatever could be made useful in building anew, and then joined his wife in Maulmain. Delightful privilege to commune once more with Christian friends of his own race after an absence of eighteen months!

To both of these devoted servants of Christ this was

a trying experience. Mr. Boardman, however, gave himself little rest, but after one week in Maulmain returned to Tavoy, rebuilt his house, and early in October the mission establishment was again in operation. His work opened encouragingly among the Burmans, and a company of Karens came from their distant homes to tell him how thankful they were for his preservation and for his return. Three of these Karens, one of them sixty-five years of age, he baptized. Writing of their confession, he says, "Is it not a pleasing proof of the power of the gospel that these persons, uninfluenced by any earthly prospects, should in their old age have given up the customs of their ancestors; and should, decrepit as they are, traverse mountains, rocks, hills, and streams, a distance of fifty miles, to receive Christian baptism?"

Again he attempts itinerant work to meet the spirit of inquiry among the Burman villagers and the remoter Karens; but this is interrupted by the critical illness of his wife, necessitating a change of scene and his personal attention, which, with his own depleted energies and the necessities of the work there, led them to accept a pressing invitation and return to Maulmain. To his beloved Karens this step occasioned great sorrow. Of these itinerant labors, thus cut short, his wife writes, "He used sometimes to walk twenty miles a day, preaching as he went, and then had no shelter but an open zayat, no food calculated to nourish his failing strength, no bed but a straw mat on a cold bamboo floor."

He however solaced his Karen friends by the promise of a return later on to meet them at a certain half-way place in the wilderness accessible to the aged and infirm as well as to the women and children. Of this meeting, effected in due time, he writes, "Happy, very happy, has been our interview. Such a spirit of love and prayer I never before witnessed."

The difficulties under which he labored and the spirit of it all are voiced in the following touching paragraph: "We are to a considerable degree our own physicians and apothecaries, and when our first-born was committed to the dust I was the sorrowful chaplain. God in love has sent us cup after cup of affliction here in Tavoy. Oh how bitter! Oh how sweet! What a blessed anguish I have sometimes felt!"

They reached Maulmain early in May only to begin a fresh series of troubles. His wife was again prostrated, but soon rallied to care for her husband, whose case is pronounced hopeless. Facing the probable termination of his work, he writes to his mother, "What if we do find an early grave? Shall we regret it at the last day? Oh no! To spread the gospel through Burma is worth a thousand lives." Characteristic entries in his journal breathe the same spirit. In one place he refers to his short period of service and adds, "But I hope God has made me of some service to a few poor benighted souls, specially among the Karens, who will be my glory and joy in the day of the Lord Jesus."

About this time too their youngest son, Judson

Wade, was taken from them, and in great sorrow of heart he writes, "For two years past few have been the days in which some sore affliction, sickness, pain, trial, or death has not been pressing upon us to drink up our spirits." But there is no word of complaint, no distrust of God.

Again he rallied, and though weak, visited Tavoy November, 1830, with the native Christians, eight promising lads of their old school, and Mounng Ing, the second ordained Burman. On the day of their departure came tidings of reinforcements on their way from Calcutta, among whom was Rev. Francis Mason, designated for Tavoy.

At once upon their arrival Ko Thah-byu went to the jungles to tell the Karens of Boardman's arrival, and soon appeared with a company of forty. Meanwhile others had gathered from places less remote. Eighteen were baptized, their examination being carried on chiefly through Mrs. Boardman. Mounng Ing administered the rite of baptism, while the beloved teacher lay pale on his couch by the water's side. Great was his joy as he sat down at the table of the Lord with a church of thirty-seven members, and thought of the larger number waiting in like manner to confess the Saviour he had preached.

Mr. Mason arrived at Tavoy, January 23, 1831, and was welcomed by Mr. Boardman from a chair in which he had been carried to the wharf. Even now, in his weakness, his heart was set upon one more visit to the Karens of the mountains, and he was encouraged by

his physician to attempt it. It was the ruling passion strong in death. His beloved Karens came for them, bore him on a cot and his wife in a chair, and reached the place of meeting, by the side of a beautiful stream, on the third day. A large zayat had been made ready. More than a hundred Karens were in waiting, half of them desiring baptism. For the moment they "forgot all their bitter griefs." None the less the stubborn fact of failing strength constantly faced them. The anxious wife urged a speedy return, but was met by a look of great tenderness and the words, "You know already, my love, that I cannot live long; and, should I go home now, the all-important business that brought us out must be given up, and I might linger through a few days of suffering, stung by the reflection that I had preferred a few idle days to my Master's service. Don't ask me to go till these poor Karens have been baptized." In the midst of physical discomfort he was happy and often said, "If I live to see this one ingathering I will exclaim with happy Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'" On the sixth day he consented to return the next, provided the examination and baptism of the women and older men were concluded. This was accomplished at the setting of the sun, a sight almost too much for his enfeebled frame. Then, surrounded by about fifty of these new-made disciples, he gave them his parting counsels and prayers. The next morning began the homeward journey, nearly all the Karens following. Patiently, as of one "sweetly stayed

on God," he journeyed on, now drenched by rain from which he could not be shielded, now refused entertainment by natives who might have sheltered and nourished him, but consoling himself and others by saying, "Earthly conveniences are of little consequence to one so near heaven."

At noon the next day they were able to reach a boat for Tavoy, but no sooner was he placed on board than he quietly breathed his last. They sailed in prayerful silence down the river to the landing-place, when the faithful Karens took up his body and bore it to the mission-house, where they were met by his fellow-laborers in tears. On the morrow he was laid to rest, lamented by many Europeans as well as natives who had learned to love and prize his unselfish spirit and tireless labors. Thus set "one of the brightest luminaries of Burma." His life was short if reckoned by years, but measured by hopes and longings, disappointments and trials, self-denials and labors, and by the number of trophies won for Christ by this apostle to the Karens, and by the work thus inaugurated, surely length of days was his.

Thus did he verify his words to a college friend, "You and I, though very little creatures, may exert an influence that shall be felt across the Atlantic." Thus was given him his heart's desire expressed when twenty years of age, "O Lord, direct me. Send me where thou wilt. I am thine. Only let me glorify thee in all things, whether by life or by death. Learning, eminence, riches, honor, applause, are comparatively noth-

ing in my esteem. I am willing, so far as I know myself, to be hungry, poor, naked, and despised, if I may thereby win souls to Christ." He was taken at his word and the radiant crown is his: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

Three years later Sarah Boardman became the wife of Adoniram Judson, and thus prolonged her honored and useful career, linking herself successively with two of the brightest names in missionary annals, herself among the queenliest of women, the most devoted of wives, the most heroic of missionaries.

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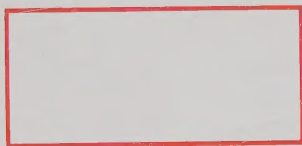
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